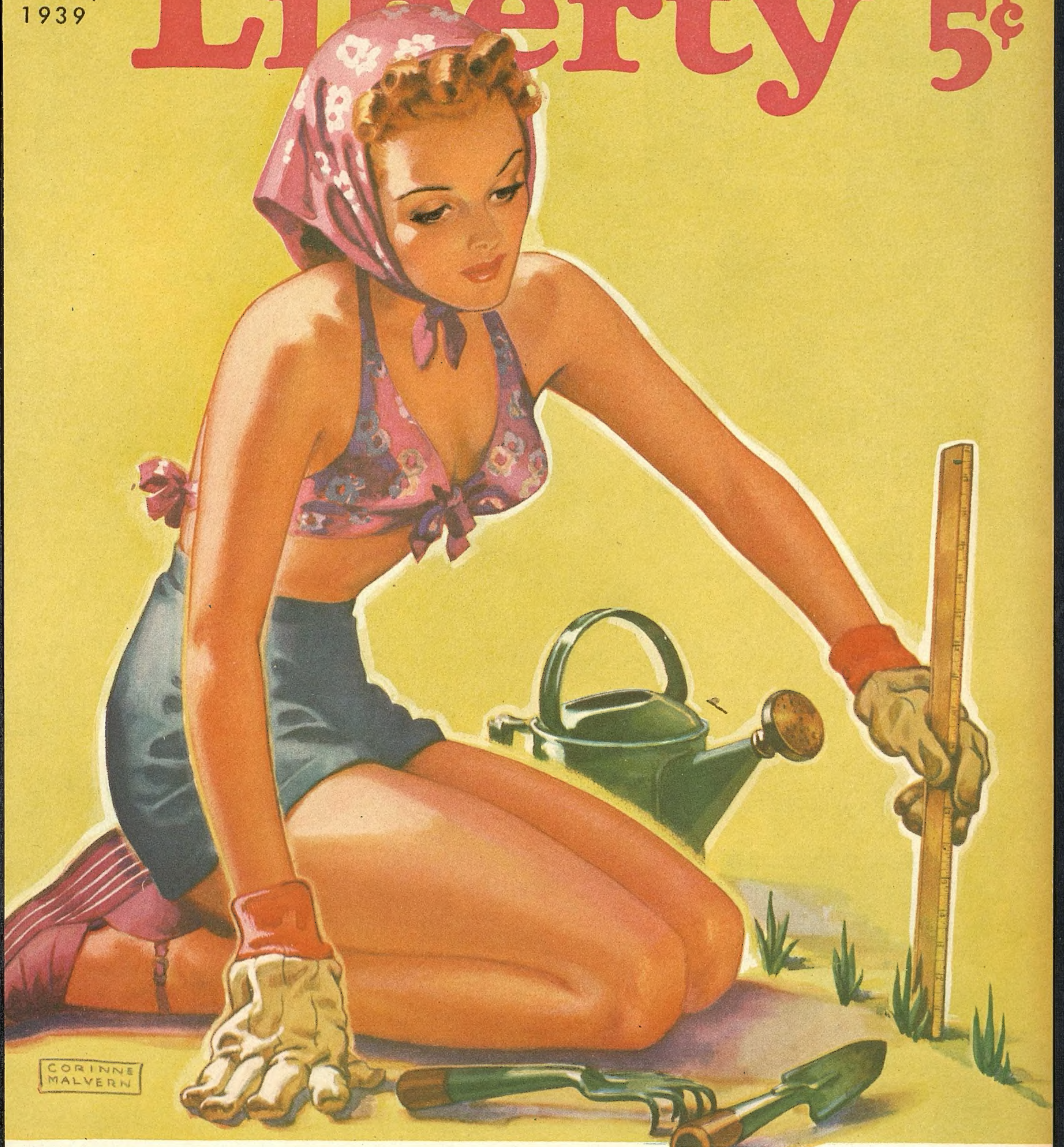
WHAT I DO and WHAT I AM by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MAY 27,
1939

Liberty

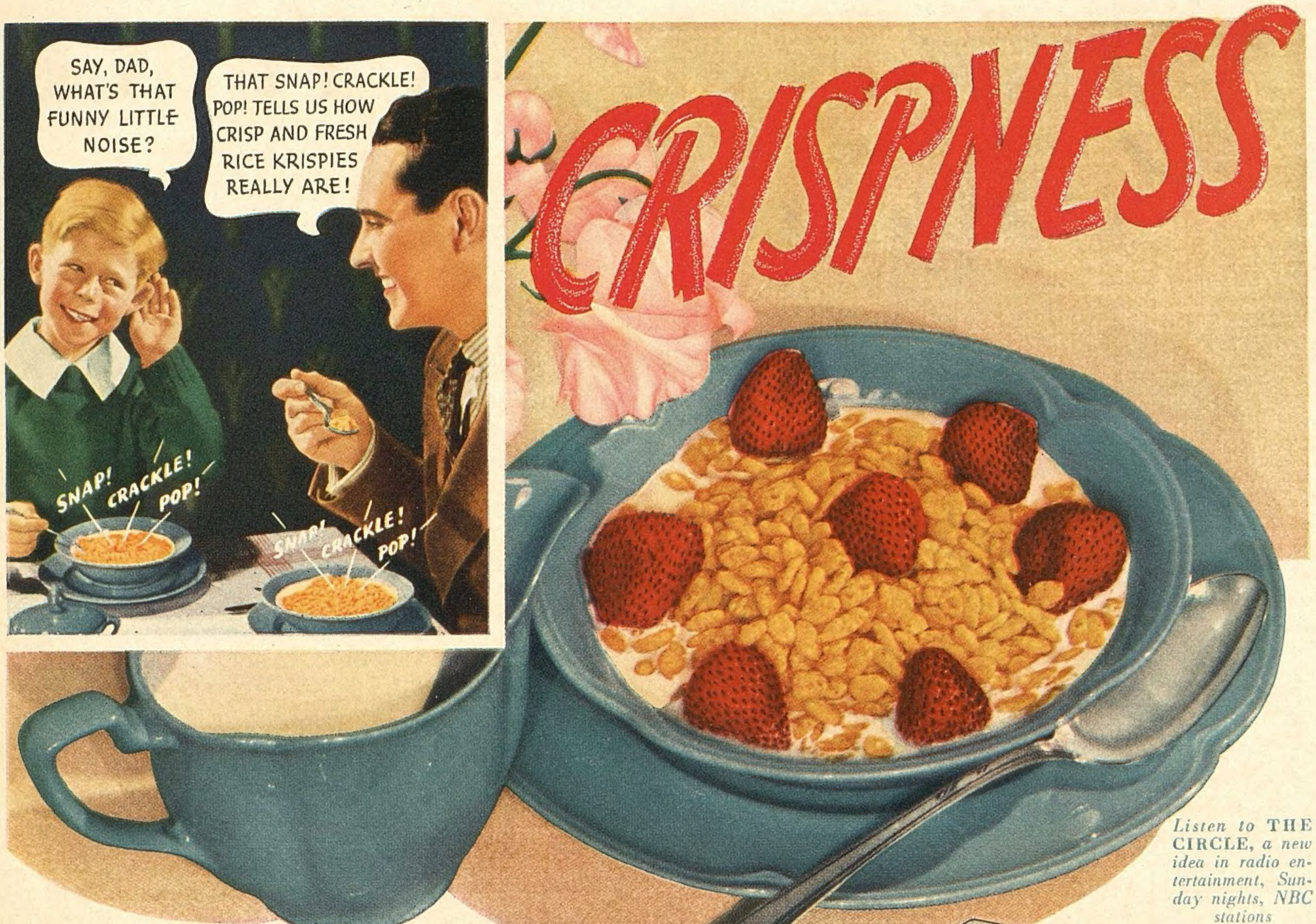
5¢



rt LUDWIG'S STORY of the TWO KINGS—GEORGE VI and EDWARD VIII

WILL BEAT MAX BAER and JOE LOUIS TOO by LOU NOV

Dads, too, cheer their lasting CRISPNESS


SAY, DAD, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LITTLE NOISE?
THAT SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! TELLS US HOW CRISP AND FRESH RICE KRISPIES REALLY ARE!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

Listen to THE CIRCLE, *a new idea in radio entertainment, Sunday nights, NBC stations*

Every spoonful so crunchy!
Totally different from mushy cereals!

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST WITH RICE KRISPIES —

2 hours in milk–

Still Floating!

WON'T MUSH DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR DISH

• Give a man a cereal he can get his teeth into! Something crisp from the first spoonful to the last . . . rich and satisfying in flavor. The name is Kellogg's Rice Krispies!

Rice Krispies are completely different. *Not* flaked . . . *not* shredded. They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's *patented* process, then toasted to a tempting, golden brown.

And wait until you see how Rice Krispies float in milk or cream! They won't mush down. Everyone in your family will love them. Children can't seem to get enough.

Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice is used in making Rice Krispies. Their lasting crispness is protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER Inner-Wrap, the only cereal carton completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. Order from your grocer today!

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap crackle pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NOT FLAKED NOT SHREDDED

They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's Patented Process
Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

MAY 27, 1939

Liberty

VOL. 16, NO. 21

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

ONLY A HUGE AIR FORCE CAN SAVE US

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are living in a crazy world. When we look back at the time of Napoleon and read of his exploits we cannot avoid comparing the two periods. Hitler with his grasping ambition and his determination to make Germany the ruler of Europe—Napoleon had the same ambition, but he met his Waterloo.

But now we have to deal with a new force in warfare. Hitler already has several victories credited to him. When Chamberlain conferred with him at Munich . . . what was the source of his victory on that occasion?

It was the German air force!

Ten thousand planes, and the ability to turn out new ones at one thousand a month. Chamberlain had this information before he met Hitler at Munich; and although some of his critics might maintain that he showed a craven spirit on that occasion, when the actual situation is known his attitude can be highly commended.

Future wars will be won or lost in the air. We must have an air force that will adequately defend our country. And we must enthusiastically commend President Roosevelt's plan to give us this protection.

We have the Atlantic and the Pacific coast lines, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines to protect.

Both England and France are rapidly expanding their air forces. They are buying thousands of planes in this country, and although some of our people seem to think that our factories should be devoted entirely to building planes for this country, any additional manufacturing facilities that we acquire in building planes for other countries would ultimately be to our advantage.

Competent authorities agree unanimously that our national defense facilities . . . especially in the air . . . are woefully inadequate; and as the nation which gave birth to the flying machine, it is ironical that we should be sixth in the world air fighting power. Germany, Russia, Italy, Great Britain, and France all lead this country by a wide margin. We are superior only in the quality of the planes we provide.

When England and France allowed Hitler to assume the role of dictator at Munich, the officials of both of these countries were aware that within a few brief hours, had they decided to go to war and had Hitler desired to fight, thousands of planes would have darkened the skies and released tons of death-dealing bombs over London and Paris.

Large sections of these great cities, together with other important centers, would have been in smoldering ruins, with thousands of innocent noncombatants horribly mangled in death, almost before the fighting forces of these countries could get into action. Those fortunate enough to escape the first raids would be so crazed with fear that the populace generally would be panic-stricken and thoroughly demoralized.

And it takes airplanes to repel an attack from the skies.

Several foreign countries have demonstrated their ability to fly thousands of miles to our shores in recent years. Their pay load was good will, but they could easily have brought death and destruction, and furthermore, some of our southern neighbors are not so friendly toward us . . . Many believe Mexico doubtless would allow some of our unfriendly nations to secure a base in their country from which hundreds and thousands of airplanes could conveniently fly over our cities.

The President can rest assured the American people are back of him in his demand for an outstanding air force. Let us hope we will have speedy action; for, if the United States is to keep her rightful place among the nations of the world, she must have an adequate air force, not sometime in the future but as early as possible.

Our readers who commend this demand and wish to support the President in his effort to speed up the manufacture of planes should write their congressmen or senators and as citizens demand that this National Defense Program be expedited.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President, Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

CAN SCIENCE SAVE THE

The story of a modern miracle—How test-tube magic is bringing new hope to the lives of 25,000,000 Americans

BY GOVERNOR HUGH WHITE

of Mississippi

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN the test tubes and crucibles of the chemists of America lies the destiny of twenty-five million people of this country. These twenty-five million people—one fifth of the nation's population—inhabit the Southern States, where for three quarters of a century a desperate battle has been fought against economic poverty and the evils that go with it. All else has failed, and their immediate fate is in the hands of science.

For the year 1936 the average per capita income in the South was $315, while for the rest of the country it was $546. These figures are an eloquent explanation of why the Southern States lag behind other sections in the things by which we usually measure progress.

A one-crop agricultural system has not only weakened the human resources of the South, with its crushing burden of insecurity, chronic crisis, and almost constant poverty, but it is also destroying the natural resource on which cotton cultivation rests. As desperate farmers have plowed deeper and deeper in their efforts to meet the demands of mounting debts, the creeping paralysis of erosion has reached across millions of acres of Southern land, washing the fertile top soil—the South's greatest natural resource—down to the sea.

The larger loss, however, has been human. The greatness of character of the Southern people has been demonstrated in their stubborn refusal to give up the fight against poverty. But there can be no denying that poverty has taken its human tribute. The Tobacco Roads of the South are not good breeding places for good Americans. Political democracy cannot long survive where economic democracy has perished.

The people of the South themselves realize the plight of their section and the need for positive and immediate action. This year, with surpluses in Southern agricultural products again sending prices downward, they are faced with one of three alternatives:

They can refuse to do anything to meet the crisis, a course which would undoubtedly leave the South economically and humanly bankrupt.

They can throw themselves on the mercy of the nation and the federal government and make their section even more of a colony than it already is, a colony with neither self-support nor self-respect.

They can achieve a balanced economy through the co-operative development of a new agriculture and a new industry.

In choosing and following the last course to a successful conclusion the South can become again an equal partner in the nation, to the benefit of both.

A science which would open the road to industries utilizing the products of Southern farms holds the key to the South's future. And such a science has already appeared on the scene—the science of farm chemurgy, which seeks the co-ordination of chemistry and agriculture for the purpose of growing industrial-use crops.

This science, prophesying and making possible the development of agricultural industries, will bring untold economic benefits to the South. The chemurgic factories will consume the agricultural surpluses now crushing Southern farm-product prices to destructive low marks. The factories will provide employment for surplus labor in the agricultural districts. And because chemical technique will provide industrial uses for new crops and for parts of established crops now considered as waste, Southern farmers will receive greater returns than even the restoration of " parity prices " could guarantee.

We do not have to speculate in estimating the value of chemurgy, for living proofs of its worth are already scattered over many sections of the South today. In Laurel, Mississippi, the " 100-per-cent Chemurgic City," is the nation's first and only plant for the manufacture of starch from sweet potatoes. This plant was established six years ago on an experimental basis by the United States Department of Agriculture, and is now commercially operated by a farm co-operative. An indication of its growth can be found in the annual production figures, rising from 140,000 pounds of starch manufactured in 1934 to the more than a million scheduled for this year. Henry G. Knight, chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, estimates that it would require 150 plants of the size of the one in Laurel to make as much starch as we are now importing.

Another chemurgic industry in Laurel, which produces a composition board from pine sawmill waste and young growth, has become Mississippi's largest single manufacturing enterprise. It buys 80 per cent of its raw materials directly from farmers in the surrounding area. The city also has turpentine and resin distilleries, a mill which uses the locally manufactured sweet-potato starch in making cloth, and a plant making an oil refiner and a candy filler with raw materials purchased from the surrounding farm territory.

The development of chemurgic industries has already produced its heroes. Two of these are undoubtedly the late Dr. Charles H. Herty and Dr. George W. Carver.

SOUTH?

The Southern newsprint industry, now in its beginnings, will be a lasting monument to Dr. Herty, the unassuming scientist from Savannah, Georgia, who proved to the world that Southern pine and certain other species of Southern timber can produce newsprint paper as good as any available.

This year will see the first commercial production of newsprint paper in the South. It has been estimated that the Southern States can more than supply the needs of the entire country without encroaching on established pine-using industries.

Dr. Herty's research is bringing in a real return. Though in his seventies, he continued his research without respite. Not long before his death he announced that cottonwood can be used successfully in making newsprint when blended with pine pulp, thus demonstrating that an even larger part of the Southern timber crop is capable of supplying the raw materials for fine paper.

Dr. George W. Carver was born a Negro slave; one of his masters once traded him for a horse. One of the great chemists of our age, Dr. Carver has carried on his research in the laboratory of Alabama's Tuskegee Institute, and all of his discoveries have been given to the public with no thought of personal profit. He has made the peanut one of the nation's most profitable farm crops. His research with this single plant has resulted in more than 300 commercial products using peanuts and peanut by-products as a base.

Chemists are today concentrating on the problem of finding industrial uses for the by-products of crops already under extensive cultivation—by-products which are now wasted. Even small returns from the by-products would give the farmer a far greater total income and greater security and stability.

We in Mississippi have looked at what farm chemurgy has done and is capable of doing for our section, and the response has been overwhelmingly in favor of promoting it to the fullest extent of our ability. We realize that one state alone cannot change the destiny of the South, but we hope that Mississippi can show the way to a healthy prosperity for the rest of Dixie. We are offering Mississippi as a gigantic laboratory to the chemists of the nation, challenging them to help save the South through making the hope of farm chemurgy a reality.

And we are aiding them by developing new crops which can serve as raw materials for home industries. The oil from the tung-tree nut—a native of China—has been found to be invaluable in the manufacture of paints and varnishes and related products. Mississippi has taken the lead in the cultivation of domestic tung trees, planting more than half of those in the United States. Many orchards are already bearing in commercial quantities.

The nation cannot afford to keep the Southern States from realizing to the full the possibilities awaiting them in the development of agricultural industries. All that they ask from the nation is sympathetic co-operation as opposed to sectional exploitation. The South seeks permanent development rather than sops and charity. It seeks scientific assistance rather than the experiments of irrational reformers who ignore regional reality.

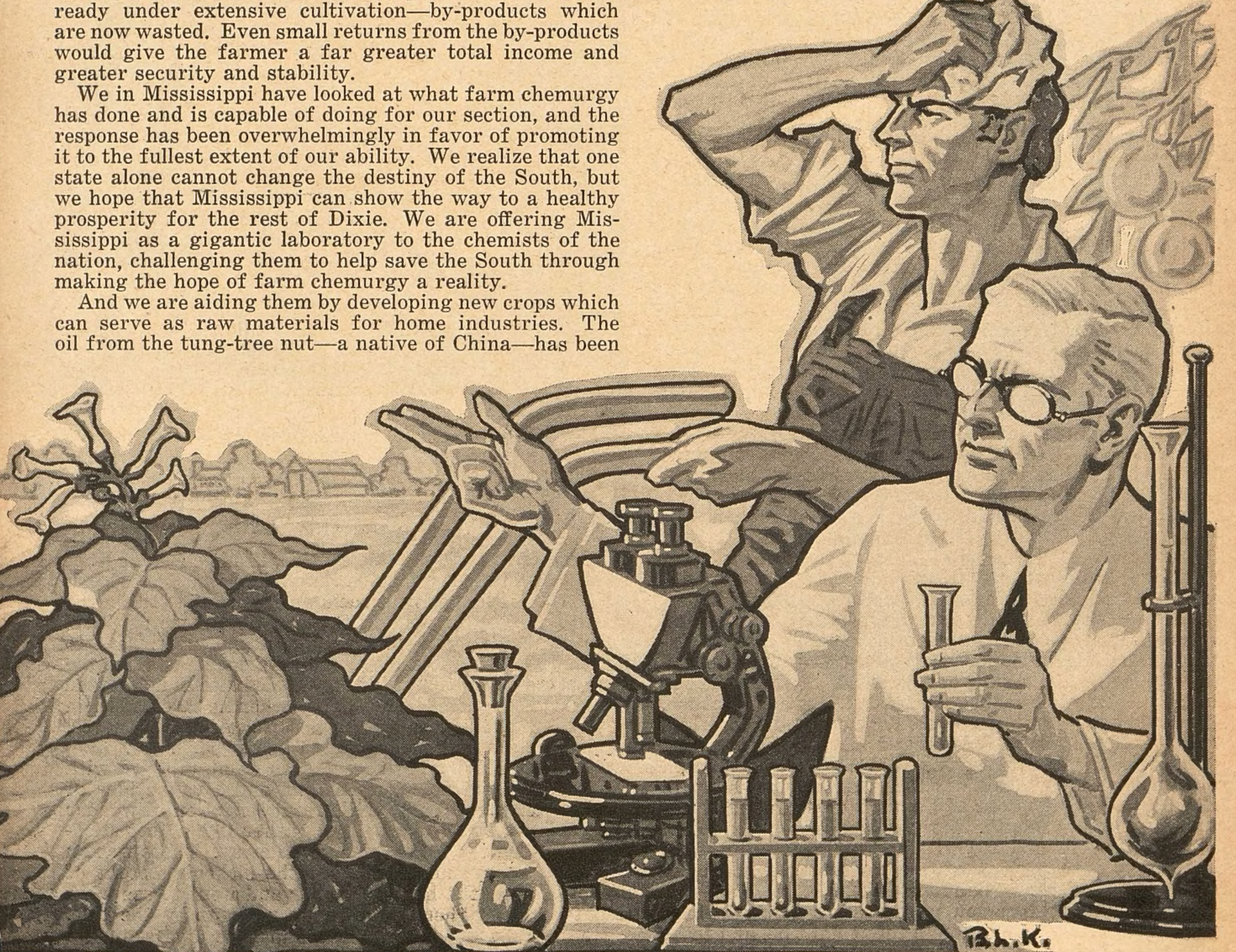
And what has the South to offer the nation in exchange for the sympathetic co-operation it seeks?

As it develops its purchasing power, as it raises its standard of living to the national average, as it defeats poverty, it offers to the nation the greatest new market in the Western Hemisphere—a market for millions of dollars in clothing, for tens of thousands of new homes, for millions of radios and refrigerators and automobiles and all the other things its population cannot buy as long as their income barely covers the cost of food and taxes.

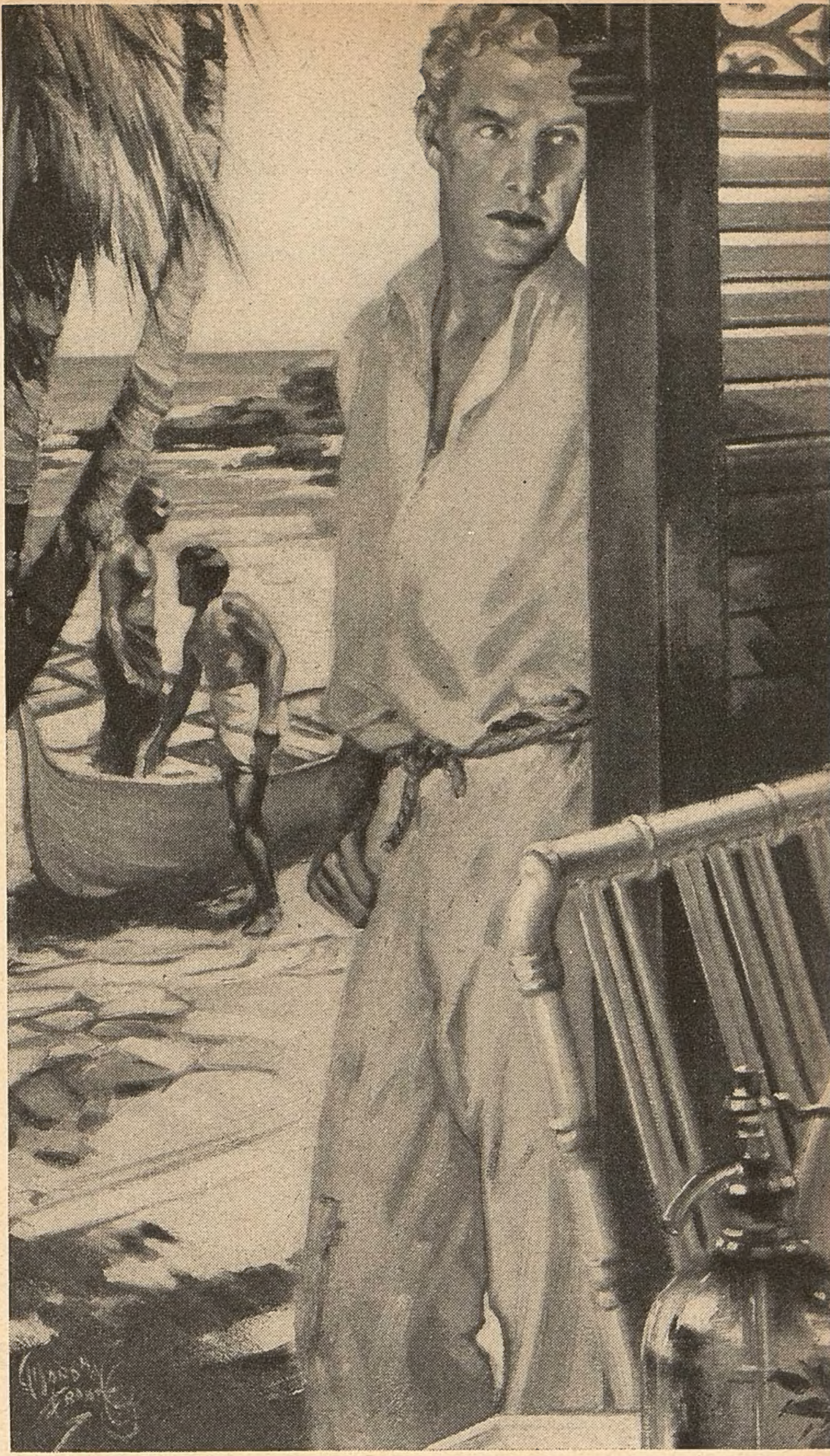
No accurate measurement of the rehabilitation of the South can be made in terms other than those which describe its effect on the people. The only valid needs are human needs, and the only valid wealth is goods to meet human needs. Chemurgic agricultural industries will bring the South wealth that is valid to the final degree.

Twenty-five million people are working for their heritage as Americans. If science is able to furnish full co-operation in the fight, the victory will be ours—a victory for all of America.

THE END



THE LADY OR THE PEARL?



READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IT was on Prince of Wales, hidden away in a narrow coral-strewn inlet, that Jason found the two dead Japanese.

Every one had been looking for them since the blow at the end of the week. The dinghy belonging to their lugger had drifted to the harbor, bottom up. The men were missing.

Jason Bell, alone on Prince of Wales, where no one lives, was thinking of nothing less than of the lost divers while he hunted for a mess of crabs among the rocks. He was thinking, as he almost always thought, of Marina Mannering. He was blind to the beauty about him: to the marvelous blue, like sapphires melted in milk, of Torres Straits; to the dreaming gold of the high peaks of Horn; to the green and the red and the sparkling roofs of Thursday. Two kinds of beauty only moved the heart of Jason, pearler, adventurer, and wanderer—the beauty of such a woman as Marina, and the beauty of a pearl.

Marina Mannering, daughter and granddaughter of Thursday Island traders, was that rare thing, a tropic beauty of white blood; a creature of pure ivory and gold, languorous, deep-bosomed, slender, with topaz eyes, golden as the eyes of a Persian cat or a panther, and lips hibiscus red. All her short life had been spent on Thursday Island. The tropic heats of it, the storms, the sudden violence and sudden calms, were rooted in her nature. Rooted there, too, was the tropic love of luxury—a love that hitherto had gone unsatisfied; for the Mannerings were poor.

Mannering, her father, occasionally dealt in pearls, but he had not Jason's love for the magic gem. He gambled now and then in a catch of unopened shell bought from the Japanese divers; found a few seed pearls, or a bit of baroque, or nothing; drank himself foolish, and sat, crying like a baby, out on the rubbish heap behind his cottage.

Marina, lovely and ambitious, had little patience with her father, or with the island as a whole. Like all bright butterflies, she yearned toward the lights. Cities and shops were her paradise—Jason her sole hope of attaining it. His handsome looks attracted her, but she had never given in to a formal engagement. She wanted, she said, something to be engaged for, first. In the meantime, she would have him know—and frequently did have him know—that she was a Good Girl and not to be pawed about.

Blind to the beauty of the necklaced islands, Jason sat him down upon a balk of timber, and for his pleasure pulled a pearl or two out of his trouser pockets and another out of his mouth. He was a buyer on his own account—a very small one, with no firm behind him—and that meant rare periods of prosperity sandwiched between long stretches of bad luck.

But it helped, when you were feeling down, to take out a pearl or two, small though they might be, and feast your eyes on their pure color, like no other hue in earth or sea, and their shape, round, drop, or button, molded by the oyster to such harmony of line as only stars and pearls and raindrops know. Jason was a pearl enthusiast. If he had had capital his judgment might have made him rich, handicapped though he was by a hatred of parting with a fine stone when he had it.

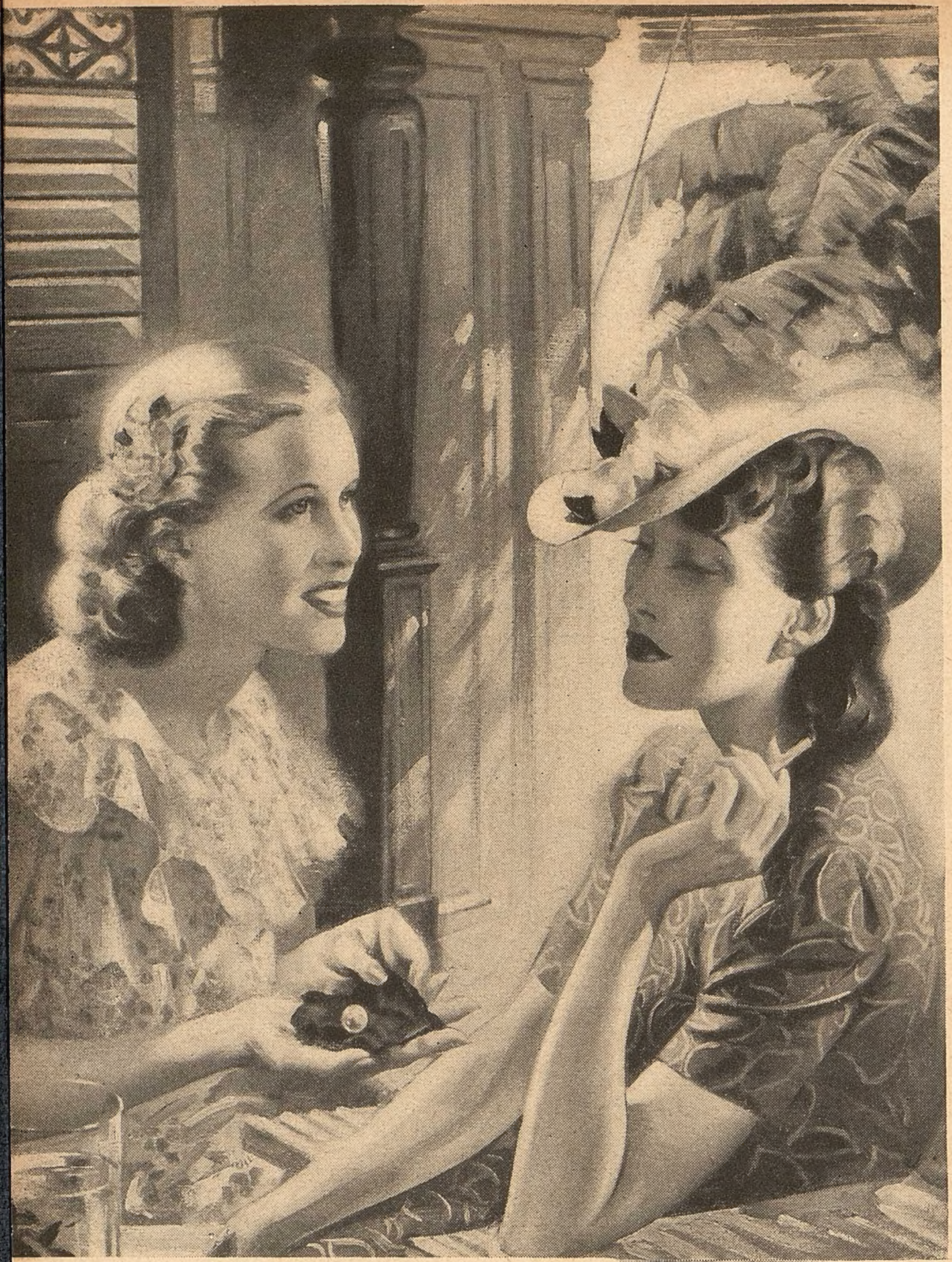
These few pearls that he carried, in his cheek or loose in pocket, Thursday fashion, might have made his position easier if he had sent them at once to the Melbourne market, instead of holding them against some mythical hope of matching them into a necklace. But, next to Marina, they were his loves. They warmed him when the southeast trades blew chill; they cooled him in hot-season drought; they seemed almost alive when he caressed them with his sensitive, expert fingertips. And they never, never told him that they wouldn't be pawed. . . .

All this went driving through his mind, mingled with the never absent ache for Marina, and a vague idea of hunting for more crabs, and a faint sensation of wonder concerning a small black thing rather like a foot sticking up among the rocks some yards away. There was an odor too, heavy, unmistakable—the sickening scent of death. He left the balk of timber and went to see what might be lying there, thrown up perhaps by the tide.

He saw two dead men. Two Japanese divers, in the silk shirts and white trousers worn by Jap divers off

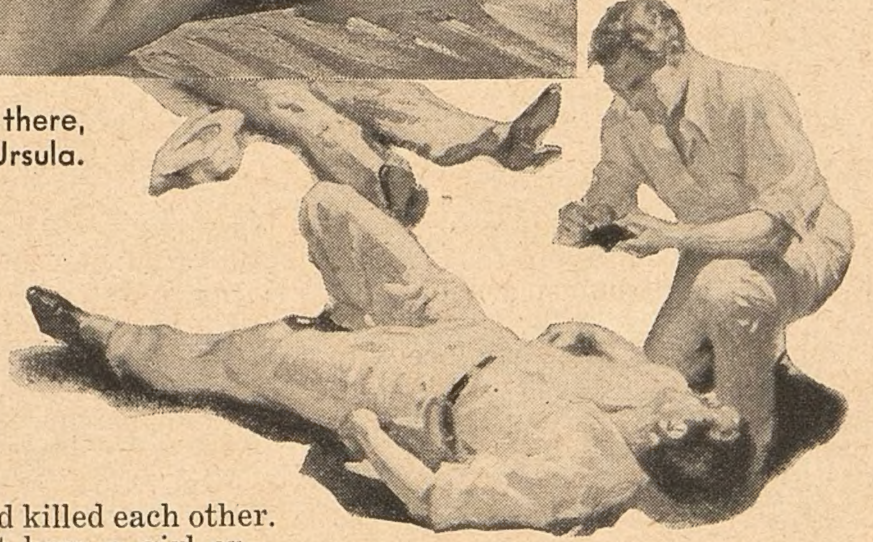
BY
BEATRICE
GRIMSHAW

A strange, colorful tale of plunder, passion, and peril under tropic skies



He paused in the doorway. Marina was there, her hair brushed and curling. And Ursula.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ



duty, with black patent shoes on their feet. The handle of a knife stuck out from the breast of one of the men. The other had been stabbed in the back.

Jason was not particularly shocked. He reflected that this solved the mystery of the two absent divers. Had a fight here on Prince of Wales, and killed each other. What had they fought about? Had it been a girl or—

It mightn't have been a girl. It might have been—pearls! Now he was interested. Now his heart began to throb. The Japs were notoriously quarrelsome over big stones. Could it be that—

Turn them over with a foot. Feel their pockets. No. Look at the belts. Pouch in this one; something hard in it. No, no! surely not, surely too big . . .

But it was. With his heart throbbing like the pump on a shelling boat, Jason looked upon the finest pearl he had ever seen. A pearl worth fighting for, worth shedding blood for. Beautiful. Dangerous!

Shrewdly he scanned the surrounding bush and the sea. Nobody. Nothing. Only the high rocks and the white sands, and far away, across the opal-matrix straits, the roofs and red streets of the little town.

"She's mine," he said exultingly. And it was not, in that moment, Marina of whom he thought.

He gave himself up to ecstasy. "She" was perfect in shape. She covered cleanly the threepenny bit he took out of his pocket. She was warm white, with a luster like the evening star. But above and beyond all these, she had the elusive, indescribable quality that pearl buyers and pearl lovers name "personality." She was a "personality pearl."

If you were an expert, you would know her at a glance, among a thousand others, as easily as you would know your sweetheart in a crowd. If you were ignorant, you would see her size and color, want to know what she cost, and wonder why you had to look and look again. If you were a woman who loved pearls, as almost all women do, you would feel your mouth water at the sight of her, your hands itch. Honor might be sold for such a pearl. Hearts might be broken, lives spilled out—as lives already had been. "She" would be worth it all. She was like no other pearl that had ever been dredged from famous Torres Straits.

There was no one to see Jason raise the pearl to his lips and fondly kiss it before he slipped it into his trousers pocket—you couldn't put a gem of that size into your mouth. It would show—and it mustn't show. What was he to do with the divers? On reflection, he thought it best to do nothing. Somebody would find them again, sooner or later. As to the question of ownership his conscience did not speak clearly. One or both of the men was pretty sure to have stolen the pearl—there had been no report, on Thursday, of the finding of such a gem—and Jason didn't see why he should give up the chance of his life in favor of somebody's problematical heirs in far-off Japan. People who didn't know Thursday might say that he ought to hand the pearl to the government. He thought he saw himself doing it!

Thursday folk, of course, would never question his actions, if they knew. Anything short of murder "went," on Thursday Island, when it was a question of a priceless pearl. And murder, too, was far from unknown. I'd not have done that, thought Jason, with his fingers caressing the pearl in his pocket, feeling again its incredible size and smoothness. As well expect a man to hand over his newly wed bride to another as to suppose—if any one could suppose it—that he would be parted from his personality pearl!

Returning to Thursday, he went straight to the tumbledown cottage where Marina and her father lived. Mannering, as usual at that hour of the day, was drunk, but not too drunk, it seemed, to bewail his unhappy lot. Seated on the rubbish dump, like Job in the midst of ashes, he was waving unsteadily an empty bottle, crying out the while, to the wind and the wandering goats, that he was the unluckiest devil on the island. Nobody took any notice of him. Every one was used to his outbreaks, and knew that he would fall over, half asleep, by and by, among the tins and shells and broken bottles. It was Mannering's way.

JASON entered the house, shut the door, and pulled down the patched window blind before he even spoke to Marina. The girl watched him with wide eyes, ready to be on the defensive. He looked queer. . . .

He began feeling in his pocket. Then she knew. On Thursday Island you could guess what was coming when people shut doors and windows and began to feel in pockets. "Is it a good one?" she breathed.

"Sh!" was Jason's only answer. He spread on the table the piece of black velvet that every pearl fancier carries, and in the center of it set the wonder pearl, the moon of beauty. "There!" he whispered. "Look at her!"

Marina gave one look and flung her arms about Jason's neck. "You darling!" she said. Jason took his chance and kissed her, but he gripped the pearl in his hand before he bent his lips to hers.

She drew back a little way. Her violet eyes seemed twice as big as usual; her white-rose cheeks were suddenly pink.

"When are you going to sell it?" she asked in an excited undertone.

Sell the beauty? Of course. That must be. She must be taken to market, as fair slaves were taken long ago, priced, set upon a block—in this case a yard of velvet—for men to see, and desire, and take away. He could not have his lovely Marina and his lovely pearl. After all, it was grand, it was godlike, to have such power; to hold between two fingers the ability to change Marina's life, give the soft darling all that she'd ever wanted. Poor little Marina who had had nothing!

"Whenever I can get a price," he told her, with a mental reservation to the effect that that couldn't be soon, and that meanwhile he'd have the pearl; could look at it, caress it secretly.

"When you do," she told him, "we're engaged. You'll take me away, Jay, won't you? Away from this damned island and its goats, and the gales blowing, and the luggers going in and out. You'll take me soon! I'm not heartless, Jay, as you thought. I do love you. No girl could help it, with your yellow curls and your big shoulders and your kind, kind ways—but I've been afraid—"

"What of, you poor little coot?" he fondly asked her. "You'd no call to be afraid of me."

He heard her—just heard her—whisper on his shoulder, "Of myself." And for a moment almost forgot that he was holding the pearl in the hand with which he wanted to take her little chin. Down went the jewel on the velvet. They kissed as they had never kissed before.

"Don't tell dad anything," she warned him presently. "He'd spit it out all over the island, and you might get your throat cut some night."

"I won't," he said. "Time enough to tell him when it's done."

"There's somebody came by the Singapore boat today," she told him, "who'd maybe buy it. An American princess, at the Magnificent."

"They don't have kings and princes in America," he objected, suddenly dismayed. Was he to part with the pearl so soon?

"Well, this is one," Marina persisted. "I heard it from the customs. Don't go sending the pearl to Melbourne, Jay. You know what they are. They won't pay till it's been X-rayed, and that means sending it to Paris and back, and it may be weeks and weeks. Take it to the hotel—to please me! I want to go, Jay; I want to go soon!"

He understood; he knew how Marina felt. The pearl was her magic carpet; she ached to seize it, spring aboard, and ride away. But—

"I wisht," he said vehemently, "I wisht I could hang it round your lovely neck, Marina, and keep both of you for ever and ever!" To kiss her neck, with the wonder pearl lying warm on her pearl-like skin beneath his lips . . .

"Pearl!" said the girl curtly. "I'm fair sick of pearls! Any one would be who lived on T. I. and kept a grain of sense. Pearls are worth what they can do for you."

"And love the same, I suppose?"

"I'll tell you what it's worth—some day."

The words were nothing. The tone went to his head. The wonder pearl was back in his pocket now. His fingers touched it. He was conscious that he hadn't had enough of it by half, learned half the beauty that was in it. But Marina—

But Marina, smiling, desirable, with the light of soon to be gratified ambition making stars in her violet eyes—Marina, so long out of reach, attainable now for the speaking of a word, the pressing of a ring upon a finger—Marina intoxicated him, anesthetized, with her all but ceded loveliness, the pain of parting from his other love. And the sooner parted, the sooner consoled, he somewhat ruefully thought.

"Lend a bloke your comb," he said, "and I'll go now." He tore the comb through the curled masses of his "golden fleece," buttoned the neck of his shirt, and drew in his belt. Jason had the torso of a Mercury, a Meleager; but no one had ever told him so, and if any one had he wouldn't have understood.

THE Magnificent, despite its name, was, like all "T. I." hotels, a wreck, a relic of the roaring days before the war, when pearls were pearls and shell three hundred pounds a ton. Rust chewed its lacy iron railings; white ants rotted its floors; there wasn't a sound lock or a whole window in the place. Bougainvillaea, bishop's purple, and frangipani, bosom-white, and the drunk-sweet blossoms of the papaya tree scattered themselves with princely lavishness about the balconies. Into the lounge, where no one went, the wind blew the flowers, and into the deserted dining room and the bar, true heart of the place. Below, the pearling luggers lay at anchor, swinging their masts through miles of flying cloud; and the wind screamed, and Torres tides, devourers of men, lunged furiously against the untenanted beach.

Jason made his way in, with the sting of coming loss sharp in his mind. He did not doubt that he was going to part with the pearl.

And indeed, when Ursula, lovely American widow of Prince Amadeo Ferrari, wanderer in the earth's wild places, lover of strange sights and unknown thrills, saw Jason's treasure, she did not hesitate. Even though she was actually pricing other pearls, bending her satin-black small head over a collection offered her by the leading jeweler of the island. Even though the jeweler looked at Jason as if he would have stabbed him when the young man held the wonder pearl toward the princess in the hollow of a sea-worn hand and bluntly asked, "Your Majesty, would you like to buy this?"

Ursula (it was well known by her friends) had a mind as quick on the draw as the pistol hand of a Western rider. She had met and married the prince within a week; within three months begun divorce proceedings; and buried him nobly and correctly, when he died by the knife of an angry woman, before the divorce was through. After the funeral she had started on a world tour that had already lasted two years. She was fine, sophisticated, finished to the ultimate fiber. Her beauty—ivory brunette, with autumn-leaf-brown eyes and a sheerly incredible figure—owed something perhaps to Paris frocking and American corseting and shoeing; but no one save a woman could have guessed it, and no one but a jealous woman would have given her her true age, twenty-nine.

Twenty-nine, the perilous age when youth is no longer freely given but must be earned and kept; when first the hoofs of Time begin to gather speed, though a long way off still is the gallop up the avenue; when restlessness stirs and gathers in the heart of even the chastest woman unattached. When wild loves beckon, unknown seas allure. . . .

To Ursula—sophisticated, weary Ursula, widow of the son of a worn-out race, Ursula looking over the edge of her island of youth and seeing the tides begin to eat its shores—the sight of Jason, standing there with his treasure in his hand, was strangely moving. A veritable sun-god, this man with the golden head and eyes as blue as the burning Straits of Torres. A common man, with his worn shirt and bare feet in battered shoes, his foolish way of addressing her. But in her country—"God's own country"—one man was as good as another, and even the commonness of him seemed to her, sated with luxury, as good as household bread after a course of hors d'œuvres.

Her nimble mind had already decided that she would have the pearl. Something that was not related to her mind whispered to her that she might, perhaps would, have more.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

whose latest story comes to us from Australia, has lived for years in Papua, New Guinea. In her search for story material she has made frequent trips, often alone, to little known parts of the South Seas. She was born in Ireland, and educated in Belfast and London.

Coolly she said, "That's a remarkable stone."

"She's unique," was Jason's answer. "She's a personality pearl."

Ursula had never heard the term, but she instantly grasped its meaning. She had the pearl in her hand now, and it attracted her strangely. She had seen stones as big, as fine to look at, but nothing that intrigued her like this strange jewel. It's not like others, she thought. Something almost magical about it. Personality pearl! A good name.

She raised her head and fixed two pansy-black eyes on Jason. "How much do you want for it?" she asked.

The jeweler rose with a violent scraping of his chair, swept up his pearls, and flounced out of the room. "Ask that flaming perisher where he got it!" he spitefully said over his shoulder.

Ursula took no notice; she was waiting for Jason's reply.

He said, "Two thousand," staring hard the while. He had decided on the figure beforehand, or he could hardly have made up his mind in the presence of this marvelous princess, this romantic beauty from another world. Just as the wholesome earthiness of him called to her, the rhinestone sparkle of her royalty attracted him. And her beauty! Even, he felt, he wouldn't grudge the pearl to her—or, at least, not very much.

The princess said calmly, "If you mean pounds, it's too much. Pearls are way down since the cultured kind came in." She had the rich woman's instinctive care for money. She wanted the pearl but was not prepared to pay extravagantly.

"Nothing's too much for this one," was Jason's reply. "Nobody ever cultured anything like her, or ever will."

There was a moment's silence. Outside, dry palm leaves hissed in the tormenting wind like angry snakes; the sea thrashed on the shore. This wind, thought Ursula, hypnotizes you. Stops your thinking. Upsets your inhibitions. I could get the pearl for less, as things go now. I will not pay too much just because the man is—what he is.

And immediately she said, "Very well. I'll take it."

The deep sea tan on Jason's face turned yellow; he was conscious of a frightful pang. "Do you—do you want her X-rayed?" he stammered presently. X-rays would be a reprieve, at least.

"I'll take your word it's genuine," Ursula said.

She knew she was acting imprudently, but she didn't want to send the pearl to Paris and back. Air mails could be lost—valuables lost with them. No insurance would repay one for this unique, this wonderful stone. And she was ready to swear that Jason was honest about the pearl.

"I got it myself," he briefly told her. "On Prince of Wales Island." He had swiftly decided to say nothing about the dead Japs. From his point of view—the inevitable Thursday point—he had as good a right to the pearl as any one in the world.

Ursula said, "I'll send a cable, and pay you for it tomorrow. Will you trust me with it till then?"

She saw the flash of dismay in his eyes. He does hate parting with it, she thought. And another thought, a wild one, raised its strange head in her mind.

"Good-o," was Jason's only answer, followed by "Good-by." He went slowly, casting a backward glance at the pearl and the beautiful hand that held it. For all her experience of men, Ursula could not have told which attracted him most.

Nor could Jason. Such a pearl, and such a woman, he had never known before. They matched one another and were matchless. They sent a stab of pain through all his being; pain that could not be named or understood. It lessened a little when he reflected that the transaction was not yet completed; that he was bound to see "her" again tomorrow. . . . Whether he meant the princess or the pearl, he could not have told.

He came back to Marina's cottage; to the last of a wild sunset, painting the broken panes with stormy red; to the bare room, and the sound of old Mannering monotonously blubbering outside. Marina, when she heard that the pearl was priced and as good as sold, flung herself round Jason's neck. She was warm and human in his arms; she had never been so loving. . . . Pearls are good for what they can do for you—and love, as well. . . . Jason was mad about Marina—of course. He had always been mad about her. If a sparkling vision of something wonderful, impossible, floated for a moment between the two, unseen save by one, it faded immediately.

But next afternoon, when he went back to the hotel, he was heavy with the sense of loss. He hadn't had his pearl long enough. He would have liked to keep it for a little while, play with it, tie it into the girdle of his pajamas and feel it hard beneath his hip in bed at night. He had a fancy for sleeping with his pearls.

The princess was waiting for him with a bundle of Australian notes in her hand. She counted them out briskly. "Thank you," he said, his eyes wandering to Ursula's purse. "Is she there?" he asked, hastily adding "Your Majesty."

"Call me princess," Ursula suggested. "I'm not a queen, you know."

Jason said, "You're all the same as one. Like the cards." And Ursula easily guessed that he meant to call her, as so often she had been called, Queen of Hearts. . . . There was a man in Maryland, a man whom she could have for the lifting of a finger, who had sent her a gold cigarette case enameled to represent the card of the Queen of Hearts, with a heart in rubies at each end. That was one way of saying it. . . .

The sun-god in the ragged shirt was going rather fast. She said, instinctively changing the subject, "Yes, I have the pearl here; would you like to look?"

Silently Jason took it from her and carried it to the open doorway, where the sun came through. He stood staring at the drop of light in his palm.

"You're fond of it?" she asked. She knew he was; she was fond of it, already, herself.

"I love her," Jason said simply. He lifted the pearl to his lips, kissed it, and held it out to Ursula. It was as if he bade farewell to a sweetheart.

Ursula's own lips parted. This Thursday Island, with the magical frangipani perfume mounting to your head like wine and the wind, the endless wind, always blowing—the island and the sun-god and the pearl all together had made her mad. Well, then, she would be mad. She would have the pearl. She would—perhaps—have something more.

"Would you like," she said very softly, "to keep your pearl?"

(I could marry him. He's naturally refined. He would make a success among my set, once he was tamed down a bit—not too much, though, not enough to spoil him. Can't I—can't a princess and a rich woman have the thing she wants, when she's found it at last? You in Maryland, you can give over waiting. . . .)

Jason answered quickly, "Yes. But it's impossible."

Still more softly she said, "There might be a way."

He caught her meaning as a hawk catches its prey on the wing. She saw his face light up; saw the hot color flood into it, as she knew it was flooding into her own. She saw his lips part to reply.

ALL the rest of her life, when she remembered Thursday Island, she was to wonder what that reply would have been. It was never made.

In the long mirror before her suddenly appeared the khaki-clad figure of one of the island police.

Jason saw him too. They turned and faced the stranger. Some strange light seemed to die away from the dusky room and the restless sea beyond. The world had broken in.

The constable spoke to her: "Sorry to trouble you, madam, but I've received information about a pearl that's possibly stolen; I have to ask this man how it came into his possession. Has he offered to sell it to you?"

Ursula nodded. "I've bought it," she said.

"Well, madam, one of the local jewelers has informed me that he has probably no title to it." Sharply, to Jason: "Where did you get it?"

"On Prince of Wales. Off a dead Jap."

"You didn't report it, to have the ownership settled?"

"No. Every one knows you can't get truth from a Jap. I had as good a title as any one else."

Ursula, watching him, saw that he had paled, that his breath was coming fast. She felt sorry, inclined to take his part. After even a couple of days on Thursday, it was easy to understand the almost insurmountable difficulties that might lie in the way of proving ownership. The Japs fished all the pearls; they fought and stole among themselves; they and the amazing welter of mixed races that inhabited the place ran public opinion, monopolized profits, lied as freely as they breathed.

The policeman was demanding the stone. "Sorry to inconvenience you, madam, but I'm directed to take possession of the pearl and proceed to the Bank of New South Wales with it at once. Thank you, madam." She had accepted it from Jason's hand and given it over. "You," said the constable curtly to Jason, "come up to the magistrate's court tomorrow at nine." He saluted and marched away.

Jason, with a look as of a soul in despair, had followed him out. The room was extraordinarily empty.

Ursula stood alone. She raised her hands to her temples.

"But still—" she said.

JASON, alone at the back of the island, sat him down and wondered what he had done to encounter such a spate of evil luck. The pearl was gone. Marina was gone; they could not marry without money. Something else, too, was gone—something to which he dared not put a name; something as bright, as elusive, as the rainbow circles on the rising tide.

Afternoon waned. Toward dusk he rose and tramped back to the town.

Passing the Magnificent, he heard a voice he knew. Marina—in the lounge—talking excitedly. What—

He ran up the steps, paused in the doorway. Marina was there, wearing her "best" frock, with her wheat-gold hair brushed and curling, and bright color in her ivory cheeks. He had never seen her look lovelier. And never could any one have imagined a finer contrast to her looks than the dark-sweet beauty of Ursula, sitting near.

Jason, standing and listening, heard Marina speak:

"So my father told the policeman all about it. Said it wasn't found by any Jap at all, but himself, in that last batch of shell he bought for a spec. And the old Chinaman next door, who'd been watching out of his window when dad found it, told him too, because he saw the pearl. And dad never saw the Jap who stole it, because he was asleep, a bit tiddly, you know. And he never told any one—just sat and cried. Been crying ever since, poor old cow, but he's stopped now. So he says to me, 'Marina,' he says, 'it's yours, and you take good care of it.' So I brought it back with me, and you'll buy it again, won't you, because me and Jay, we're going to be married on it. I reckon you know how nice it is to get married to the bloke you like."

Ursula said, "I'll buy it. And no, I never knew what it was to get married to the—bloke—I liked. But I think I'm going to know soon."

Jason moistened dry lips as he listened. Did she mean—could she— And if she could, could he? What of Marina—Marina, poor little coot, who loved him, and whom—of course—he loved? He'd never desert her.

But he knew, all the same, that if the princess beckoned with her scepter—

She was beckoning—with the roll of notes.

"You'd better take these," she said. "Marina has given me back the pearl. Will you please excuse me now, you and your fiancée? I have to write an important letter, to America."

She was gone; Jason and Marina stood together in the deserted lounge. The wind screamed outside.

Luck—come and gone, thought Jason. I'll never forget—her. And he did not know whether he meant the princess or the pearl.

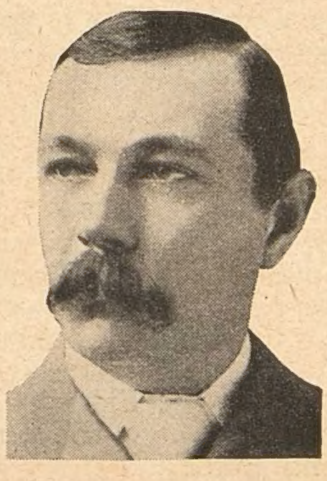
Marina's hand was on his shoulder.

THE END

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—He was a physician when a lean master of deduction with a funny cap and a pipe changed his destiny. Knighted in 1902, the subject of this week's early photo delved into the spirit world. Quick, the needle! Who is he?



2—What is the name of the symbol &?

3—Which comic strip has about twenty million readers?

4—What is the introduction to a play called? To an opera?

5—How much was the postage on a one-ounce letter to England in 1930? And now?

6—Who lost the welterweight crown to Henry Armstrong?

7—What size were the people of Lilliput said to have been?

8—Lehigh University and a large steel company are located in which city?

9—Who wrote the play High Tor?

10—In which war did Lee and Grant fight on the same side?

11—A Mancunian lives in which English city?

12—And a resident of Newcastle, England, is called what?

13—Who, born in North Carolina, was popularly known as a "gentleman from Illinois" for forty-six years?

14—Which country seceded from Sweden in 1905?

15—Was Massasoit an Indian chief, a French composer, or a Flemish painter?

16—Is Patagonia in Australia, South America, Asia, or Africa?

17—Who heads the American Institute of Public Opinion?

18—From which country did the U. S. buy the Virgin Islands?

19—What is "Cape Cod turkey"?

20—Who lost the Presidency in 1824, but won in '28 and '32?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

What I Do and What I Am

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

**READING TIME
4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS**

I HAVE been asked if it is fair for newspapers to invade the privacy of public men. Or, to put it another way —has the public any right to know anything of the domestic life of a personage?

It all depends on what the newspaper wants to know. There is such a thing as idle curiosity, and there is such a thing as intelligent curiosity. There are interviewers who know their business; and there are interviewers who are tactless idiots.

If you intrude upon me to ask how many buttons there are on my waistcoat, I can only reply: "I don't know. Get out!"

It has been said that the public has a right to *know* its public persons, since—so it is held—what they are explains what they do.

I might reply that what I do explains what I am much better than what I am explains what I do. For nobody knows what I am, least of all myself; whereas what I do is more or less ascertainable.

But the newspapers seem to want to know what I do in private.

Is it of interest to the public to know that I never have bacon for breakfast?

Yes, it is, if the newspaper is collecting material for a serious article on dietetics. No, it is not, if it has in view an article on the war in Spain.

My breakfast consists of porridge, postum, and grapefruit. What is the news value of that fact compared with that of an earthquake in Chile?

You must bear in mind that even the greatest genius—meaning today the person with the greatest publicity—is ninety-nine point nine per cent exactly the same as Tom, Dick, or Harry. It is the remaining nought point one per cent that matters. As long as the newspapers stick to the nought point one per cent, I am at their service as a public duty.

Is it of public interest to know what exercise I take? Well, I did a good deal of bicycling at one time, but I could never see the value of athletics.

I agree with W. R. Titterton when he says that taking physical exercise merely for the sake of your muscles is as unhealthy as taking spiritual exercise merely for the sake of your soul.

Sandow once tried to get hold of me. I told him: "I know what you can do: You can lift three elephants, half a dozen pianos, and twenty men on your chest. But that's no use to me. I want to keep them *off* my chest."

I have an idea that Sandow died young.

Even I am not as young as I used to be. I like the story of the man who, on reaching his hundredth birthday, was asked by the interviewers to what he attributed his longevity, and replied: "Gentlemen, I attribute my longevity to the fact that I have abstained from spirits, wines, and beers, and from physical intercourse with women until I was fourteen."

No, I am not as young as I used to be. And old age does make a difference. For example, you can't drive a car. Or jump a fence. And there are other things.

For instance: The other day I was on a deputation to the Town Planning Department of the London County Council with regard to the site of the British National Theater. As I was once a Borough Councilor — for St. Pancras, London, N. W.—I was supposed to be the man to speak for the deputation. I spoke—and I made a fearful hash of it.

Looking back on the days when I was young, had a red beard, and spoke at street corners, I remember one failure of mine at the East India Dock Gates, Poplar (a famous street-corner forum in the East End of London).

At that time they always provided our meetings with a plain-clothes policeman. It was of course quite easy to spot him. And I determined to try to get him to listen to me.

I failed utterly.

He would pay attention to the first few words, decide that it was the usual harmless nonsense, and then turn his thoughts inward.

But once in Hyde Park I did achieve something. I delivered the best speech that I have ever made.

It was raining cats and dogs; and my audience consisted of four shrouded and dripping policemen. My chairman was occupied in trying to hold an umbrella approximately over my head.

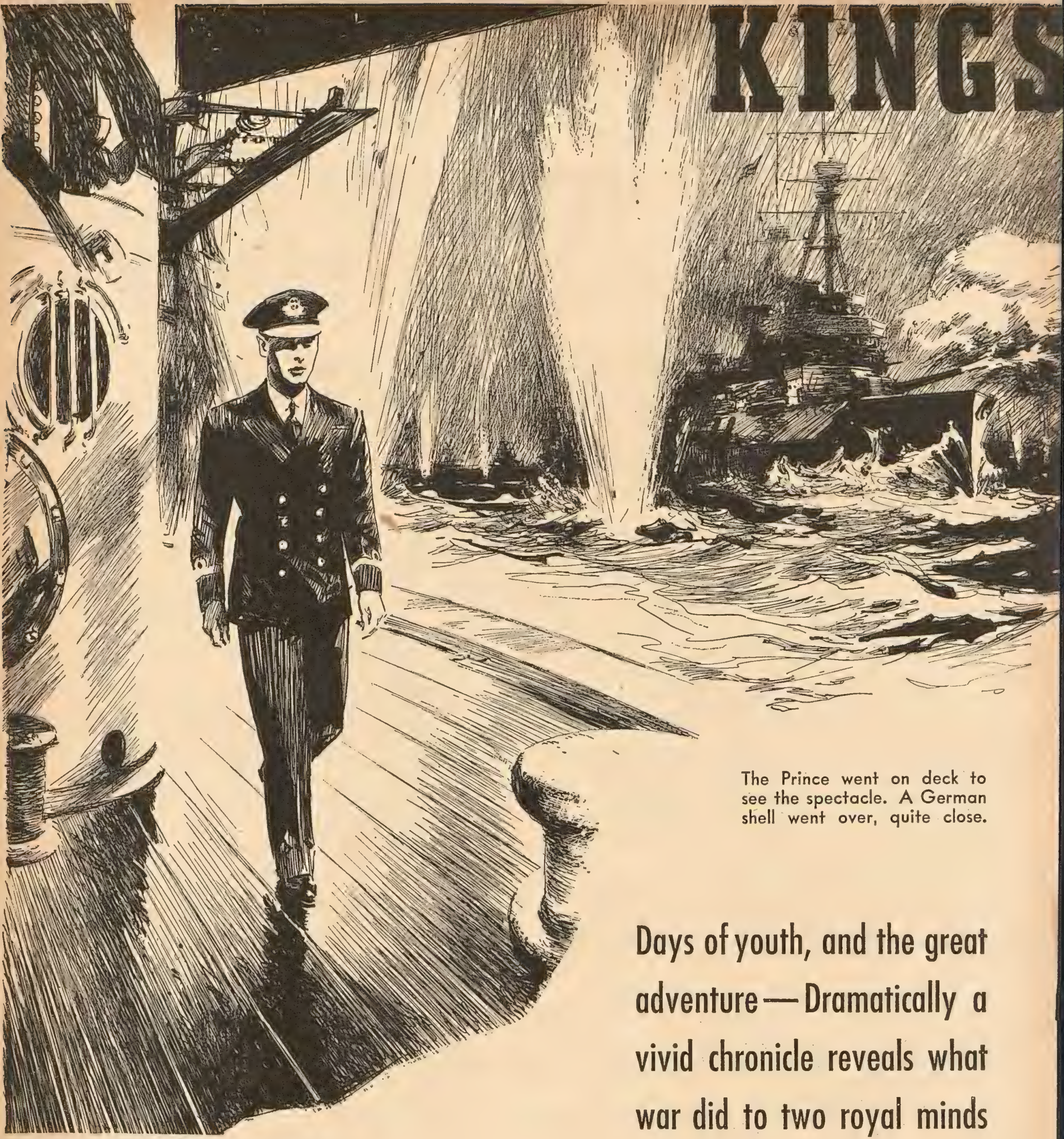
I set myself to convert those four policemen. And I believe that I succeeded. In the improbable event of one or all of the four reading this, I admit that I should like him, or them, to own up.

There is a part of you—or anyhow of me—that does not age. My brain functions as well as ever it did. Perhaps it functions better than ever. But it can't keep on so long.

However, as I have said, you can judge what I am from what I do, and what the nought point one per cent of me does is to your hand.

THE END

KINGS



The Prince went on deck to see the spectacle. A German shell went over, quite close.

Days of youth, and the great adventure—Dramatically a vivid chronicle reveals what war did to two royal minds

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

For this story's opening scene, Mr. Ludwig in Liberty last week looked back to a summer day in 1898 and discovered a young mother with two infant sons at White Lodge, in Richmond Park. The elder boy, Prince Edward, was four years old, and Prince Albert—today King George VI—was not yet three; but already the one in both looks and temperament resembled his grandfather, later King Edward VII; while the other in looks resembled both his parents, and in temperament his father. Their characters were to develop along these lines. The tolerant, worldly-wise grandfather and his youthful namesake soon became great chums, and the comradeship "played an important part in the forming of Prince Edward's mind."

Mr. Ludwig recaptured the children's glimpses of their august great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. He followed both through the earlier years of their education. Both began their careers with training for the navy, Albert proving more of a born sailor than Edward. In 1910 their grandfather died and their father became King George V, and in the following summer Edward was invested as Prince of Wales. Albert, at Dartmouth Naval College, had shown himself modest and hard-working. He suffered from stomach trouble and was embarrassed by his stammering, which was hereditary.

PART TWO—THE WARRIOR PRINCES

MEANWHILE Prince Albert had returned to the naval college to finish his elementary classes. When he went on his first ship, he was given six months' time to learn and see as much as possible. The training ship Cumberland was a cruiser of 9,000 tons, on which the Prince served with sixty others as his father had done thirty years before. Afterward, as a midshipman, he went on board the Collingwood. To avoid any

AND BROTHERS

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

By EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

attempt to treat him as royalty, he took the name of Johnstone and was always called Johnstone by the officers. Hammock, gym, bathing, breakfast, classes, gun room; sailors' rags, which he fully enjoyed, and plenty of work, so that the captain reported: "He always put his back into whatever was going on." And again he was glad to have his old friend Greig on board with him.

But meanwhile, for the first time, in his voyage on the Cumberland Albert saw something of the world which, till then, he had always learned from maps—in red, the British Empire; or not red, the rest. There they rose out of the sea, the islands his father had so often told him about—first Teneriffe, then Trinidad, Martinique, Jamaica, Havana, Bermuda, and finally the ports of Canada. There he was the first royal prince to appear for very many years, and, a diffident youth of eighteen, had to represent the Empire. He had, it is true, little of the public speaking he dreaded, but he had to appear in public, shake hands and give girls autographs, once apologizing by saying: "I write awfully badly, and I have heaps of names. Do you want them all?" He also had to be very careful to dance with exactly the same number of English- and French-Canadian girls.

He was still, however, a young man who might have found it easier to choose a pretty dancing partner for himself than he did to have a dozen of them introduced to him. Once, at a reception, as his tutor was performing such introductions, his shyness kept him somewhat ill at ease, until fate came to the rescue in the shape of two trouser buttons. The buttons fell off his tutor's trousers at the back, and as the tutor convulsively grasped the trousers, a general shout of laughter went up, relieving the Prince of his constraint and enabling him to enjoy himself.

Falling suddenly ill in Ottawa, depression overcame him and he was glad to get back to his ship. He seemed on the way to becoming a regular sailor, happier on the water than on land. By nature, birth, and temperament he seemed cut out for the part of a second son and was, in his own way, happy in it.

The eldest son was far away from him. The brothers seem only to have met privately once in these two years, on an Easter cruise when Edward was invited on board the Collingwood to sail along the coast of Scotland. They went on land from time to time, played golf, and exchanged endless stories of their so different lives.

For at eighteen Edward had gone up to Oxford, suddenly, without transition, and without bringing the previous period of his life to a proper close; indeed his whole youth was passed with no clear divisions between its phases. As his parents knew he was unwilling to leave the navy, they first sent him to France for a few weeks, where hunting, fishing, and picnics failed to enliven him. A French picture of the Prince at eighteen shows so somber a face that even London was startled.

His natural reserve and slight diffidence protected him from the traditional arrogance of the Oxford undergraduate, who simply will not admit that there are in Europe half a dozen universities which are older, more beautiful, and more learned than his own. Any one who, like the present writer, has visited all the famous universities in the Old World, and got to know a number of them well, must admit that for all the local patriotism of various countries and states, such a sense of divine election is to be found neither in Bologna nor Paris, neither in Heidelberg nor Salamanca.

Edward, who may be said to have spent the happiest part of his life there, learned little from books, much from the association with others, played golf and cricket, became for the first time an excellent horseman, finished up his first hunt with five foxes, and certainly laughed when one who knew him later wrote: "It was as if the foxes knew the Prince of Wales was there."

On the contrary, he strove in every way to share the life of his fellow undergraduates, for the times were past when everybody had to stand up when his grandfather came in. The younger Edward chose a quiet and not wealthy undergraduate for a friend, and even disturbed the upholders of etiquette not only by playing football but by being photographed as he was charged off the ball, and only after long debates on the dignity of the heir apparent was football permitted for the future. Since everything written by the Oxford undergraduates, either at Oxford or later, is mainly concerned with eating and drinking, on the form of a lunch, the succession of claret and Burgundy, or what is the right thing for the "after," Edward also became familiar with the code. Every one who knew him describes him as looking incredibly young, while his initial shyness wore off, and he entered more and more into the spirit of things, playing his banjo or bagpipe.

His tutors were first really horrified, however, when, as Major Verney relates, he got to know a "tearing, rampant Socialist" with a red tie, a quondam worker in a nail factory, who had worked his way to Oxford at the age of thirty-three. He was the first man of the people from whom the young Prince learned anything; he was not the last. For that matter, the liking was reciprocal.

What attracted him least at Oxford were the lectures. He has often been described sitting on the edge of the bench so as to vanish more easily. And while Gladstone had said of his grandfather Edward that "he knew everything except what is written in books," the president of his college wrote of the grandson:

"Bookish he will never be."

The Prince of Wales, however, made up for it, now that he was approaching twenty, in learning a great deal about the spirit of the epoch into which he had been born as a future ruler—both from the traditional free speech of his fellow undergraduates, who represented every shade of political color, and at the Union debates in which budding politicians learn to speak and to reply. What must he have thought of the German Kaiser, his father's cousin, who, after a brilliant reception at the unveiling of the old Queen's monument, had hardly left London when he created so warlike and so anti-English a demonstration in Morocco that Europe was on the brink of war and the fleet was cleared for action!

Not less menacing was the social unrest in his own country. Immediately before his parents' coronation, 40,000 suffragettes had marched through London in a procession several miles long. Shortly after the corona-

Prince Albert, now King George VI, as a youthful naval officer at the outbreak of the World War. Left: His brother Edward, then Prince of Wales, in his wartime army uniform.

tion came the abolition of the veto in the House of Lords, which had ruled or helped to rule for centuries. The country having given its verdict against the Lords at the last elections, Asquith, the Liberal Prime Minister, gave warning that the King would go on creating new peers until he got a majority.

Disputes and insults such as this which the oldest of European Parliaments had not seen for a very long time, succeeded each other during the sittings of that blazing summer. In the midst of these troubles, the Socialists had organized strikes among the marines and dock hands, and dead men lay in the streets of London and Glasgow.

The heir apparent, thoughtful as he was, could hardly fail to ask himself whether England was still a monarchy. The throne had survived many shocks—the execution of Mary Queen of Scots by a queen hated by many of her subjects, the execution of Charles I, the exclusion of legitimate heirs, and the abdication of James II of England and VII of Scotland. And now the Lords, the most ancient supporters of the throne, were failing. Monarchy by divine right was clearly a thing of the past, and the faith in it was shaken.

The general feeling of the people for the King seemed to say that he only reigned by popular consent. The Prince, it is true, was familiar with his father's resigned conception of the situation which made him say to Page, the American Ambassador: "Knowing the difficulties of a limited monarch, I thank Heaven I am spared being an absolute one."

In the course of his observations, the Prince could see that everything pointed to the fact that monarchy as an institution, and the British monarchy in particular, were in process of change. It is true that when his parents were on their way to the Durbar in India, the Italians and Turks, at war in the Red Sea, turned on for a night or two the lights they had extinguished—a great symbol of power. But not long before, his father, the King, had had to bring a case against an anonymous writer in order to put an end once for all to the legend of an earlier marriage he was supposed to have concluded in Malta, and at the time he said in writing that he regretted not having been allowed to appear personally in the course of the proceedings—a great symbol of the decline of power.

If the Prince in this connection considered the recent history of his family, he could not fail to regard with some skepticism the brilliant pageantry of the coronation. He now learned how violently public opinion had turned against his grandfather in 1891, shortly before his own birth, and that the Times and other papers had publicly criticized, even threatened him, for having been one of those present at the occurrence of some case of cheating at cards. So the Commons were powerful enough to abolish the Lords' veto? And the press was powerful enough to set itself against a future King? And what was behind the dutiful bearing of the court society? And what was the power of the third factor which seemed to share the command with the press and Parliament, the Church?

Prince Edward learned, moreover, that part of public opinion had even turned against his mother for having become engaged to the brother of her betrothed, King Edward's eldest son, a year after his death, and marrying him shortly afterward. The dissatisfaction was short-lived, but the story showed the young Prince how critically the English followed every step of their King's private life. In court circles there was violent objection to royal divorces and morganatic marriages. And yet his mother descended from such a marriage, for her grandmother was the lovely Hungarian Countess Rhédey, whom her grandfather, Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, had fallen in love with, without being able to marry her as a so-called "equal."

And yet it was these Wurtemberg cousins that the Prince liked best on a trip to Germany. There he found another King William II, whose quiet, distinguished manner put the still diffident English Prince at his ease. And there were other, still smaller German residences in which he felt at home. But when he reached the court of the other William II, where he saw all the brilliance and heard all the noise of the Kaiser dictatorship, which was at its height before the war; when he, as the guest of the Kaiser, was submerged in his torrent of talk, and bathed in the gilt of the countless surrounding uniforms, then it was that the Prince saw before his very eyes the dangers threatening peace, and with it the thrones of Europe.

He saw, too, his first Zeppelin and a menacing military parade, and even though he could not know that these troops and airships would be fighting against him no later than the following year, he was warned, and his expression grew no less serious.

Hence he was glad when his father

now made a soldier of him. He learned to handle a rifle, carried his knapsack over his khaki uniform, and prepared to be a soldier if it should prove necessary. That was in June, 1914.

ON August 4, 1914, all the youth of Europe was enthusiastic for war. Every young man was glad that he was on the side of the defenders, for it is well known that, according to popular feeling in the summer of 1914, there was no aggressor. But at the same time these youths of twenty were glad that there was something new, something " big "—adventure, sacrifice, glory. They were glad, this youngest generation, that it had started, and even though none hated the other till the last evening of peace, he could learn hate from the newspapers from the first morning of the war onward. Such an eruption of young souls was the fruit of a very long peace. Even in England, that had last been at war fifteen years before, the Boer War was regarded as a mere episode. There was no recent war to bias young minds on the side of peace, no pictures of the mutilated, no casualty lists, no experience of terror and hunger at home.

When all youth was in such a frame of mind, two young princes who saw their own heritage as the center of the struggle and the pledge of victory could not but feel passionately eager to take part, to fight, too, with their weapons in their hands. Both brothers wished to go to the front. Once again fate, in many guises, held them back and only gave them late and very rarely the opportunity of standing the test.

Bolitho relates that Prince Albert, early in the war, wrote to an officer friend: " ' I have had a certain amount of shooting this season which will put me in good form when the bigger game come forth to fight, that is, if they do. I will write and tell you the result.' " Characteristically the style of a young man at the beginning of the war, at the end of which not a single one would have ventured so dashing a statement. The Prince had to wait two years. For the best part of the war he was ill.

When, in September, the sick and wounded were disembarked from a hospital ship at Aberdeen, the second son of the King was carried into the country on a stretcher. The King's physicians, who are chosen from among the best in the country, had diagnosed appendicitis as the cause of severe pains, and had operated. The Prince returned to his ship, half recovered, in February, 1915; he dragged himself through his service for nine months longer, then he had to go away again on account of his health. All this time, one single question was on all sailors' lips and in all sailors' eyes: " Where is the enemy? " As nothing happened for years in the war at sea, it could not but strain the sailors' nerves far more than the war on land, in which far too much happened. The men of whole fleets were on the alert for years without either hearing or firing a single shot. These young men were like revelers coming home sober from a banquet, having drunk nothing. The only personal experience Prince Albert had of the war for two years was distant gunfire, which reached Windsor from France from time to time, when the wind was in the right direction. Except for that, all he saw was that ancient trees were felled in the castle grounds, for the country needed wood.

As he was occupied in the operations department for some time during the second part of his illness, he realized that he must take great care of himself, and said later: " It may have been good for me in another way." What he meant, most likely, was that with his pain he would not have survived the wind and weather on board, or would have become a permanent invalid. To be able to take such a view is a sign of a grateful and humble character, such as was once revealed to the present writer in President Roosevelt, when he said to him: " My illness saved me. Without it I would have succumbed to a heart attack after the strain of the war."

Prince Albert had luck, for that is the name we give to the participation in an adventure which turns out a success; in the other case, we should have spoken of his singular bad luck. For hardly had he returned to his ship in better health in the course of May, 1916, when things began to move. The first and last great naval battle in the war took place in the few weeks during which the Prince could stand at his post. On May 30, the English had seen the German High Seas Fleet approaching, and all the ships in Scapa Flow, including the Collingwood on which the Prince was serving, and which belonged to the First Division of the First Battle Squadron, received the order: " Prepare for action." They hardly believed it; an alarm of the kind had often caused first excitement, then disappointment. But this time it was true, and the Prince, down in the gun room, heard a voice beside him saying: " Well, after two years of false alarms, we've got something at last."

The Battle of Jutland has been so often and so variously described that no human being has ever been able to decide who was the actual victor. Admiral Jellicoe once said, laughing, to the present writer: " What we really did I only learned some years later from the German reports." His modesty had only slightly exaggerated the facts of the case. The world, then and later, saw with astonishment how a navy, created in the course of ten years with endless debates in Parliament, clubs, newspapers, and private houses at the sacrifice of millions, was at last to prove its worth in a single naval battle lasting two hours, and how this one battle between some 140 ships, including the biggest in the world, remained undecided. A feeling of anger mingled with laughter filled the world, and even the combatants withdrew in mortification to their hostile ports.

ONE of the few to see and experience anything on that day was Prince Albert. Later he wrote down his impressions for the friend to whom he had promised them at the beginning of the war. We read there—it is quoted by Bolitho: " ' The Jutland battle was a great thing to have been in, and it certainly was very different from what I expected. We of course in the Collingwood saw a good deal more than some of the other ships, and we fired more than they did. We were not hit at all, which was very lucky, though we were straddled several times. One shell dropped over the forecastle, missing us by inches!!

" ' I was in the fore turret, second in command. Tait was O. C. T. During some part of it I was sitting on top when they straddled us. I didn't remain up very long after that!!

" ' We had no breakdowns of any sort. Everything worked very well and as for the men, they were quite marvellous. Just as cheery as usual, and worked like demons. The worst part of all was the night afterwards. We ceased firing at 9 P. M. and then went to night defence till 2 A. M. when we closed up in the turrets again.

" ' We were sick at not seeing the enemy again, that morning. An old Zepp was sighted at 4 A. M., who gave away our position to them.' "

A typically English account, unemotional, spirited, joking, and with praise for the others. We can see the young English naval officer who, during the single battle, expected for years, is shut up in a cramped iron room, seeing nothing and hearing nothing but the unexcited voice from the bridge giving the orders for the position of the guns and the number of shots. Those down there can at most divine what is going on outside, but at any moment they can be blown into the air by an enemy they cannot see. They all know it, and that creates the gloomy, self-controlled tension in all their minds. The Prince could not stand it for long and went on deck to see the huge spectacle—we do not know what right he had to do so. We only know that when a German shell went over quite close, a voice shouted at the Prince: " What the hell's the matter with you? "

" I'm coming down now, sir," was the reply.

The fact that Prince Albert was mentioned in dispatches could, at the most, cause him to blush, for he only stood the test like thousands of those who were not. Nor did the decorations he received from Rome and Paris touch him deeply. But he took home with him a white flag which was used for signaling that day on his ship; he still has it on his writing table. The court historians have calculated that since 1782, when William IV was in a fight at Gibraltar, no British prince had been present at a naval battle. It was a greater pleasure to Albert, as it is to us, to hear that a sailor, questioned later about what the Prince had done, replied: "Oh, yes! I remember. The King made cocoa as usual for me and the gun crew!"

Not long after the battle, the Prince's old pains returned; he had to lie on his back for weeks on a hospital ship, on invalid diet, and he had time to reflect on the waywardness of fortune, which makes a cannon ball miss by inches the man whom it condemns immediately after to a sickbed with gastric trouble. Then followed a few months' service on board another ship. Finally his medical friend and adviser insisted on a re-examination. Three new doctors found that the diagnosis of their colleagues had been wrong, discovered an intestinal ulcer, operated, and cured the patient.

But the operation terminated his career at sea. At the age of twenty-two, Prince Albert saw with bitterness, in the course of his slow convalescence at the end of 1917, that the established form of his life had melted away. Diffident and hindered by the impediment in his speech, he saw himself once more thrown back on land, and as the last ship vanished in the mist, it seemed to him that it bore away an ideal life, or at any rate the life he loved.

HIS elder brother's thoughts were no brighter at the outbreak of war. There he was, a newly pledged soldier, his kit bag on his back, ready, like thousands of them, to embark. Suddenly orders came for him to remain behind. Kitchener, the all-powerful Secretary of State for War, had issued the order that the Prince of Wales was not to be exposed to the dangers of war.

What thoughts must have revolved in the mind of a young English aristocrat—even if he had been nothing more—feeling all round him the ambition, the spiritual élan of noble youth, seeing his fellow undergraduates at Oxford laying down their books and pens and streaming into the voluntary training which he, a soldier for two months, no longer needed? Then the first Belgian wounded arrived in Oxford—it is true they preferred to keep silence rather than talk about their terrible experiences. What thoughts may have filled his mind as he saw the German Crown Prince put in supreme command of all the military forces, and given the credit for a host of victories in which he assuredly had had no hand?

Nor could the Prince fail to be doubly aware that the great enemy was his father's cousin, and that he himself was the cousin of those princes and kings. How paradoxical was the very idea of monarchy in face of the thought that the combatants belonged to four royal families, all related, and that the lesser sovereigns who soon entered the war were in their turn related to them and to each other! All at once the people who were German-born might no longer associate with others born in England. Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Prime Minister, went herself to ask the King if she had to give up her German friends. She wanted to know what the King was going to do.

She received the fine answer: "I never yet broke off a friendship. Besides, I am German too."

And yet the Prince saw the general agitation taking hold of his country. How could he not believe the wild tales of Belgian children's hands cut off by German soldiers? In any case he heard that the Röntgen rays, by which thousands of English soldiers were being restored to usefulness, had lost their German name and had received the mystifying appellation of X rays. Was Lord Haldane not ousted from office because he had once called Germany his spiritual home? It was not even possible to keep a German sheep dog, unless it was called an Alsatian. Everything was ridiculously nationalized. Capital alone, in the armament industry, kept its cool head and, in order to multiply its millions, calmly went on selling to friend and foe alike.

Prince Edward had never heard a friendly word about Germany from his father; all he had brought back from Heidelberg was his vexation at having to learn "their beastly language." And yet it took King George three years before he decided to cast overboard once and for all his German lineage, and to forget all about the Hanoverians and the Brunswicks, the Guelphs and the Wettins, and to call his house Windsor and not Hanover from then on.

By October, 1914, the Prince could bear it no longer. In his uniform, he drove to Whitehall, and asked to see Kitchener. There they sat face to face, the British commander in chief and the heir apparent—a field marshal and a private soldier. Kitchener later told how touched he had been to see "King Edward's most attractive traits reproduced in the youthful Prince of Wales." But when he told the Prince he could not let him go, the Prince replied: "What does it matter if I am shot? I have four brothers."

Instead of an expression of personal regret, Kitchener returned a true soldier's answer: "If I were certain that you would be shot, I do not know if I should be right to restrain you. What I cannot permit is the chance which exists, until we have a settled line, of the enemy capturing you as a prisoner." It was, as Sir George Arthur writes, Kitchener's belief that death in battle was no cause for grief, but that "capture, however unavoidable, brings some indignity for the captured."

The Prince, however, did not give in. He persuaded an old friend of his grandfather to intervene in his favor. But Kitchener would not give permission until the "settled line" he was waiting for had been occupied. After the Prince's farewell visit, the old friend described in a letter "the change that had come over the Prince since he had last been in this room. On the last occasion he really cried with sorrow at the idea of being disgraced. Yesterday his face beamed with joy."

And yet, on a photograph showing the small trim figure in full marching order at the head of a company of Grenadier Guards, he wears a very grave expression; he looks as light as a feather and extremely thoughtful.

"I really did very little fighting," the Prince of Wales said later. Yet, leaving out of account hundreds of anecdotes which came from France to flatter the pride of the court or the nation, it is clear from the official reports and the private statements of his fellow soldiers that he strove to do all that lay in his power, as adjutant to a general or with the Guards. Once, during the Battle of Loos, he even came back to find the car and chauffeur he had left behind blown to pieces; he took the dead man's belongings, wrapped them in his handkerchief, and returned to his post. In any case, it is certain that Prince Edward, for weeks, and then for years, shared as far as he could the life of the men and thus obtained a precious insight into the life of his people.

WHILE his life was protected, the idea was that he should learn political lessons. He was sent to Egypt through the Mediterranean, which was at that time rendered unsafe by the German mines. He got as far as Khartoum, and there, in a dispatch of his own, described the situation on the Suez Canal and its strategical importance. His contact with ancient Egypt was restricted to dropping a golf ball from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops.

Like his grandfather, he learned everything from the present and nothing from the past, and he was happier in the company of lively Australian troops than in that of mummified Pharaohs.

Later, when he was attached to the Italian army, he formed a closer acquaintance with the King of Italy, with whom he has a natural shyness in common. When we read how Queen Mary sent a message by an officer to King Victor Emmanuel, begging him not to expose himself to danger, and how the King received the message gratefully, to hand it on to the Prince of Wales, it is as if we were present at a comedy in the midst of war, and we can chuckle over the officer's comment: "They were all the time warning each other not to take risks." The next morning the Prince was flying over the Austrian lines with a Canadian pilot.

Edward transformed by the war into a clear-eyed champion of England's "underprivileged"; Albert eagerly and creditably learning to fly; Edward pressed into round-the-world service as "salesman of the Empire"; Albert manfully overcoming his shyness and most felicitously falling in love—these memorable developments will be sympathetically yet searchingly interpreted by Emil Ludwig in Kings and Brothers next week.

THE BOY WITH THE *Butterfly Boots*

Presenting the story behind America's No. 1 cow-hand of the screen—In Hollywood they say Autry is aces!

BY HELEN GILMORE

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE stranger pushed through the sharp night toward the kerosene lantern that swung beside the door marking the station of the St. Louis and Frisco Railroad at Chelsea, Oklahoma. The wind bit deep as he hesitated. Suddenly the door opened and a pleasant voice drawled, "Better come in, mister. Mighty cold out there."

"Thanks," said the stranger, stepping in. He beheld a fair-haired, lithe youth standing by a built-in table with a telegraph outfit on it.

"You send messages from here, son?" inquired the older man.

"Shore do," smiled the youth.

The man brought out some paper and a pencil from his pocket and scratched away. After a bit his keen twinkling eye caught a guitar lying on the table. "Play that thing?"

"Little bit. Be'n practicing up between trains. We got a lotta time out here on these cow crossin's."

"Give us a tune," the stranger said.

"Oh—well," the youth began doubtfully. But the call of a song and the strings of his guitar were too strong, and presently he launched full swing into his repertoire of cowboy laments. Every now and then the stranger chimed in, even added one or two of his own.

When they had finished, the man laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You keep on singin', son. Some day you're goin' to make a heap of money with that voice of yours."

The speaker was Will Rogers, wiring his "piece" of quaint quips to be syndicated in the nation's dailies.

And ten years later the youth was chosen to sing Home on the Range as tribute to America's "poet lariat" at the unveiling of the plaque of Will in Hollywood's Rogers Memorial Hall. The singer was Gene Autry.

Not without judicious cause was Gene Autry given the honor of carrying to the millions listening by radio this melody in memoriam. For to the millions Gene is known and loved beyond all others of the screen. Not in the big-city newspapers will you see featured announcements of his pictures; not in the cocktail lounges will you hear frappéed accounts of his latest *bons mots*. But in the hearts of the nation, among simple and kindly folk from the Yukon to Peru, Gene Autry is aces.

What is there about this modest and friendly young man in the ten-gallon hat and the butterfly boots to make him the leading Western star by box-office test for the second successive year? To make the words and music of the songs he writes outsell the hit tunes of the professional do-re-mi-sters of Tin-Pan Alley? To make the sale of his records top three to one his nearest crooner competitor? To cause South America to offer him twice as much for a personal-appearance tour as it did Hollywood's number one glamour boy?

What's more, the Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy, as he was once billed, is credited with rescuing not merely the heroine in distress but the entire industry of Western pictures. And many believe that his gallop to fame is directly responsible for the present era of Western super-epics from the top-flight companies. That's what a song between six-shooters did at a time when the ten-gallon hats had gone dry.

"Can't quite figger m'self how things kinda caught on," admits the thirty-one-year-old American son of an Irish mother and a French father, with a deprecating smile. "Guess I musta had three lucky breaks. They might not sound lucky to you, but they shore were great for me. First one was time on my hands—I took to composin' songs out there on the lone prairee—and I mean lone—just to keep from findin' out what a bore I'd be to m'self. Second was the depression. It kicked me out of my job as a telegrapher right into radio. And third was the Legion of Decency. It asked for a fresh deal and gave a lot of us boys who never woulda had a look-in a new faith in Santa Claus.

"Kids're funny," Gene reminisced, the swing of the Southwest in his speech. "I s'pose I sung purt' near as soon's I talked, and a whole lot louder. Fact, I sung so loud in the choir of my grandfather's Baptist church down in Tioga, Texas, that mom used to nearly go through the floor. Then, when I was about fourteen, Doc Field's Medicine Show came to town featurin' the Resurrection Bitters, hair grower, and corn salve. Well, I was dead set on furnishin' the entertainment for the bitters, and mom fin'lly agreed. The next few months was shore lively. I've had a soft spot in my heart for medicine shows ever since. Thenk that's the reason I enjoyed doin' Tumblin' Tumbleweeds more'n any other picture I ever made—because it had a medicine show in it—and, boy, did we go to town on that corn remover!

"Well, the bitters kinda lost their tang, and I transferred my life's ambition to a cross between ownin' my own ranch and bein' a pro baseball player. What I settled for was a job as cowpuncher on dad's ranch and a slug with a bat on all available occasions. But when I found the most I was goin' to get for my dreams of bein' a Babe Ruth was a berth in a Class D club of the East Texas League, at seventy-five bucks a month the five months we worked, I gave the dust of Texas a good stiff shake off my spurs and headed up into Oklahoma. Never did get to be a Texas Ranger in Texas. Had to come to Hollywood to corral that honor.

"The idea in lightin' out for Oklahoma was on account o' hearin' there was a chance up there for telegraphers on the Frisco Railroad. I'd picked up ticker talk chewin' the fat around our local station when we drove the cattle in from the range to load on the trains. So I went up to Sapulpa, headquarters for that section of the line, and the man in charge—awful nice hombre—told me I'd plumb have to take an examination. After I managed to get through some way or other, the man said, 'Well, I'll tell you. You're a pretty lousy telegrapher, youngster. But we all have to begin somewhere, so I'm goin' to give you your chance.'

BUT the depression fin'lly got to Oklahoma and the key punchers were gettin' laid off in droves as thick as locusts. I turned out to be a locust, too; told I'd just be on relief duty, which wasn't no special relief to me. I begun to thenk about what Will Rogers had said. Then Jimmy Long, my boss and pardner in a lot o' song writin', kept buzzin' at me to stack m'self up with the other yodelers back there in New York. Anyway, bein' a railroad man, I could get a free ride, so I took it.

"Landed in New York, and, with my guitar under my arm, I climbed right up to the outer office of the Victor Recording Company, and stayed there for three days. Nobody'd give me a tumble. Fin'lly the girl there—guess you'd call her the receivin' lady—took pity on me. 'What do you do, cowboy?' she says, and just like a country yokel I whips out my guitar and starts in to sing Jeanine, I Dream of Lilac Time. Just then who should come out but Nat Shilkret, king of the waxworks. 'Why, that's your song, Mr. Shilkret,' the girl says, kinda helpin' out. 'That's right,' says Shilkret, givin' me a long one. 'Come on in, kid. Let's see what you've got.' Well, if that wasn't plain dumb luck!

"They gave me a test with a band the next day. For the first time I saw that little red light go on—and, boy, was I paralyzed! What come out of me sounded like a sick calf stuck in a water hole. Hombre in charge said he honestly wouldn't advise referrin' that test to the committee because they'd shore turn it down, whereas he really thought if I'd go off and get a lot more experience under my belt, singin' for some local radio station, I could come back and make the grade. Shore did appreciate that guy's advice. What's more, I took it!"

Back to Oklahoma rode Gene on his railroad pass, and laid siege to the program directors of radio stations in the state. At length KVOO in Tulsa gave him a break, and the Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy hit the air like a slowly gathering summer storm. The storm broke after Gene had summoned his old pal Jimmy Long to write a new song with him. They knocked out That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine, and Gene slipped it into his program. And the radio audience went wild about it.

Shortly thereafter That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine was born in black and white on the music counters of America, and has at the present time sold some million copies, not counting the sale of records.

Naturally, a bonanza like this was not long to remain in exile from the money highways of the East. Art Satherly of the American Recording Company, and Gene's man of destiny, invited the fair-haired cowboy back to New York, with a fat and flattering contract as the bait. And that was only the beginning of the trail. There followed Gene's migration to Chicago on the Sears, Roebuck radio program, the Farm and Home hour, and the National Barn Dance, on which he rode to fame.

It was while he was making personal appearances during this era that he acquired the two dearest to him: his wife, and Champion.

"I'd stopped off to visit my old friend Jimmy Long, who was then in Springfield, Missouri, when I met her." He was speaking of his wife! "We had a couple o' dates, then I popped the question and she said yes. Of course, Ina is Jimmy's niece. That helped some," he grants magnanimously.

Champion is part Arabian and part plain horse. He rides in a ten-thousand-dollar trailer and is Gene's all-weather pal. You can understand the attachment between man and horse if you have been one of the fortunate millions to see them together—the man singing Old Faithful in a blue spotlight, the horse cantering into the center of the stage and laying his head on Gene's shoulder. Good clean fun? And then some!

Which brings us to the third intervention of fate in the life of Gene Autry. The Legion of Decency was rising to protest films of questionable manners and morals. "Give us clean entertainment!" it cried.

The answer, thought the producers of Westerns along Poverty Row, was obviously Westerns. But the bang-bang operas, turned out of the same mold year after year, were decidedly on the wane. Herbert J. Yates of the American Recording Company, interested in Mascot Pictures, bethought himself of Gene, who was selling more records for them than any other singing star, and phoned Nat Levine, head of Mascot. The result was a trip to the Coast for the cowboy Caruso. Nobody bothered about a movie test; he was simply shot into a song spot in Ken Maynard's picture In Old Santa Fe. After that his option was lifted and he was slated to report for work in The Phantom Empire.

The Phantom Empire established a new empire for Westerns that was far from phantom at the ticket windows, all because the hero sang in his spare time; sang with a remarkably engaging voice the simple, sincere songs he wrote for simple, sincere people. Songs like Springtime in the Rockies, The Red River Valley, Dust, Rain, Cowboy's Heaven, There's an Empty Cot in the Bunk-House Tonight, Round-Up Time in Reno—some two hundred of them—and his current favorite, You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven.

SO great was the success of the singing cowboy's pictures that Mascot shed its Poverty Row skin and emerged as the far more pretentious Republic Picture Corporation. Gene had been sharing the financial growth to the tune of five thousand dollars a picture—which was not enough, in his estimation. Last year he asked for more. The company refused. Gene walked out and sat down for five months.

"We want Autry!" the public shouted. Exhibitors began to have acute box-office complaint. A thousand of them gathered at the convention of the Republic franchise-holders in Los Angeles. The president of the company begged Gene to go before the box-office Napoleons and tell them he was back with Republic. If he did, the company would do the right thing.

Gene did exactly that without even discussing figures. Expecting to be rewarded with $10,000 a picture for eight pictures a year, he received $12,500, with a promise of $15,000 this next season.

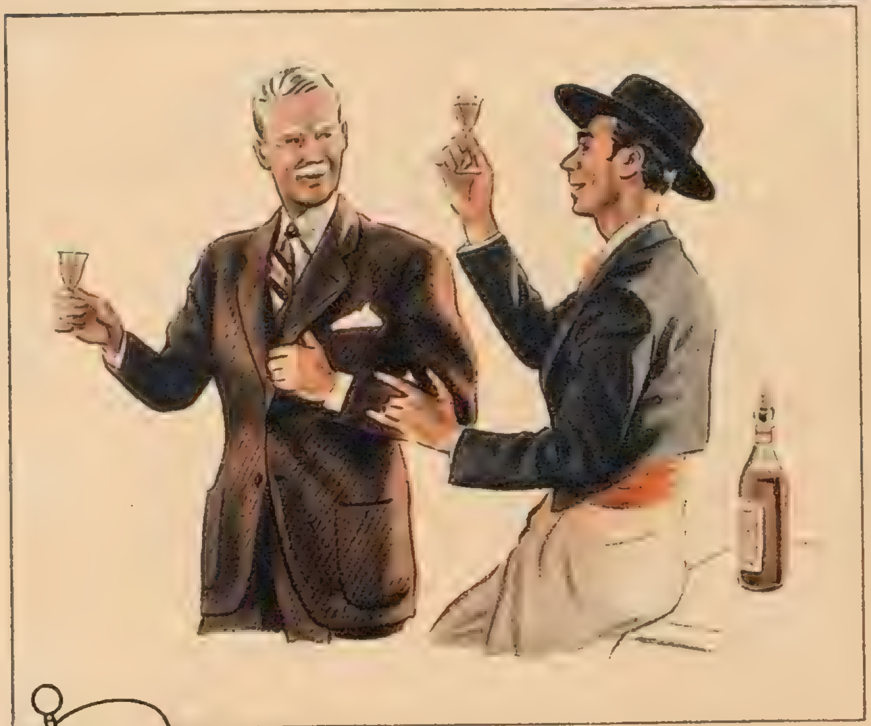
Yes, simplicity and sincerity pay off. But therein does not lie the entire answer to this amazingly clear-eyed, soft-spoken, clean-lived young man who is pretty much the same fine character in pictures and in life. His strong, unflinching faith in himself must be added.

When others were foolin' round, he took himself plumb serious. With the breaks good or orn'ry, he's gone ahead figgerin' there's a lotta folks that like a good tune and a little fun. Don't mean you gotta be the best thing that ever come down the pike. Just give 'em what you got straight from the shoulder, and they'll like it—and you.

A right hombre with a simple song, this boy with the butterfly boots!

THE END

"I took a poll — under three flags"

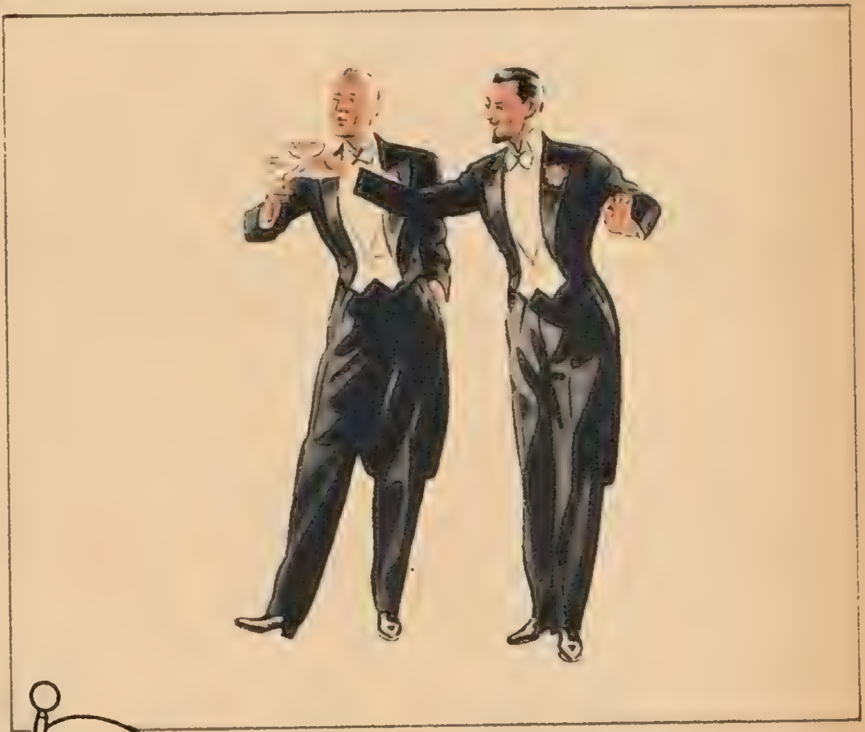


1.

Once I Asked Rodriquez Ramirez, in Jerez, Spain, "What special quality would you advise me to look for first of all when I taste one of your country's delightful sherries?"

Rodriquez answered, "Make sure it is DRY, mi amigo—make sure it has no *sweetness!*"

"Aha," I thought, "that sounds mighty like what they're saying back home in favor of Paul Jones Whiskey!"

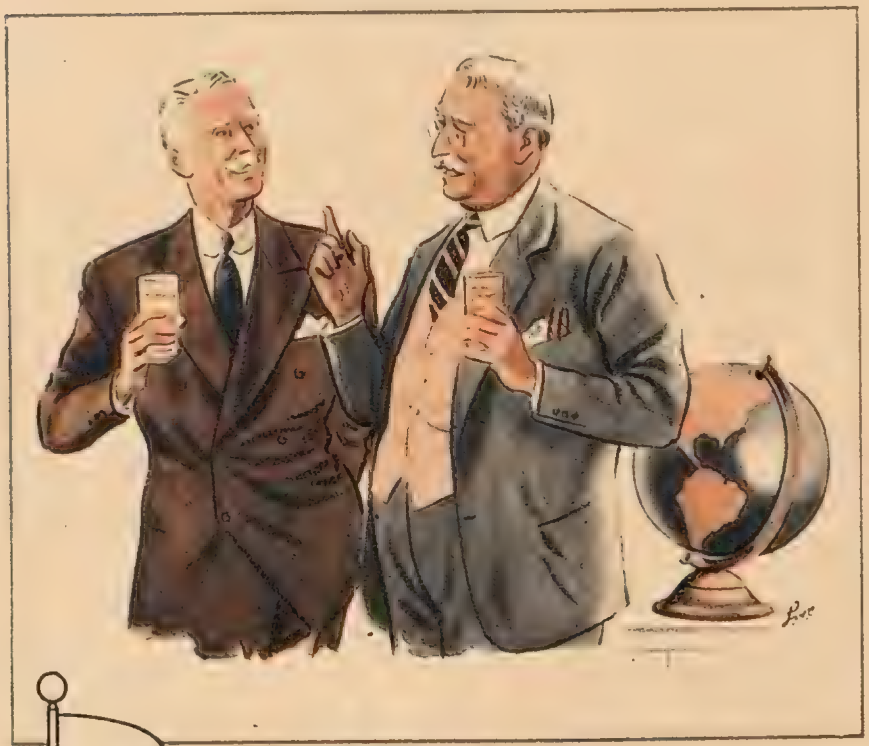


2.

Then I Asked Eugene Du Bose, in Paris, what it is that the real connoisseur first looks for when he drinks a choice champagne.

And Eugene answered, "But naturally, it must be above all DRY—*lacking sweetness,* mon ami. Truly, *dryness* is the cardinal virtue!"

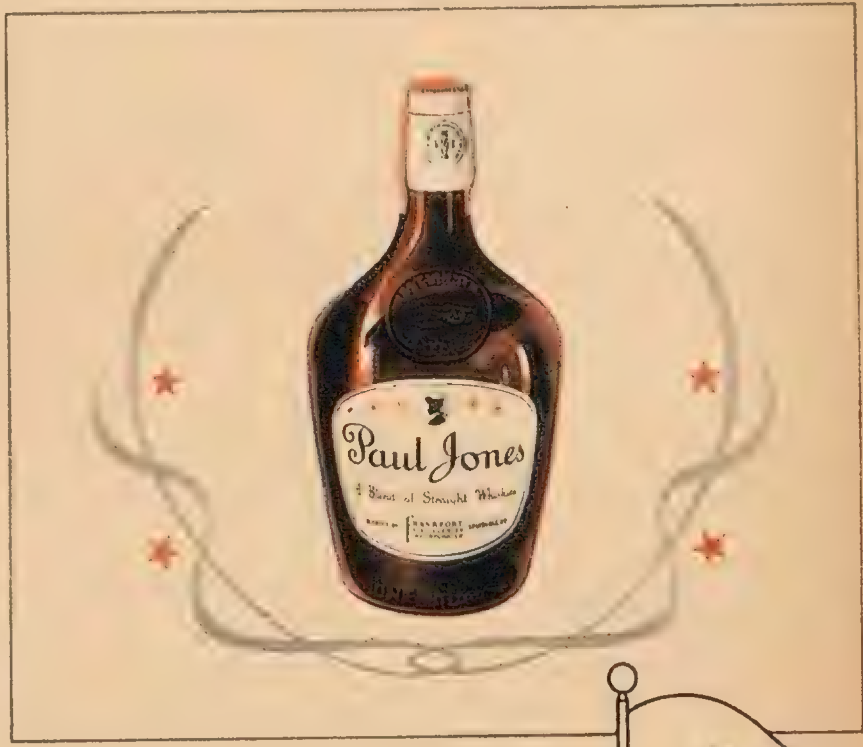
So with that I mentally ticked off *another* opinion in favor of the prime characteristic of Paul Jones Whiskey.



3.

Back Home, I Said To Major Sullivan (who should know whiskey if *anyone* does), "Major, I've learned what's the *first* virtue to look for in sherry and champagne. Now *you* tell me how you'd start picking a fine *whiskey.*"

Said the Major: "The first thing to ask yourself is: 'Is this whiskey DRY—utterly lacking sweetness?' And that question, my friend, will lead you to *Paul Jones* Whiskey. For Paul Jones is first of all truly DRY—and after that it is just brimming with every other delightful whiskey quality you could ask!"


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

IT'S DRY*

Paul Jones

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY

*DRY means not sweet

A blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC., LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

FILTHY RICH

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN old Rob Jamieson, who has made a fortune from gold mines, invites Jim Wayne, a young Canadian aviator, to visit him at his home near Toronto, he hopes that Jim will fall in love with Mimi, Rob's favorite daughter, and take her away from her present fiancé, the fortune-hunting Count Otto von Ungemach. Jim, however, is disgusted when he sees that the beautiful Mimi, whose image he has cherished for four years, has become a shallow society ne'er-do-well. He decides to return at once to the North and forget her.

Just as he is about to leave, Mimi, a little drunk, jumps into her new airplane to take a spin. Jim follows her and seizes control of the ship. Then, impulsively, he decides to kidnap her. He flies to the Toronto airport, transfers the struggling Mimi to his own amphibian, and heads north toward his home on Lone Island.

At the island, he tells the Indians among whom he lives that Mimi is insane, so they refuse to go near her. He tells his captive that she must cook for him and keep his cabin clean. "No work, no eat—see?" he says. And Mimi, hungry, works.

With Laura Hill, a nurse known as the White Squaw, Jim and Mimi fly to an Indian celebration, the Treaty Party, after he has exacted a promise that she will not try to escape. The next day, at an interminable feast at which strange and—to Mimi—unappetizing food is served, she becomes ill and rushes to Jim's plane to get away from the crowd. He follows her, and while they are talking Mimi sees a strange amphibian glide down on the lake. Suddenly she gives a triumphant shriek. The man who is stepping from the plane into a small boat is Otto von Ungemach. Rescue is near!

PART FOUR—MYSTERY . . AND A MENACE

YES, the Count Otto von Ungemach was in the bright little skiff that was pulling away from the side of the anchored seaplane. Both Mimi and Jim, from their place beside Jim's plane up in the field, had seen and recognized him. And Jim was taking no chances on having his mad experiment fail now, before it had been given a fair chance. He seized Mimi, flinging one hand over her mouth and saying swiftly, "I'll save you the shame of breaking your promise!" He lifted her into his plane, slammed the door shut, and with a minimum amount of warming up, got the ship in motion.

Mimi flattened her nose against the window. Would Otto see her? Would he guess that the Chasse-Galerie was Jim's plane? Oh, why didn't whoever was rowing that skiff row faster so that Otto could land and ask about her and then follow quickly! But the last glimpse that Mimi was able to get was of Otto pointing not to Jim's retreating plane but to a series of large gas tanks on the edge of the settlement.

Jim chuckled. "Very possibly our noble friend needs refueling; and that, as you know, takes time enough to give us a comfortable start while this twilight holds! Relax, Mimi. You might as well learn to accept situations. Acceptance is a part of growing up—something that you haven't so far had to do."

"Why don't you write a book," Mimi suggested acidly, "on how to bring up children?"

"I intend to as soon as I've finished my field work." He grinned.

Mimi didn't speak again until they sighted Lone Island. But Jim discoursed amiably and at length. Of the Treaty Party—so much of which they had missed; of the Indians who in losing their birthrights had lost the very springs of their life; of sabotage—Nazi agents trying to strike at the heart of Canadian resources with explosions, labor uprisings, forest fire, and vicious propaganda. Finally he spoke of the new gold strike at Yellow Knife and of his own dreams of a hunt for gold.

"We'll start tomorrow, Mimi. I had planned to wait for my Indians to get back from this Treaty jamboree; but I think perhaps you and I can handle the scow. According to my map, the spot isn't more than a day's water trip from the island. And with your Count—you know, Mimi, I don't like that guy! There's something screwy about him! As I was saying, with your Count so hot on our trail, I think we'll just not be at Lone Island for the next few days."

"Aren't we over it now?" Mimi broke her long silence and pointed to the lake the color of a gray pearl in the now thick twilight.

"Good for you!" It was the first praise he had given her. "It's a hard place to spot from the air. We've just made it in time to catch light enough to land."

Mimi waited until the plane was once again at rest on its field. Then she asked, as she climbed out into the darkening world, "So we're to have the questionable comforts of Lone Island tonight after all?"

"Tonight, yes. No plane can find this place for the next ten hours. Especially as we're going to eat supper without benefit of fire or lamplight."

"Aren't you laying this on a bit thick?" Mimi demanded, stumbling along behind him to the cabin.

"Possibly," he admitted. "Maybe if you'll tack blankets up over the windows I'll allow you one candle."

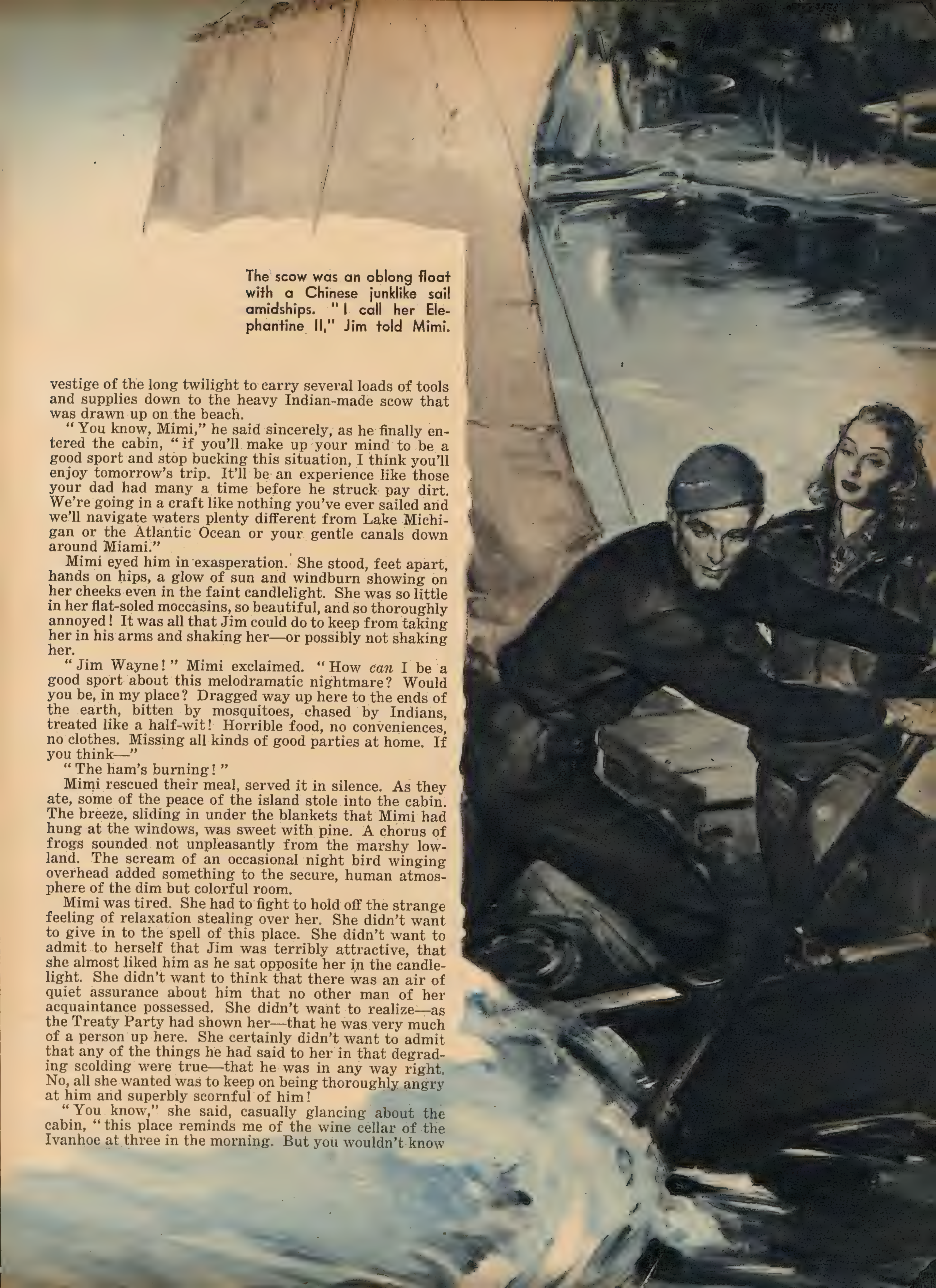
"The oilstove doesn't make smoke, does it?" she demanded.

"Go to the head of the class! We'll have the oilstove—if you'll cook ham and eggs and coffee."

"I don't see how on earth you can eat any more after that horrible feast you devoured today!" But Mimi did as she was told. And Jim availed himself of the last

Vain hope, sudden flight, a strange, momentous voyage . . . Now dark deeds foreshadow danger in a flaming novel of love and a captive heiress

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER



The scow was an oblong float with a Chinese junklike sail amidships. "I call her Elephantine II," Jim told Mimi.

vestige of the long twilight to carry several loads of tools and supplies down to the heavy Indian-made scow that was drawn up on the beach.

"You know, Mimi," he said sincerely, as he finally entered the cabin, "if you'll make up your mind to be a good sport and stop bucking this situation, I think you'll enjoy tomorrow's trip. It'll be an experience like those your dad had many a time before he struck pay dirt. We're going in a craft like nothing you've ever sailed and we'll navigate waters plenty different from Lake Michigan or the Atlantic Ocean or your gentle canals down around Miami."

Mimi eyed him in exasperation. She stood, feet apart, hands on hips, a glow of sun and windburn showing on her cheeks even in the faint candlelight. She was so little in her flat-soled moccasins, so beautiful, and so thoroughly annoyed! It was all that Jim could do to keep from taking her in his arms and shaking her—or possibly not shaking her.

"Jim Wayne!" Mimi exclaimed. "How *can* I be a good sport about this melodramatic nightmare? Would you be, in my place? Dragged way up here to the ends of the earth, bitten by mosquitoes, chased by Indians, treated like a half-wit! Horrible food, no conveniences, no clothes. Missing all kinds of good parties at home. If you think—"

"The ham's burning!"

Mimi rescued their meal, served it in silence. As they ate, some of the peace of the island stole into the cabin. The breeze, sliding in under the blankets that Mimi had hung at the windows, was sweet with pine. A chorus of frogs sounded not unpleasantly from the marshy lowland. The scream of an occasional night bird winging overhead added something to the secure, human atmosphere of the dim but colorful room.

Mimi was tired. She had to fight to hold off the strange feeling of relaxation stealing over her. She didn't want to give in to the spell of this place. She didn't want to admit to herself that Jim was terribly attractive, that she almost liked him as he sat opposite her in the candlelight. She didn't want to think that there was an air of quiet assurance about him that no other man of her acquaintance possessed. She didn't want to realize—as the Treaty Party had shown her—that he was very much of a person up here. She certainly didn't want to admit that any of the things he had said to her in that degrading scolding were true—that he was in any way right. No, all she wanted was to keep on being thoroughly angry at him and superbly scornful of him!

"You know," she said, casually glancing about the cabin, "this place reminds me of the wine cellar of the Ivanhoe at three in the morning. But you wouldn't know

I'm thrifty-
I buy
THIS BRAND
MAZDA LAMPS
Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

"MOST men are so concerned about the money we women *spend*, that I sometimes wonder whether they appreciate how much money we *save* through shrewd buying. Take lamps for instance. I'm rather proud that I know how to save money by buying a lamp that gives *brighter light longer*. Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, of course!"

75 AND 100 WATT SIZES Now 15¢

15, 25, 40, 50 and 60 watt sizes also 15¢

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

about the Ivanhoe. It's an amusing night club in Chicago. Treaty Parties are more your speed than night clubs!"

"I like both," Jim said calmly. "In fact I've a hunch I get more kick out of a good night spot than you do—because I wasn't taken to them practically in my perambulator."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in one!" she mocked. "Either pram or night club."

"Lots of things about me you don't know! The Ivanhoe—I must remember that. I'll make a date with you, Mimi. Next time I'm in Chicago we'll go there."

Mimi wanted to say, "*You* in a night club? You wouldn't know how to act!" But she knew that would be both stupid and untrue. Suddenly she could see herself at the Ivanhoe with Jim. The vision was so clear that it seemed prophetic. Yes, some day she wouldn't be at all surprised—I mean, with a man like Jim, almost anything—

She stood up suddenly, trying to shake off her inexplicably soft mood. "If I'm going to have to do squaw's work tomorrow, I'm going to get a squaw's sleep tonight. Please tell your dogs and mosquitoes and frogs and flies that I'll shoot the first one that bothers me!" She crossed to her bunk, crawled in, pulled the curtains shut. But just as she heard Jim open the door of his lean-to she called in slightly muffled voice, "I'm sorry about the way I behaved at the Treaty Party and — about Laura. Maybe you're right. Maybe I am a little bum! Good night."

Jim's face paled. He stood gripping the latch of the door. Then he answered quietly, "Good night, Mimi." He went into the lean-to. But there no thoughts of tomorrow's search for gold kept him awake. And no thoughts of Laura, who was so fine and strong and who would be the perfect helpmate in his work and dreams. No, the thoughts that held him sleepless through that long night were entirely of Mimi—who possibly wasn't all bum.

MEANWHILE Count Otto—who really was a count but not an Austrian — had been having even more troubles than Jim. Part of his difficulties concerned Mimi; part concerned other factors over which higher powers than he had control.

Otto had been frantic over Mimi's crazy headlong night disappearance with Jim. And he had been first amazed, then suspicious over the calm way that old Mr. Jamieson had taken it. In view of this development, Otto's chances for marrying Mimi looked very slim indeed. And he desperately wanted to marry her; not only because she was beautiful, desirable, rich, but because marriage to her would make a perfect smoke screen from behind which he could carry on certain important activities.

He had flown north from Toronto the morning after Mimi's alarming departure. From co-workers of his he had learned the approximate position of Jim Wayne's Lone Island. But he hadn't been able to spot it from the air. He had flown back and forth vainly and, running low on fuel, had been forced to land at Menora, right in the middle of a Treaty Party. Ironically enough, he learned there that he had missed Mimi and Jim by only a few minutes.

But his forced delay for refueling proved not unfruitful. He gathered from the big handsome blonde in the Indian costume information that made him feel very optimistic. After he had implied to her that he was practically Mimi Jamieson's affianced, she became extremely friendly, gave him minute directions as to how to find Lone Island, and told him that Mimi seemed restless and unhappy and would, without shadow of doubt, be tremendously glad to see him. She added that she felt Mimi's father had been unwise to send her up here for her health!

This last remark of the White Squaw verified Otto's suspicions concerning old Rob Jamieson's intentions. So the old man approved of Jim Wayne's kidnaping! Anything to get his daughter away from Otto von Ungemach, yes? Very well, two could play at kidnaping as well as one!

With a lighter heart than he had carried about with him for many hours, Otto left Menora and, humming the song of triumph that marching youths chant throughout his home country, headed his fast plane southeast in the twilight.

But once again bad luck attended him. Scarcely had his powerful ship reached full flying speed, when Otto's concealed radio barked out code instructions from his organization's secret headquarters. He was to fly north immediately to Rawlinson House, a key trading post, and rescue one of the workers who had been operating very usefully as a blind tiger. This vendor of poison liquor to the Indians had cracked his plane up just after making a successful getaway from the clutches of the R. C. M. P.

So daybreak saw the count winging his way over the cold bleak area surrounding Rawlinson House instead of playing Lochinvar on Lone Island to his desired Mimi.

DAYBREAK saw that same Mimi setting off upriver on what was to be the strangest voyage of her much traveled career.

The scow that Jim had chosen for the trip was a weird, almost outmoded craft but one that he had found useful on similar excursions. He had copied it from the type of barge once prevalently used by Yukon prospectors. It was an oblong float with a square Chinese junklike sail amidship and a long oarlike sweep in the center of both bow and stern. Jim had done away with the tarpaulin tent that had served older explorers as deckhouse, and had added a modern convenience in a small Diesel motor for *(Continued on page 24)*

DRIVE IT ..and You'll Know Why Chevrolet Is the Leader!

It's the LIVELIEST of all low-priced cars!

Do you want to know why Chevrolet is the leader? Then, come take the wheel of Chevrolet for 1939, and *drive home the truth!* The most thrilling, exciting, satisfying truth of this whole motor year!

That truth, put in one quick sentence, is that Chevrolet *out-accelerates, out-climbs* and *out-performs* all other cars in its price range—bar none!

Drive it in traffic; step it up from five to twenty-five miles an hour as the parade gets under way; and you'll know that *Chevrolet is first in acceleration!*

Drive it on the hills; pick the steepest grade you can find for a real test of power; and you'll know that Chevrolet is *first in hill-climbing too!*

It's today's performance leader—*the liveliest of all low-priced cars,* and an exceptionally *safe* car for that very reason—as you will quickly discover when you accept this invitation to drive it!

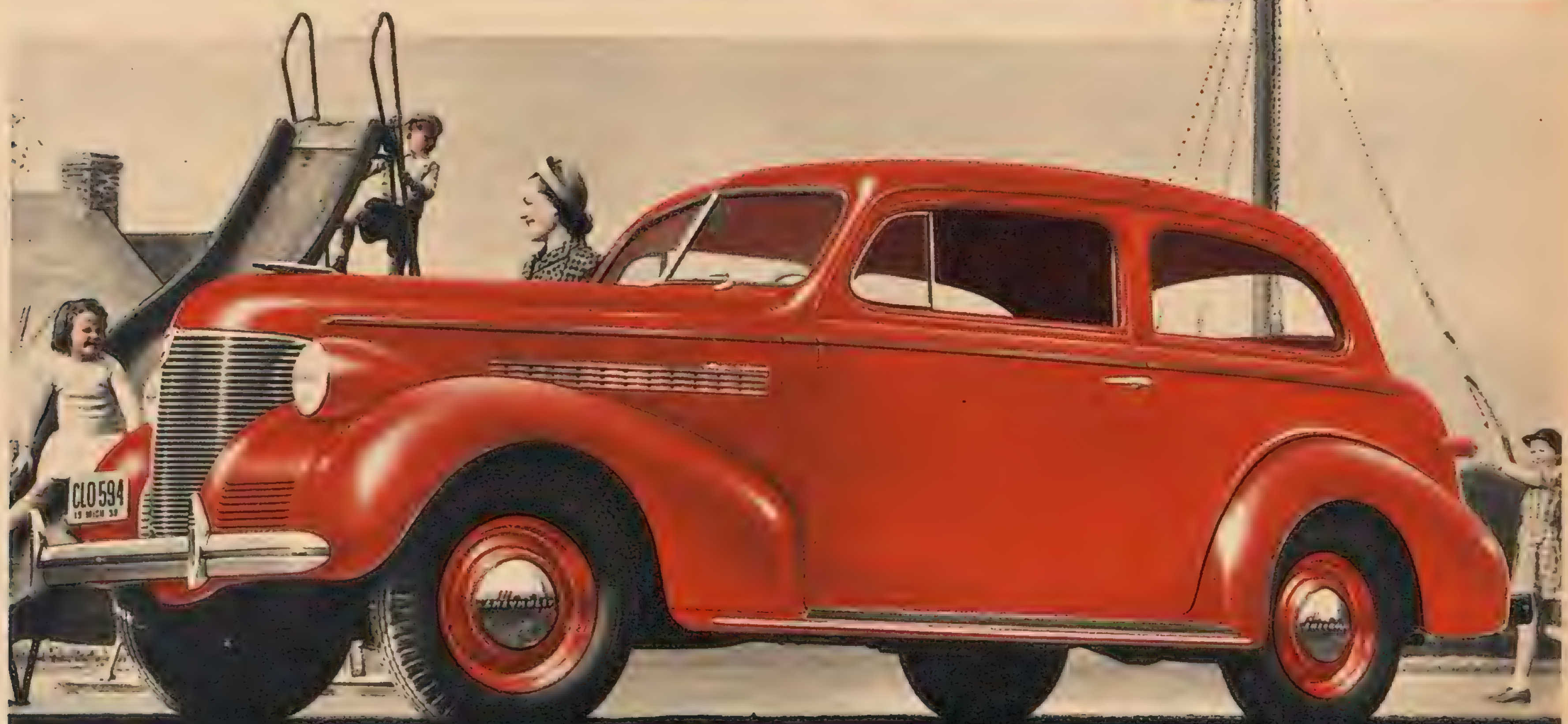
See your Chevrolet dealer today and take the ride that will show you why Chevrolet is the leader.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments

No other car combines all these famous features:

- **EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT**
- **NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER**
- **NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE**
- **85-HORSEPOWER VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX**
- **PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES**
- **NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY**
- **PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering (*Available on Master De Luxe models only*)**
- **TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH**

A GENERAL CHEVROLET MOTORS VALUE



CHEVROLET

The *only* low-priced car combining "ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

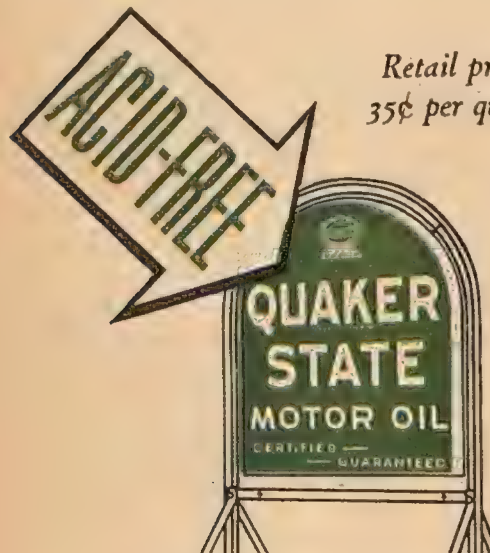
Oil Purity

MEANS LESS REPAIRS!

One repair bill, due to faulty lubrication, can cost you more than all the oil you would buy in a year. Based on the experience of millions of car owners, the regular use of Acid-Free Quaker State is the safest insurance that you can buy against unnecessary repairs.

Every drop of Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil is rich pure lubricant, scientifically freed of all impurities. The use of ***Acid-Free Quaker State*** regularly will make *your* car run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Retail price
35¢ per quart



(Continued from page 22) emergencies when wind and water current failed.

"I call her Elephantine II," he told Mimi as they put out in the before-sunrise glimmer.

"Was there an Elephantine I?"

"Yes. A truck I drove when I was earning money to buy my first plane."

"Why didn't you just keep the truck?"

"It wasn't mine. But you needn't make fun of this baby. She may not be much on looks, but she's got a certain something."

"Mulishness, I'd say!" Mimi exclaimed, trying to ply the bow sweep as Jim had instructed her.

"Only when you handle her wrong. Play the current, Mimi; don't buck it!" He ran forward, gave her further instruction. Then he turned on the motor to hasten them out into the open lake where a wind was rising with the rising of the sun.

THE clumsy barge, aided by the chattering motor, began to progress with dowagerlike dignity.

"Just like the stone barge of the Empress of China!" Mimi taunted.

"Never heard of her," Jim answered. "Pull a little more to port."

Elephantine II traversed the wind-ruffled lake and glided through a narrow poplar-lined outlet into a north-moving river. Misty tan marshes swept back from banks that gradually became rocky slopes as the scow progressed. Finally high cliffs rose from the river's edge, obscuring the first sharp rays of sunrise.

The light in the ever-narrowing rock-walled stream was dim, but it was sufficient to show Mimi the angry white water ahead. First she distinguished long swinging foam-capped swells, then the churning choppiness of rapids. She shrieked a warning to Jim.

"You've met worse water many a time on Lake Michigan," he yelled back. "You society sports gals can't take it, can you? Not unless a news photographer and reporters are on hand in a press launch! 'The dauntless Mimi Jamieson piloted her little Star to another victory—'"

His words were lost in the angry snarl of rapids. Elephantine II shuddered heavily, as though something had disturbed her slumbers; then she was catapulted forward into serene waters.

Mimi laughed. She wouldn't admit it to Jim, but she was beginning to enjoy herself. The glitter of the morning world did something to her spirits. Air was so clear up here that the colors of sky and trees and shore and water seemed to vibrate. Things almost seemed to have quivering red-and-green edges—like early technicolor movies.

"Hey! Pay attention to your poling!" Jim shouted.

Mimi quickly pushed off the floating bleached white carcass of a dead tree. A flight of noisy grackles overhead seemed to applaud her efforts.

But Jim didn't applaud. After all, her lithe young body had been trained, from the year when her father struck the pay lode, to skate, ski, golf, sail—in other words, to be perfectly fit. It was the spirit of Mimi that mattered—the spirit that had been pampered and weakened until it was flabby and undependable.

To change the trend of his mood Jim began to sing an old Eskimo magic song that boatmen sang for fair weather:

"*Ija—ija!*
A drifting storm
Gathers around me.
Ija—ija!

"Calm and shining
Lies the sea.
Ija—ija!

"The spirit of air
Smooths the way.
Ija—ija!

"I pull out on still waters.
There is no danger more.
Ija—ija!"

"But that's beautiful!" Mimi cried involuntarily. "It's haunting, lovely! I want to learn it." And from then on, until they headed their scow in to a sun-warmed shore for rest and lunch, Mimi sang with Jim the Eskimo magic song that makes for peace.

AT the same time when Mimi and Jim were landing for lunch, Otto was at last bringing his plane to rest on the waters lapping Lone Island. He had deposited his "blind tiger" at a point of safety, had attended to certain other matters, and was now free to rescue his ladylove.

But once again Otto discovered that Luck had turned her face away from him. Lone Island was, as far as he could see, deserted.

He found Mimi's slippers and evening dress in the cabin and he discovered Jim's plane in its forest hangar. The latter sight reassured him. "They can't be far," he decided. "I'll wait." And then, in order that Jim might not again be able to fly off with his quarry, Otto took out a small sharp weapon and made an infinitesimal hole in the gas tank of Chasse-Galerie II.

Something in the air, possibly only a premonition, made him straighten up swiftly before he had really completed his task. He looked south, his steely eyes widening. "*Gott!*" he exclaimed. "They are a day early!"

For there, high over the southward forest, like a row of fierce white plumes, rose the unmistakable smoke clouds of newly set forest fires! And an ever-increasing wind was sweeping them toward him as straight and fast as a crow flies!

Will Otto's intrigue endanger the girl he wants to marry? Will Mimi and Jim be caught in the rushing flames? Excitement runs high in the coming chapter of this North Woods romance in next week's Liberty!

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

I Will Beat MAX BAER and JOE LOUIS TOO

BY LOU NOVA

A rising young man of the prize ring steps forth and names its next champion

THE fighter who displaces Joe Louis as heavyweight champion of the world will be a good boxer and a hard right-hand hitter who can take a heavy punch himself.

He will be a young man with the stamina and resiliency of youth, not a veteran of the ring who has reached his peak and begun the inevitable descent.

Which means that I am confident the next champion will not be Max Baer, Max Schmeling, or any other aged warrior whom Joe Louis has already knocked out.

Youth in itself is not enough. The next champion will not be any one like Jorge Brescia, the young Argentine who was tossed into the ring to be slaughtered by Louis in his ninth professional fight, or like Natie Mann, the New Haven swinger with no semblance of a defense.

No; the man who beats Louis must be ringwise as well as young, with a defense to supplement his own attack. The only man now fighting who I know possesses all these qualifications is myself; and, without brag and bounce, I fully expect to defeat Louis when we meet in the ring, probably in September of this year.

Skeptics may raise the question of what I intend to do about Max Baer, the ex-champion whom I am signed to fight in New York June 1 for the right to meet Louis. It's a fair question and merits a fair answer. I *know* I can whip Max Baer; in fact, I am certain I can knock him out within six rounds. There are reasons for that belief, too.

But Louis is my objective. I do not make the mistake of underrating him. He is fast, game, and a terrific puncher, as he demonstrated when he knocked out Max Schmeling in less than a round last summer.

I did not see that fight, but it seems to me that the German signed his own death warrant that night by his plodding tactics. Always a slow starter, Max had been warned to expect an immediate onslaught by Louis. Instead he went out there expecting Joe to spar cautiously for an opening, as he had in their first fight, and the first volley of punches Louis poured into him nearly tore his head off. That's another mistake I won't make.

But I did see the first Louis-Schmeling encounter in 1936, when Max astounded the world by knocking out the supposedly invincible Brown Bomber, to use one of the many fearsome descriptive tags that the lyrical sports writers hung on Joe. (My favorite is the one that likened him to " something dark and pantherlike from out the Afric jungle.")

I guess Schmeling failed to read those descriptions, because he surely gave Louis a going over.

Max revealed not only that Louis could be reached by a right cross but that Joe's chin was none too strong. Now, you can improve your hitting, your defense, or your footwork by careful training, and you can toughen hands or skin by soaking them in brine, but there is no cure for a vulnerable chin. If you've got it, you'll always have it, and Joe will have his with him when I face him.

What Max Schmeling, then thirty years old, not fast afoot and admittedly without a good left hand, could accomplish, I am positive that I can do with superior weapons. For one thing, I am only twenty-four. For another, I am a much better boxer than Schmeling, and my own left hand I believe to be even faster than Joe Louis'. I concede that Joe's left jab is a damaging blow, but I will match mine against it for speed and accuracy.

It's a fundamental rule of boxing that it takes a good left to set up an opponent for a right. The Louis of today can't be beaten by a right hand alone, or by everybody's right. Jim Braddock couldn't do it, and Jim was known as a good boxer and a fine right-hand puncher. But Jim cocks his right and throws it from his ear. It's a blow that must travel a long way. Max Schmeling, though, carries his right hand just below his chin and shoots it without any preliminary motion. It was that punch which knocked Louis out, and it is that punch which I shall use; short and to the point, to make a bad joke.

I am not giving away any trade secrets when I say I plan to beat Joe with my right. Since Schmeling probed the flaw in his armor, nobody has tried to lick him with left hooks or wear him down with body punches. But those of Joe's foes who have not been frightened gray before they ever set foot in the ring have been promptly flattened for lack of the necessary fistic ingredients.

I have studied Louis carefully. I saw him knock out Jack Sharkey in three rounds, having an hour earlier fought a preliminary bout myself against Tom Ponte. I have the moving pictures of Joe's bouts with Baer and Tommy Farr. I know by heart every move and every gesture he made in those two fights.

I know also that for fifteen rounds Farr, the tough battle-scarred Welshman, took Louis' best shots without even staggering. But last winter I had Farr out on his feet in the fourteenth round, leaning helplessly on the ropes and unable to lift his hands. I was over-eager for the knockout, and instead of stepping back to measure him for the finishing punch, I rushed in to rain blows on him.

For some reason which he has never explained, Referee Eddie Josephs chose that moment to grab me and pull me away from the defenseless Welshman. I thought he was stopping the fight to save Farr from further punishment; but instead he hesitated, then motioned us to continue. I am convinced that the brief respite enabled Tommy to finish out the round and the fight. However, it is not my opinion alone, but that of every boxing critic who saw both contests, that I gave Farr a much worse beating than Louis did.

Naturally, I expect to be hit by Louis. Not often, for I am a good defensive boxer. I offer in evidence my face, which may not be a thing of beauty but which carries not a single mark of my trade. And I have had forty-one fights, amateur and professional.

Even if Louis scores with his Sunday punch, I can take it. I turned to boxing for a definite reason, but I served my apprenticeship in the amateurs to satisfy myself that I had all the physical and mental requisites to reach the top. If I lacked any, there was little use in wasting my time.

I went through the Golden Gloves and the Pacific Coast amateur tournaments without a single setback. Then came the National A. A. U. matches at St. Louis in the spring of 1935 when I was to win the national championship. I went to Paris, where I fought the European amateur champions for the world's title. I defeated a French heavyweight in the finals and came back to New York. There I ran into Ray Carlen, my present manager.

I made my professional debut in January, 1936, at Madison Square Garden, by winning a decision over Ralph Barbara, a young heavyweight who had just won an elimination tournament staged by Jack Dempsey. That year I engaged in eleven fights, winning five by knockouts and four by decision. Two ended in draws, one with Guido Gatti, one with Dan Hassett.

It may be significant that both these boys were short and stocky fighters with bobbing, weaving styles. That type of opponent has given me more trouble than any other. But Joe Louis is almost as tall as I am, and he fights straight up.

I had six fights during 1937, all on the Pacific Coast. I won four by knockouts, two by decision. But the most important step I took that year was not in the ring.

Ray Carlen had asked Hertha and me to postpone our marriage for at least another year. But in August, 1937, we drove out from Los Angeles to Yuma, Arizona, and were married. I was afraid Ray would be angry, and for eight months I was under the strain of keeping the secret from him. Under that strain I made a couple of unsatisfactory fights, one of them a draw with Lee Ramage. I defeated him in a return match six weeks later.

Bob Pastor was my first " big name " foe. I fought him in San Francisco in April, 1938, and it was called a draw at the end of ten rounds, but not before I had received two cuts over my eyes in the second round.

Two months later I suffered the only defeat of my professional career. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom won a close ten-round decision over me in Los Angeles.

WHEN Carlen accepted the match he told me, " You may lose this one, Lou, but you won't get hurt and you'll learn more in ten rounds with Rosenbloom than in fifty with any one else." He was right. Maxie showed me tricks I'd never dreamed of, although he never jarred me once. But a fight with Rosenbloom should be a required study in every ambitious heavyweight's education.

Three more knockout victories on the Coast brought me a New York match with Gunnar Barlund. Barlund had exploded the Buddy Baer myth earlier in the year and he was a topheavy favorite to win from me.

But my debut as a main eventer in the ring where I began my professional career was a success. I cut Barlund up so badly the fight was halted in the seventh round.

Then came the Farr fight, and the experts began to cry that I wasn't ready. Now the same experts are moaning that I am not ready for Max Baer and certainly not prepared for Louis.

Frankly, there is no reason why I should not wait another year or so before tackling Louis, if either Ray Carlen or I thought that were the best policy. I am young enough to bide my time that long, and I can earn a comfortable sum fighting some of the lesser lights.

But both of us are positive that I have what it takes to whip Joe, and whip him this fall. I am ready for him now—today—and I have nothing to gain by waiting.

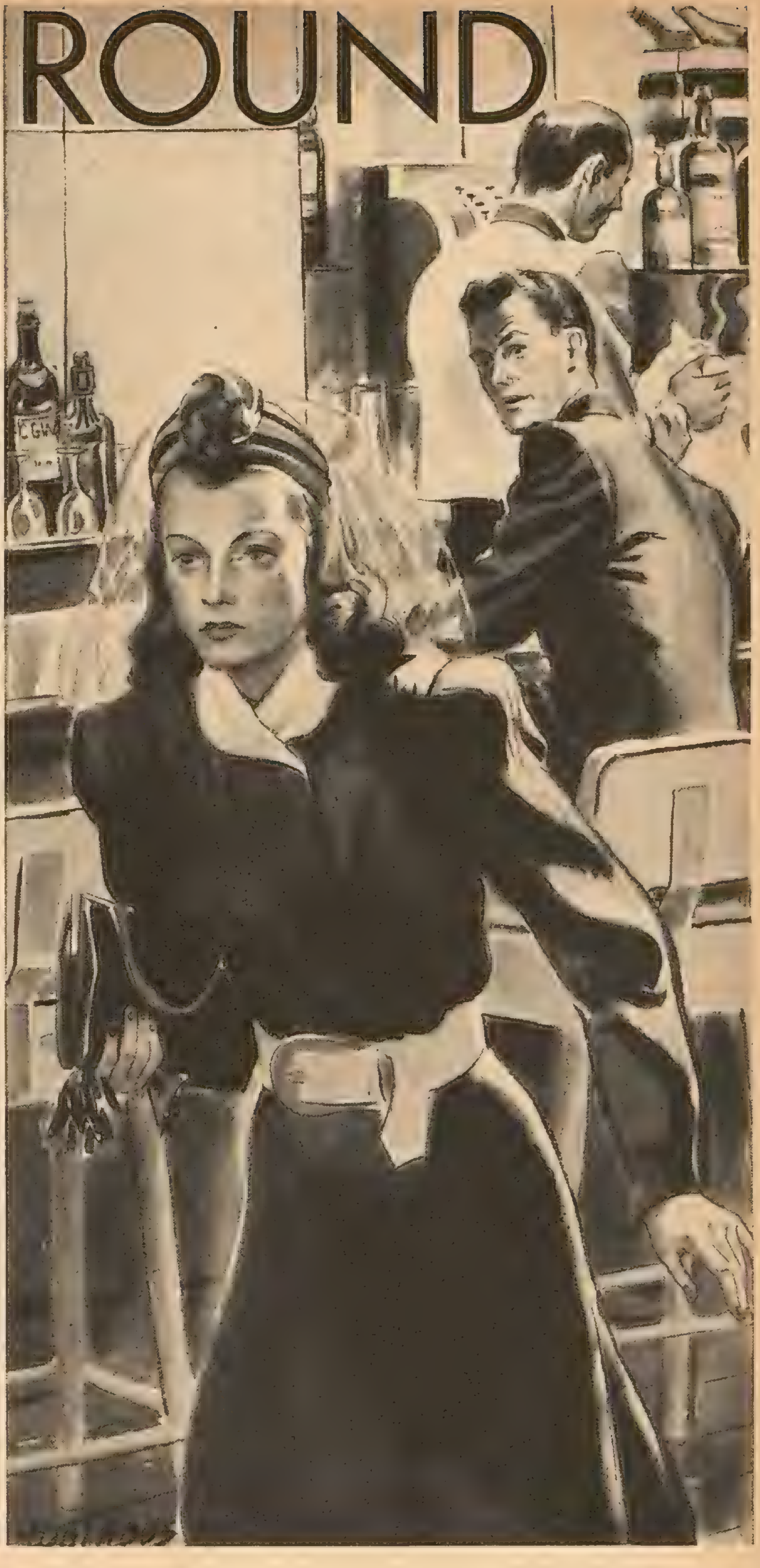
Baer? I repeat, I will knock him out. Max is at least thirty years old, he has had but one fight in two years, and he knows no more about boxing now than he did when he started fighting. He has always been a swinger, a looping puncher, even at his absolute peak, which was the night in 1933 when he knocked out Max Schmeling. About all he has done since then is grow older.

Ray Carlen was Baer's chief second in many of his early fights, and he knows what Max is made of and what he has to offer. Did you ever hear of Les Kennedy? Probably not. Well, Kennedy was no great shucks as a heavyweight, but he knew how to box, and he gave Baer the worst trimming Max ever took, barring the Louis fight. Tommy Loughran was a boxer, and Baer couldn't even find him to shake hands in ten rounds. Jim Braddock was essentially a boxer, and he pinned Baer's ears back to win the title. I'm a boxer, too. Draw your own conclusions.

THE END

"Boys, keep your breath sweet...and you'll keep your 'sweet' breathless! Let WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS freshen up your mouth!"
"Now I know how Mr. Columbus felt. I've made a grand discovery of my own, the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS! YOU try them."
"Do I like those BUTTER RUM LIFE SAVERS? I'm cur-razy about their divine new butter-rum flavor!"
BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS
"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!"
13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢

MERRY-GO-ROUND



I flung one terror-stricken look at Steve and ran out.

Inspiration! The glowing true story of a frightened girl's shining victory

BY MARTHA MERRILL

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WATROUS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HESITATED into the doctor's office and sank reluctantly into the chair he offered. As he spoke, a shiver of despair extinguished the thin flame of hope that had been burning in a quiet corner of my heart.

"My dear, your X-rays bear out my first suspicion of your illness. Tuberculosis! It is imperative that you stop work at once . . . complete rest at a sanatorium for a year or two . . . it is of vital importance not to delay!"

The words came to me as from a great distance. The doctor complimented me on my courage in taking the unfortunate verdict so bravely. He rose and the interview was at an end. I drifted out of the office with my head high and my heart numb.

Like a sleepwalker I found my way down Fifty-seventh Street, passed Carnegie Hall, turned the corner at Fifth Avenue, crossed and turned again, and arrived at the Cocktail Club, where I was to meet Steve.

Steve was waiting, and as we took our places at the crowded bar he began his usual line of amusing chatter. Only, this time it wasn't in the least amusing. Nothing was amusing; nothing mattered any more. I ordered a Martini, lighted a cigarette, and made the expected replies.

Steve stopped his nonsense chatter and turned to me. "Say, darling," he grinned, "I had lunch with Kenneth Beal and we talked about nothing but you. Ken says you are a cinch for the ingénue in his new play. He loved your reading of the part, and, after all, he wrote the play, so it looks like a sure thing to me. It's a great play, darling, and it's the chance you have been praying for. You can't help but be a sensation . . . the part is tailor-made for you. I'm going to be mighty proud of you, sweet!"

I looked at Steve blankly, and suddenly a realization of what I was facing swept over me like an icy wind. It had taken me four long years to get to Broadway. I had known all the hardships that attended the first lean years of a young stage-struck girl.

A kaleidoscopic panorama flashed across my mind. I saw the small dark bedrooms in cheap lodginghouses, the bad meals in grubby restaurants; the eternal waiting in outer offices for the longed-for interview with the grim gods of the theater; the cheap gallery seats from which I watched the glorious great: Katharine Cornell, Maurice Evans, Helen Hayes, the Lunts; the long hours of reading aloud, hours of study trying for warmth and color and naturalness; the sacrifices to pawnbrokers to tide over the rougher spots; the first job, rehearsals, road shows, train jumps, opening nights, the dread moment when the closing notice was posted in the theater and another page in the book was turned. I had endured privation and loneliness so that one day I would achieve the cherished opportunity for a perfect part in a really fine play. The opportunity that faced me at last; the opportunity that now I could not take. One word had canceled my every hope . . . my every dream.

Why, I shouldn't be here now . . . no . . . not now since I knew. I felt the tears surge up, my throat closed. I flung one terror-stricken look at Steve and ran out of the club.

I signaled a taxi, flew past the doorman at the hotel, ran into an elevator, stumbled down the hall to my room, flung myself on the bed and sobbed like a demented woman. I refused to answer the telephone, and wrote a brief note to Steve saying that I had suddenly been taken ill—nothing serious, but please not to call me until I called him. Poor dear Steve, even his varied experience as a reporter left him unprepared for my sudden outburst of hysteria.

For a week I made Despair my sole companion. I weighed the possibility of ignoring the doctor's advice and taking my long awaited chance for fame and after that paying the devil his due. How long might I last? Six months or a year perhaps. I could gamble on crowding a lifetime into twelve months, but the dice would be loaded and eventually I should lose. But then, I might lose anyway. There was a good chance for recovery if the correct treatment was taken—or so I had been told. But, after all, who really knew about such things? Doctors certainly were not infallible.

At the end of a week, in a mood of desperation, I let my family in the West know about my illness. It was, I

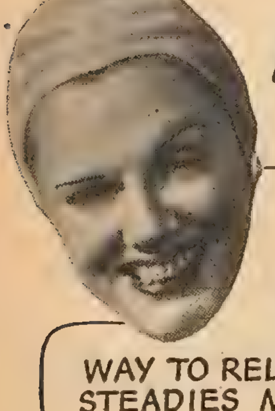
WHAT THESE CHAMPS DO FOR HEADACHE JUMPY NERVES

I LIKE BROMO-SELTZER BECAUSE IT RELIEVES MY HEADACHES PROMPTLY—LEAVES ME STEADIER

DON BUDGE
TENNIS CHAMP

ANY TIME I HAVE A HEADACHE, I RUSH FOR BROMO-SELTZER. IT RELIEVES THE PAIN FAST— CALMS MY NERVES

GENE SARAZEN
GOLF ACE



ELEANOR HOLM
SWIMMING STAR

WHEN I GET A HEADACHE I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER. IT'S SUCH A QUICK WAY TO RELIEVE THE PAIN— STEADIES MY NERVES, TOO!

HEADACHE strains your NERVES

• Headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . ease *pain* fast—steady *nerves*. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this.

Next time your head aches, take Bromo-Seltzer.* Keep it at home. Buy it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

**For frequent or persistent headaches, see a doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

Take BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

think, only their urgent pleas that induced me to take my medicine and make a stab at a cure. To ease their anxiety, I gave my word to take the first plane to California.

I was rushed from the plane to another doctor, and then went directly to a sanatorium just outside the city of Los Angeles where my parents live. There I was examined again, and put to bed at once, with instructions as to the hospital routine.

Three of my four walls were screened windows stretching the full length of the room. There were an iron hospital bed, two chairs, a bedside table, a dresser, a mirror, and a row of shelves near the bed to hold all personal articles, books, and knickknacks. The effect was plain and clean, but about as interesting as a piece of cardboard.

As every one knows, the treatment for tuberculosis consists of rest, good food, fresh air, and more rest. Rest is of prime importance, and this must be mental rest as well as physical relaxation.

I had been told that it might not be advisable for me to return to my work as an actress even after I should be free to leave the sanatorium; the life of an actress is, at best, irregular. It seemed to me then that I had little for which to be grateful. The days crumbled away, hour by hour, and I was as lacking in hope as the sheet that covered me.

I had no desire to see any one outside of my immediate family, and so, at my request, my illness was kept from my friends for the time being. I had registered at the sanatorium under my legal name rather than my professional name, so this was easily accomplished.

FOR three months I "vegetated." I followed the prescribed routine automatically. Since it didn't matter what happened, it was easier to let others give orders. I ate, slept, rested in the approved manner simply because it was the easiest way. But gradually I began to gain weight, to really relax, and it wasn't long before I actually found enjoyment in the routine life. I was content to be awakened at seven, breakfast at seven thirty, listen to the radio for two hours, perhaps read a little, lunch, rest or rather nap for two hours, see my family, sup at six, and lights out at nine.

Not a very exciting existence, you might say, but one conducive to regaining strength. My symptoms were beginning to disappear, and as I gained strength physically a great change was taking place mentally. It is this change in attitude toward life that I wish to record.

From my windows I looked out on a new world. Gone were the gray rooftops of a grim city, and in their place were green hills, trees that whispered in the wind and all manner of growing things. I realized that I had never looked upon the stars in New York; I had been too infatuated with electric lights. The procession of dawns and dusks and the still wonder of such things as rain and clouds and late afternoon sun slanting across a clean brown floor—all these and more, many more—began to penetrate into the gloomy recesses of thought.

Until this time, my idea of happiness had been synonymous with the stage, glittering shops, and gay crowds. Now, on my high white bed, I began to find a new happiness. I looked out upon a million thin green spears thrust upward from the earth . . . the miracle of grass; a wealth of new moon crescents formed the foliage of the eucalyptus tree. I thrilled at the incredible blackness of the silhouettes of trees like quarter notes against a twilight sky . . . the indescribable loveliness of those few moments at dusk when the lights blink softly and the world sinks into sleep like a tired child. The months paraded by, flaunting their brief beauty in challenge to my jaded appreciation and my weary eyes that had been sated with artifice.

WHAT was a play presented on a stage between the four walls of a theater, when the proscenium arch of my window looked out on the drama of the natural universe! The plot of my past life seemed trite and trivial; it had been badly written, directed, and acted. I had been concerned only with my petty desires and schemes. It had been a one-man show, and a pretty dull one at that.

Here was a new world of which I had no knowledge, only a growing sense of wonder. I asked my nurse to bring me twigs and vines and flowers from the garden. Souvenirs of the fleeting months, I studied these things, not as a botanist studies, but as a child who looks and wonders and asks "Why?" I began to be aware, to be sensitive, to see instead of to look.

Gradually the sense of order of the universe enveloped me and I felt that I was no stranger in the world, but a part of all that surrounded me. A deep sense of harmony swept over me. I was companioned by the poplar that stood guard at my door; I was companioned by the wind that was a dancer through my room; I was companioned by the stars that winked in friendly recognition through the night. Never again could I be alone in the world.

A desire came over me to try to express something of my new-found peace. I ordered paper and pencils, and my thoughts escaped in verse. The verses needed polishing, and so I wanted to learn how best to put my thoughts into words. Books followed; texts that held all the glory and accumulated knowledge in the world. One interest led to another, and before I had quite realized it I had become acquainted with philosophers, poets, historians, biographers, and teachers, all through the medium of books.

I knew now that the only thing that could ever again keep me prisoner would be the confines of my own mind.

We are as gloriously free and happy as we want to be, and no more than that. For the first time in my life I began to do my own thinking. I discarded all preconceived ideas and stopped to understand clearly what life meant to me. What were my important values—not what was important because of convention or circumstances or habit.

There were a great many things to occupy my time: concerts, opera, lectures; the radio offered a constant array of entertainment for my every mood. I remembered how many times I had attended a concert or recital, and had gone away more conscious of the gown Mrs. So-and-So had worn than of the magnificent rendition of a great symphony. I felt music now, instead of half listening. With a turn of the dial in a darkened room I became audience to Toscanini . . . to the great voices of the Metropolitan Opera in New York . . . to the nation's finest symphonic orchestras. All these were mine to listen to and to adore.

A sanatorium is often a complete village, and I became, for the time being, a part of this little world within a world. As I grew stronger, other patients stopped in for short visits.

ELIZABETH was the first to come—dear, courageous old lady. She was sixty-nine years old, and a little wraith of a mite with a spirit that clothed her like a silver cape. She was queen of our little world by common consent. She dispensed her favors with a regal air that would remain undaunted through any trial. She took a great liking to me, and after her official stamp of approval had been obtained the others began to come often.

Donny was, of course, the special pet. Six-year-old motherless Donny of the sweet smile and the dimple that twinkled on and off like a star. Donny was, in turn, completely devoted to his prize possession, a lonely little goldfish that swam round and round in a milk bottle on Donny's windowsill.

Then there was Dick, who carried trays and washed dishes during the summer months so that he could attend college in the winter. It will be a long time before I forget how Dick served the portions of lamb stew with choice quotations from Plato's Republic.

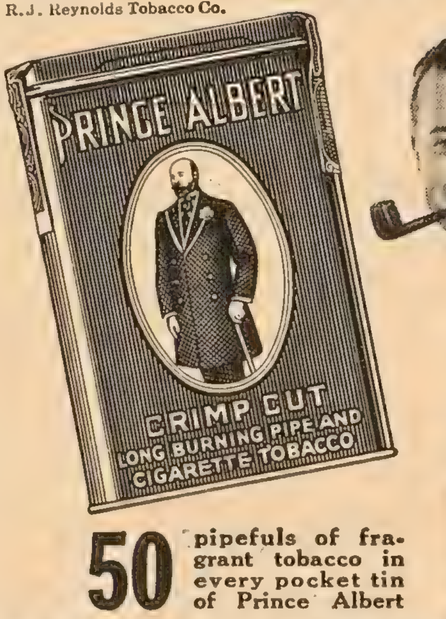
And Laurence, who swept out the rooms and sometimes stopped in his work to lean on his broom. At such times a great light would come into his eyes and he would look out the windows beyond the green grace of pines and the sweet-smelling clover, and tell dreamily of the wonderful, wonderful days he had spent in the steel mills of Pittsburgh in his younger years. Then the light would fade from his eyes and he would resume his sweeping in silence.

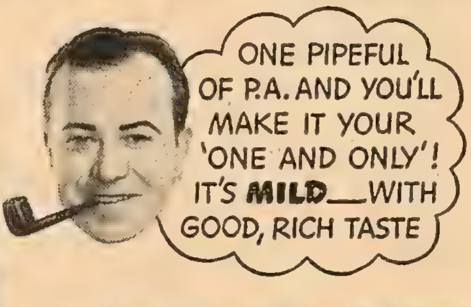
We were an oddly assorted group of patients and employees. Elizabeth, Donny, Dick, Laurence, and Claire: tired, world-weary Claire, who prayed

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
YOU'RE SEEING NIAGARA EARLY IN LIFE, CHUBBINS. I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE ON OUR HONEYMOON
I CAME HERE ON MY HONEYMOON, TOO, JUDGE
IT'S LIKE MEETING AN OLD FRIEND AFTER SEEING THE FALLS SO OFTEN ON OUR OLD MAGIC LANTERN, DAD
I'VE ANOTHER REASON FOR REMEMBERING THE FALLS ...A LATE WEDDING PRESENT REACHED ME HERE — A BIG HUMIDOR JAR OF PRINCE ALBERT
I'LL WAGER THAT WAS THE FINEST PRESENT YOU GOT
MAID OF THE MIST
ABOARD THE "MAID OF THE MIST"—VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALLS
WELL —A LOT OF WATER'S GONE OVER THOSE FALLS SINCE WE BEGAN ENJOYING P.A., EH, JUDGE?
YES, I'D FEEL A LITTLE JEALOUS OF THE PAST IF IT WEREN'T FOR ALL THE SMOKING JOY STILL TO COME
GOLLY—THIS IS EXCITING, DAD!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR TODAY, JUDGE. I'M FOR GETTING WHERE WE CAN LIGHT UP A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
BRIDGE INTO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS
YOU KNOW, IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND WHY P.A. IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO— IT'S SO MILD—SO TASTY!
YES SIR-EE! THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT

HERE'S TO A LIFETIME HONEYMOON
WITH SMOKING JOY

Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO


ONE PIPEFUL OF P.A. AND YOU'LL MAKE IT YOUR 'ONE AND ONLY'! IT'S MILD—WITH GOOD, RICH TASTE

You'll find Prince Albert the "one and only" for "makin's" smokes too! Rolls fast . . . stays lit!

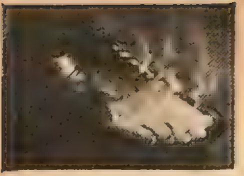
NO-RISK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of PRINCE ALBERT. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

SO MILD · SO TASTY

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Feeds on Damp, Perspiring Feet

Cracks between your TOES are DANGER SIGNS

–Drench them Tonight.

Cracks between your toes? Those dread Athlete's Foot germs that feed on perspiration get in that way! They bore deep, produce white, itchy blisters, raw soreness. Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength every night and morning.

1. It *dries* the skin between the toes.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. A powerful fungicide, it kills Athlete's Foot fungi.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

(In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.)

Get a bottle today! At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

YOUR FAITH

A nonsectarian, pocket-size magazine packed with interest for those who recognize the need of some Power higher than themselves to stabilize their lives and bring encouragement and hope. It is filled with human-interest stories and articles which show the vital experiences people have had with religion. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are avoided. It does not preach. Striking cases of remarkable answers to prayer, rewarded faith, and rebuilt lives make their own appeal, and conclusions are left to the reader's individual idea of God and His dealing with man.

At Your Newsdealer's

A Macfadden Publication

CERTAINLY... 3-IN-ONE KEEPS MY SEWING MACHINE YOUNG
3-IN-ONE OIL

LUBRICATES! CLEANS! PREVENTS RUST! Use 3-IN-ONE OIL frequently and save dollars in repair bills. Try it today!

At Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores

3-IN-ONE OIL

to die . . . and lived; and beautiful young Evelyn, married only a year, who wanted desperately to live . . . and died!

Outcasts must cling together, and we learned to share our small joys with each other. To give and take not only material comforts but encouragements and bits of hope and words of cheer. We traded ideas as small boys trade marbles. Most of us had developed a philosophy we had not known before our illness. Until we are forced into untried circumstances we do not know our strength. We have no power to direct the course of affairs, but it is our individual triumph or failure in how we master those obstacles which are set in our paths. Some of the tired faces I saw at the sanatorium were the most beautiful I shall ever see. Pain had traced a fine network of lines across a brow and around a mouth, but courage shone out of the eyes and the set of the chin was in itself a victory.

After a few months had passed and I had gained strength, my parents decided that it was time for me to see some of my old friends, and without my knowledge they informed a few. They came most appropriately on Christmas Day. Strange, perhaps, to spend one of one's happiest Christmases in a sickbed. I was delighted to see the dear faces that surrounded me and to know that here were real friends whom misfortune could not take away. Oh, there were some who could not stand up under the test, but four remained stanch and tender.

STEVE was one of these. His letters formed one of my most pleasant sources of exchange of ideas. His amusing chatter was put aside and I knew a new Steve, a real person, thoughtful and understanding, and his friendship meant much.

They came, these friends, bringing their love and attention and thoughtful gifts. And their coming and their steadfast love was a precious thing, and I cherished these associations deeply. They would drop in unexpectedly, bringing tales of the world outside . . . marriages and births and deaths and parties and jobs. They took me momentarily back into the world I had left. But when they said good-by, I sank again into my quiet hours and my peaceful room with a deep feeling of satisfaction. I did not need my old distractions . . . to go and do and look. Everything that could ever happen to me could happen here in this room, inside of myself. The surface importance of life was a mistake. You spun your life out of the thread of your thoughts and it became a fabric that matched your spirit. You saw a tree as a green thing with a brown trunk, or you saw it as a work of God, roots in the earth, head in the sky, resisting the attack of wind and changing seasons and making out of a desert an oasis. It was the same tree; it meant what you wanted it to mean, and no more, no less. The capacity for happiness rests within ourselves.

Books, music, and then my friends to give me an added incentive to take the cure faithfully. They wanted me to regain my health, and that knowledge gave me added courage. Books, music, and friends . . . that is a lot to be thankful for under any circumstances.

The months slipped by, and one day the mail boasted a long thin envelope. It contained a check in payment for a sonnet that had been accepted by a magazine. It was a great thrill, not to have sold a sonnet, but to know I had written something good enough to sell; means rather than ends.

By-and-by I was granted increased privileges. I sat up in a chair for an hour a day. The nurse helped me to a wheel chair and took me out of doors for the first time in over a year.

I shall never forget the feeling of exultation that lingered in the soft fragrant air and the smell of the sweet brown earth and the sighing of the trees that greeted me as I was wheeled along the garden path. My time out of doors was gradually increased. Then at long last came the great day when I was permitted to walk again. To walk again! Few people think it a privilege to walk.

I'M into my second year now, and soon I shall be going back . . . back to the funny merry-go-round of daily existence. But I'm going back a stronger, happier, more sensitive girl than I was before I knew the shadows of tuberculosis. I learned a lot. I saw a lot more than I'd care to tell. I saw death and desertion and pain and pity and frustration; but I also saw courage and sympathy and determination and real triumph. I saw people make the long hard pull back to health with their eyes bright and their chins high. Some had been on the road to recovery five years . . . seven years . . . surgery . . . hospitals . . . relapse . . . fear . . . despair. I saw a lot . . . a lot more than I'd care to tell.

Those of us who return to your nice comfy merry-go-round return to life bravely and sanely.

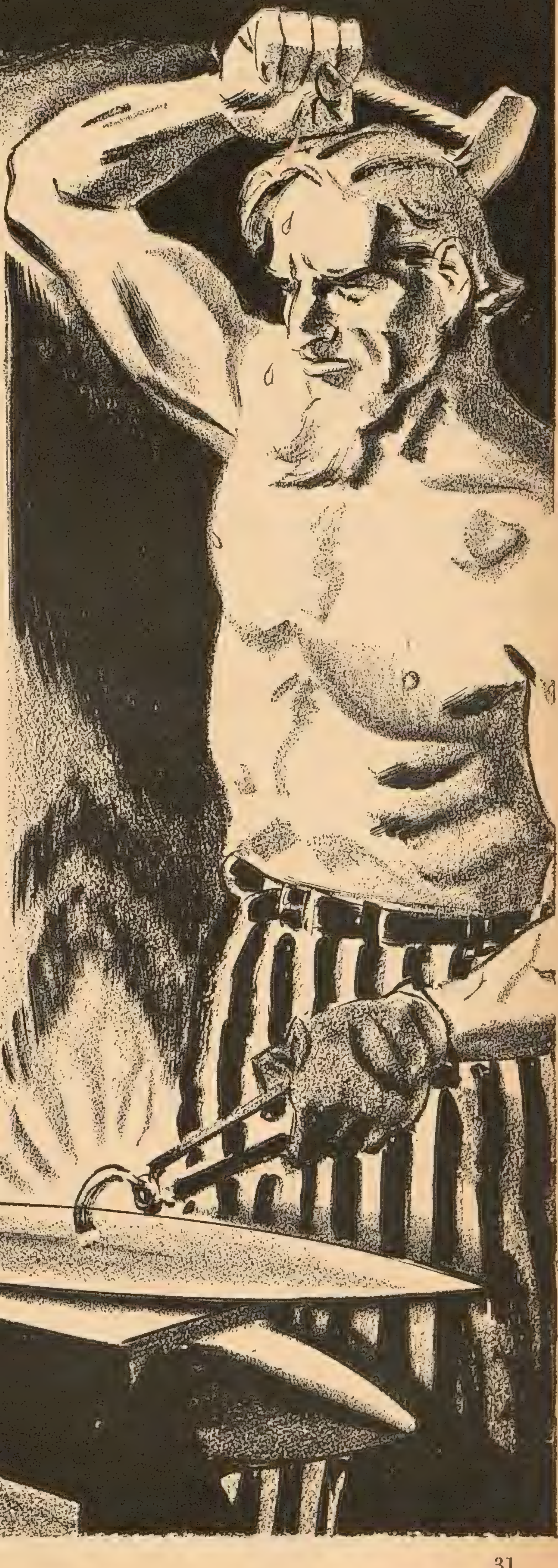
You learn how to live in a sanatorium. You learn to relax and sit back and let go of a thousand petty worries. You get off the merry-go-round for a while, and you sit back and watch the world spin round, with the riders lashing their wooden steeds faster and faster to nowhere. And you laugh a little, not so much at the rest of the world, but at yourself and your old, futile ambitions. To think that you mistook a dumb wooden horse run by a man-made machine for Pegasus!

You think your own thoughts for possibly the first time in your whole life. You learn values. You learn what lasts and what perishes, and you learn what is worth fighting for and what is chaff. You live again.

Later—a year or two or three later, if you are lucky — you rise and stretch and report for duty at the merry-go-round; only this time you know it for what it is!

THE END

WHOM ARE WE GETTING READY TO FIGHT?



BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"SHOW us the enemy!"

That is the challenge with which a substantial part of Congress has met President Roosevelt's demand for more and more battleships, more fighting airplanes, submarine bases west of Hawaii, a great human reserve of young pilots.

"Show us the enemy!"

Is it the Fascist nations? Then could Italy and Germany, combined, mass enough battleships and transports to invade the United States? Even if Japan joined in a simultaneous attack upon our West Coast, could the three antidemocratic Powers land an army on our soil and keep it supplied with food and munitions until we Americans admitted we were whipped?

No. Every military and naval man with whom I have talked admits the impossibility of a successful invasion of the United States. In fact, they show a great deal of impatience with a question so simple.

Then whom have we to fear? Red Russia, without a fleet worthy of the name, with its best brains rotting in unmarked graves in consequence of Stalin's insane jealousy?

With a snort of contempt, the experts dismiss Russia as either enemy or ally.

Show us the enemy, then! If the experts agree that no fleet of warships is going to escort an invading army to Boston, New York, Norfolk, or San Francisco or Puget Sound, what have we Americans to fear?

If the United States minds its own business, if the government doesn't go forth on a mission of knight-errantry looking for trouble abroad, why must we spend billions for nonproductive armaments while the ranks of the unemployed grow no less?

The Treasury does not have the cash for the aerial and naval fleets demanded by the President; we will have to go deeper into debt to pile up armaments which will, in turn, cost us more millions to maintain. Why are we asked to take on this additional burden?

Is it true, perhaps, that the armament program is another one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's "white rabbits," such as he is famed for pulling out of his hat to divert public attention from New Deal failures? Or is it pump-priming in disguise?

Very few of the President's critics would sincerely answer the last

Why arm?..One who knows gives you a thought-provoking picture of the peril Washington really fears

two questions affirmatively. There is ground for belief that Mr. Roosevelt played with the idea of a great rearmament program as a new method for revitalizing the heavy industries. But he first sent up a few trial balloons in the shape of speeches by Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson, and the balloons were shot down by economists and industrialists as fast as they went up.

Large as the amplified military, naval, and aviation budgets are, they do not represent either in expenditure or in application a wealth-distributing device akin to PWA. Even so zealous a critic of the New Deal as Senator W. Warren Barbour, New Jersey Republican and member of the Naval Affairs Committee—member also of the Republican fact-finding committee on national defense needs—gave hearty endorsement to the President's armament program. " It is a conservative program," Mr. Barbour said. " I rejoice to see there is nothing New Dealish about it."

Excepting the cancerous problem of unemployment, no graver question confronts the American people than the reason for, and the extent of, building up our army, navy, and air units. A peace-loving nation, resentful of interference from abroad and loath to interfere there, Americans have always rejected militarism. Even in war our armies and navies have been under civilian control. Superbly protected by nature with the broadest oceans and unparalleled resources, we have never come to grips with a foreign Power since 1814 unless we went at least halfway to the battlefield.

WHY must we arm? Who is the enemy? *Is* there an enemy? Those questions have bothered me as they must worry millions of other Americans. The World War made me disbelieve that big armies and navies were guarantors of peace, because the war's worst consequences were visited upon the militaristic Powers. I saw enough of the horrors that war wrought to convince me that almost any cost of prevention was cheap.

So it was as an average American citizen, a patriotic but tax-conscious, peace-loving fellow glad to be able to earn a living and anxious to be able to meet his mortgage payments, that I went forth to discover the answers to those questions. The only advantage I had was closer access to persons in the highest authority than the average citizen possesses. Possession of that access, and of the confidence of the officials when they talk " off the record," are the most important tools in the kit of a Washington correspondent.

I got the answers to those questions.

In getting them, however, I bumped into the barrier of " off the record " warnings. This would be one of the most history-making articles in Liberty's long career of public service if I could name my authorities—and by " authorities " I mean the dictionary definition of the word.

The answers, even if those who uttered them must wear the anonymous title of " government officials," are based upon Washington's enormous resources of firsthand, confidential information, digested by experts whose personal politics have nothing to do with the positions they hold.

Why must we arm?

Because the United States is threatened as it has never been threatened in all its history, not excepting 1812, 1860, or 1917, although the threat contains some of the elements of each of those three crises.

Who is the enemy?

Not a nation or group of nations *as such*, but an idea, a cult, a fanaticism. The combat this government apprehends is not the comparatively clean-cut sort of fight against an enemy who wants some material possession of ours, but is against a vicious, fanatical aggression such as carried the bloodstained green banners of Islam to the gates of Vienna four hundred years ago.

It is the war against democracy for which we must prepare, say the men whose awesome and prayerful duty it is to guide this nation's destiny—a war that threatens us from abroad but which may also break out internally.

We are threatened, not with an attack to annex American soil, but with a *foreign* war to destroy our form of government. That means the destruction of our self-won right to worship God as we please, to criticize our rulers if they displease us, and to depose them by the peaceful means of the ballot if we choose.

The attack has already begun to deprive us of our commerce in goods and ideas with our neighbors, and, worst of all, to destroy our own faith in the American way of life.

Our enemy is the fanatic cult of Fascism, whose bloody altars are raised in Germany, in Japan, and in Italy, but highest of all in Germany.

We have no quarrel with the people in those countries; they have no quarrel with us. But the high officials of this government—and that does not mean those in elective political office alone, by any means—see the military plans of the dictatorships converging upon the United States to destroy the temple of democracy.

Already the people of those countries, denied all access to ideas other than their dictators invent, are being whipped into a frenzy against the United States, and are being taught that such Americans as are not gangsters or softies are praying for Fascist " liberation " from democracy. The cult has been implanted in South America, which, it is asserted, the Fascists are preparing as a jumping-off place for the assault upon the United States.

It is a war of ideas that is seen to be brewing, not a war of races, but it will be no intellectual conflict. No war is bloodier than a holy war. America's unemotional technicians of defense say that the midcontinental cities of the United States will be no more immune to bombings from the air than Addis Ababa was secure, by sole virtue of its isolation, from Italian airplanes during the practice war on Ethiopia.

" But," you will interrupt, " I thought you said at the outset that the United States was safe from invasion! "

No. The defense experts of the nation only say that this country cannot be suddenly invaded as Germany marched into Belgium in 1914, or as Japan poured troops into China. Styles in warfare have changed, and so have motives.

The United States will be invaded in the next war not to wrest and hold American soil *but to demoralize its people.* How this will be done is too difficult to tell in a few paragraphs, but the experts allow several approaches: bombing squadrons launched from airplane carriers sneaking close to our coast; enemy sky fleets crossing the ocean to friendly or neutral countries in the Western Hemisphere to refuel for the flight over the United States; a like approach with conditioning pauses in the barrens of Greenland or even Canada.

Fifteen hundred airplanes could be put down in northern South America from Central Europe in thirty-six hours, in Labrador in less than twenty-four hours. What if they never got back safely? The dictators would discount in advance the loss of every airplane and every man aboard, so long as the invaders succeeded in spreading death, terror and panic and fear among the civilians of the American hinterland.

BUT that is getting somewhat ahead of the story, and on a different track, at that.

If the United States were defending itself against a war of conquest by some predatory power intent upon acquiring American soil, the inborn love of homeland would make all factions, even to the majority of professed Fascists and Communists, forget their differences and fight shoulder to shoulder to defend their *country.* But in a war to make the United States Fascist, the handful of Americans who believe " Hitler is right " would be on the side of the enemy, although passionately believing themselves to be the greater patriots.

The promotion of Nazism in the United States, however, is but the smallest of the totalitarian acts of aggression against our government. That there are fifty " locals " of Nazism in the United States, and 6,500 active Hitler workers boring from within, is well known to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We are not unique in receiving such missionaries. Hitlerism has more than 500 such headquarters in the two dozen democracies, and the Nazis, by their own admission, spend $21,000,000 a year in converting " victims of democracy " to their faith.

Germany, Japan, and Italy will surely be at war with

Great Britain and France unless the latter capitulate without fighting or become Nazified. Nobody need doubt that, because the Fascist high priests have said it themselves and all their actions and preparations point to that conclusion.

That the United States will be on the side of the European "democracies" (an overworked and inexact word) is the belief of the Fascist Powers. At least they take the precaution of so identifying us in their plans. But most of all the United States is marked down as an enemy of Fascism because it, as a democracy, stands in the way of the colonization and exploitation of Latin America, untapped storehouse of natural wealth.

THE strategy of the totalitarians, then, is to promote as much trouble in the Western Hemisphere as possible, so the United States will be too much embroiled in turmoil on its own side of the water to be of material aid to England and France. At the same time the Nazi-Fascist-Samurai combination will be making political headway in Latin America and preparing the way for the aerial invasion of this country from bases in this hemisphere.

So, at least, calculate the American authorities. The national administration is deeply alarmed at the strength of Fascist influence in South America, a situation which one delegate to the Pan-American conference described to me as "likely to become worse before it gets better."

The government is not standing idly by, of course, nor is it depending solely on its armament program. By military, naval, aeronautical, and trade missions, by cultural-relation activities, American democracy is fighting European totalitarianism in the southern republics. Despite the veneer of the Monroe Doctrine spread over the Roosevelt "continental security" program, however, much of the emphasis on the proposed scope of our fleet and air operations is directed at Fascist plotters in South America, warning that the United States will not tolerate another Spain in this hemisphere.

We are pursuing a double but parallel course: trying both to prevent the spread of Fascism and to intimidate its apostles.

It is, I was told, not idealism but common, ordinary self-protection. Violence accompanies Fascism as thunder follows lightning. Violence will attend the establishment of Fascism in South America, and violence will be used to bring neighboring republics into line. European "volunteers" are expected to cross the ocean as they were sent to Spain to aid General Franco. Puerto Rico, a smoking volcano of nationalistic emotions, will be stirred into explosion. Cuba will be set aflame. American lives, American investments are bound to be exterminated in the upheaval; and while the United States is desperately trying to put out the

SO YOU'RE THE TOWN'S BEST "SITTER OUTER"
1. WHY IS IT, JIM? THEY SAY YOU'RE A SWELL DANCER, TOO!
OH! I JUST GET TIRED SO EASILY! THINK I'LL SHOVE OFF
2. PAH'DON ME, SUH! BUT DE YOUNG LADY SENT ME TO DE KITCHEN FOR DIS KELLOGG'S PEP. SAID YOU ALL MIGHT BE A LITTLE SHORT ON VITAMINS
Kellogg's PEP
3. NEXT MORNING
HELLO, ANNE! I CERTAINLY RATED THAT DIG LAST NIGHT. AND THANKS FOR THE PRESENT OF "VITAMIN-ENRICHED" PEP. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL-TASTING CEREAL IT IS! I COULD EAT IT EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. COOL, CRISP FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, MARVELOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D! EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

fire in its own back yard, the European Fascists will be polishing off the European democracies and Japan will be gobbling up Guam and the Philippines, if the worst fears of the prophets are realized.

In Latin America, Fascism is organized as the *Movimiento Nacional Socialista*, which has already and prematurely attempted revolutions. They were put down. So was the Hitler "beer-hall putsch" in 1923. It will flare again, at European instigation. This is not all guesswork, the defense experts say. It is the established pattern of the dictatorships, successfully tested on a small scale in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and China. One does not have to be easily frightened to foresee the technique of revolution, intervention, and aggression introduced into the Western world.

But is war inevitable? Are we arming to *fight?*

No, say my authorities, with emphasis and conviction. We are arming to intimidate those who believe in force and use it themselves. By the silent argument of unloaded guns and empty bomb racks, flanked by trained men and great stores of ammunition, we hope to convince the troublemakers of the world that they had better not start anything in the shooting line.

The longer war can be averted, and the peaceful democratic implements of commerce and culture be employed instead, the weaker Fascism will become at its source.

The United States government today does not believe in such extension of the policy of appeasement toward the totalitarians as resulted in the partition of Czechoslovakia. There was some justice in Hitler's claim for the Sudetenland. Justice has been satisfied; greed must be defied. To grant Hitler the lands of the 800,000 Germans in Rumania is to admit his right to rule the 1,200,000 Germans in Brazil.

Besides, when Hitler absorbed large chunks of Czechoslovakia he had to swallow indigestible masses of anti-Nazis who swell the numbers of his enemies within Greater Germany. The Germans may yet topple Hitlerism themselves, if left to themselves.

Mussolini is only a secondary menace, in the minds of many in Washington. He is a practical politician, very much like the standard South American dictator; but Hitler believes himself to be the Hammer of Thor, and whereas Italian Fascism is gaudy politics, world Fascism as conceived under Hitlerism is a bloody pagan religion. With Hitlerism out of the way, Mussolini can be kept contented within bounds—or so it is believed in the high places of Washington, London, and Paris.

Superior armament to check any experiments with force, then, is one line of defense. The other and more subtle means of protection upon which the administration is relying are such activities as international economics, commerce, and cultural relations with Latin America. These actions take such forms as government persuasion against the export of military supplies to Japan, which has ended the sale of airplanes to that country. They mean a continuation of the commercial black-listing of Germany, and a vigorous effort to extend the reciprocal trade treaties with the Balkan and South American nations. Good-will missions, including one comprised of distinguished Catholic clergymen, are visiting South America to offset the bombardment of Fascist propaganda from Rome, Berlin, and Franco Spain. We have recently begun short-wave broadcasts to South America in Spanish and Portuguese, to acquaint our neighbors with a United States different from that pictured by Nazi broadcasters and Hollywood's celluloid extravaganzas.

That completes the answers to the questions with which this article began. Whether they are the right answers, I repeat that I do not know. That they are truthful, according to the lights of those who uttered them, I am certain. I'm just an average middle-aged American whose widow and orphans will not have to worry about inheritance taxes, whether old age or a badly aimed bomb carries me off; but, please God, I'd like very much to stay the kind of American I am, with the privilege to grouch against the government and the right to sass a traffic cop without getting shot.

THE END

HOW ABOUT GETTING A GIRL FOR BILL?

THEY CALLED HIM

"BLIND-DATE BILL"

No girl would go out with him a second time. They wouldn't have gone out with him a first time if friends hadn't arranged "blind dates." For his was the unforgivable social error, halitosis (bad breath)—the fault that women simply won't tolerate in men—and of which so many men are guilty.

Unfortunately, everyone probably has bad breath at some time or other. Excesses of any kind, a change in your routine—and you may be the guilty person! At this very moment you may be offending without knowing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Why take such a chance? By simply rinsing your mouth with delightful Listerine Antiseptic you sweeten and freshen your breath instantly.

This quick deodorant halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, and then quickly overcomes the odors themselves. At the same time, it kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria and leaves your mouth delightfully clean, your breath purer, more wholesome and agreeable.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office and use it frequently—especially before social or business dates. It's a pleasant precaution against having a breath that offends. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine for Halitosis

YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T— AND YOU KNOW WHY!

DO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE *REALLY* WANT JOBS?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Go-getters or a generation of parasites? A straightforward look at some facts

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I OPENED my morning paper one day last summer to find on the front page a heartening dispatch from Rice Lake, Wisconsin. It was about an advertisement which had just appeared in a local paper:

> Work wanted by one of ninety-five June graduates; adept in typing, bookkeeping, clerking, dishwashing, hash slinging, pinning squares on the baby; will accept anything honest and honorable. Write to Saturday's Child, care of this paper.

Good for the squares-pinner! The recession might still be with us, but if, after all these discouraging years, Saturday's Children still had their will to work and their capacity to laugh, it wouldn't be with us long.

Then I looked at the headline:

GRADUATE REALLY WANTS JOB

There was something annoyingly sinister about the use of that word "really."

I had heard the war-bred and depression-raised youth described by his critics as "a ninny who sat and complained because life did not give him a job," and I had resented this and similar charges as libels on a harassed generation. But here was a presumably astute big-town editor, with his finger on the well known pulse of public opinion, implying that a modern youngster who wanted a job was to be considered the exception, not the rule.

Hauntingly sinister this "really" became as weeks passed and the unfortunate impression grew—until in some quarters it amounted to a conviction—that, in spite of heartening examples like our gallant squares-pinner, we had inadvertently bred a generation of thumbers, of pampered parasites, of human gimme pigs.

One of the more kindly of youth's critics phrased it thus: "The world is populated by a herd of Peter Pans who have never grown up and don't want to." A less kindly one spoke unfeelingly of "physically mature men with the minds of schoolboys, bluffing their way through." A brutally frank one asserted that "'Let father do it' is the slogan of the day. 'The state owes me a living' will be the slogan of the future."

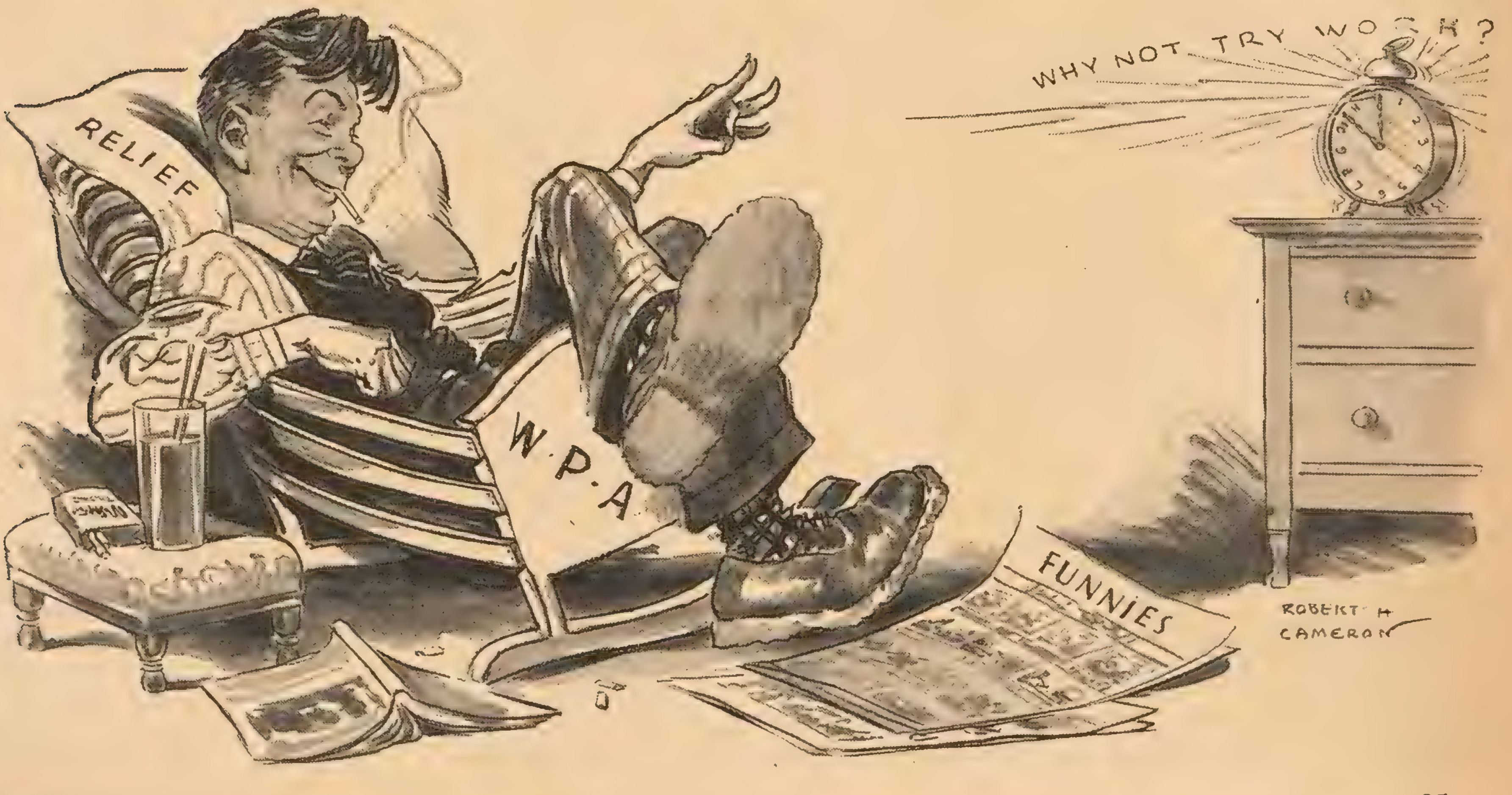
All agreed that defeatist phrases like "It's a lousy world" and "What can we do about it?" were becoming much too common currency in the conversational countinghouse of youth.

My own experience had not been like that at all.

Boys I knew or knew about, many of them with college degrees and special professional training, were cheerfully running errands in offices, carrying trays in restaurants, swinging the hose at filling stations, driving delivery trucks, barking in front of movie palaces.

Girls who would normally spend their days in sheltered homes or finishing-school dormitories were scrubbing floors and ironing shirttails, massaging telephone boards, and manicuring hangnails—doing anything and everything so as not to be caught drowsy at the switch when the big train of opportunity began running once more on time.

But friends with whom I talked, authors whose books I read, and investigators whose reports I studied, although disagreeing among themselves on many details, were agreed on one point: namely, that I was wrong. The majority of modern boys



and girls, they said, sat on the side lines of life, dreaming of success but unwilling to earn it, loafing and liking it.

"We didn't make the world," one young man was quoted as saying. "It's the fault of business men like my father. So why shouldn't they help us now?" Then he added: "But of course they won't. They still think the Alger books are the Bible."

That there is a regrettable tendency among *some* young people to criticize and condemn everybody but themselves —especially everybody successful—cannot be denied. "Business is a racket." "Government is just a lot of lousy politicians." "Patriotism is nuts." All of us have heard these catch phrases all too often on the lips of envious, self-conscious, and sometimes lazy-minded youngsters.

This incessant criticism of the elders is very annoying to said elders, especially since it is not wholly undeserved; but young people's rightfully or wrongfully blaming others for the fix they find themselves in is not in itself evidence of their unwillingness to try to get themselves out of it. Rather, I should say, it is the natural outgrowth of inexperience.

The older man who loses his job knows that the phenomenon has happened before, perhaps to him. The younger man, who can't get a job, despairs.

To my way of thinking, the simple explanation of the attitude of the younger generation, and quite an understandable one, is that they are just plain scared. They may or may not have lost their desire, even their willingness, to earn success, but they are undoubtedly sick with fear that they won't get it.

Not only mentally and spiritually sick, but physically so. A survey of 100,000 young men, conducted by the American Youth Commission, revealed that 75 per cent were suffering from definite health defects induced mainly by anxiety.

"But it's not the anxious ones I'm worried about," one father said to me. "It's the apathetic ones. Even those who were anxious at first aren't any more. I'll bet half of those 75 per cent are taking their ease now, and have every intention of doing so all the rest of their lives."

THE most disturbing indication that there may be something in such charges is the obvious eagerness of youngsters—in which they are not alone!—to get on the government pay roll, and stay there. The spectacle of 3,000 boys and girls, claiming to represent 15,000,000 members of youth organizations, marching down Pennsylvania Avenue to lobby for a $500,000,000 federal appropriation was not a pleasing one.

These mass demonstrations of willing, even insistent dependence are, I admit, disconcerting to a defender of American youth. Individual instances are even more so. "Lady," said one of the youngsters Maxine Davis interviewed, "go home and tell Roosevelt that every time the gravy train starts this baby's gonna be on it."

I still cannot believe that this attitude represents all of the younger generation or even 15,000,000 of them. There is reason to believe, however, that many depression boys and girls, however good their intentions may be, are not going about the business of getting jobs in a manner which could exactly be described as grim.

In a Chicago University investigation of these matters it was found that out of 3,242 unemployed Chicago young people of both sexes only 268 (about 8 per cent) had tried the state re-employment offices and only 205 (about 7 per cent) had applied to commercial agencies.

Peevish parents complain that their offspring do not even employ their abundance of spare time in pursuits which might help them to be ready for the big job when, at long last, it does come; that reading the funnies and going to the drugstore for sodas are still the *ne plus ultra* of youthful avocations.

Solemn surveys, alas, again confirm these aspersions. Of those same 3,242 sample youngsters, only 383 (less than 12 per cent) had ever entered a public library, and of these only nine had gotten through as many as four books. Only sixty of the more than three thousand had ever bothered to go to the neighborhood settlement houses and only forty-five had availed themselves of the facilities of the Ys and other organizations of similar character.

Of course the children's elders are responsible for a good deal of this. They had to work for their higher education, often for their three Rs. They had no Coolidge-drunk fathers in two-car Hoover garages to stake them; no Roosevelt taxpayer handouts, either.

Industry is also partly to blame for the new attitude toward daily work. It has become so vast, so impersonal; its processes so highly mechanized, so depressingly routined. The assembly line is not the stimulating factor that the individual workbench used to be.

Government is also partly responsible. Washington, in a thoroughly commendable effort to alleviate the needy citizens' distress, has managed, according to Representative Bruce Barton, to change the national psychology from that of a young, confident people to that of a tired and timid old people.

"They are still treating the country," says Congressman Barton, "as a doddering old man in his second childhood. They are shaking their heads and saying to young people: 'Too bad. You were born too late. There is no more chance. We will give you a dole for the next forty years and a pension when you get to be sixty-five, but you mustn't expect to have a career. The days of achievement are gone.'"

HOW you feel about these things is presumably predicated on your political views, perhaps more by your current financial prospects. But the inescapable fact remains that there are four jobs in the New York City school system paying $7,500 or thereabouts a year and more than forty jobs with a maximum salary of $4,500 a year plus security of tenure that are literally going begging. Examinations for these positions have been more than once postponed "for lack of candidates."

Even the most enthusiastic defender of present-day youth must admit that there is something wrong with this picture!

I haven't lost my faith, and I don't believe that the great majority of youngsters have lost theirs, but after rather extensive personal investigation of the subject I have come to believe that something is happening, or is in danger of happening, in this country that definitely complicates its present and menaces its future.

Our American boys and girls, harassed as they have been by a situation which is not of their making, are not the dotards and parasites that their critics have labeled them. But—and this is the point—there is danger that they may become dotards and parasites.

Physical tissues are not the only ones that atrophy through disuse. Mental and spiritual ones do, too.

Even young people who have jobs—there are some, you know!—frequently show signs that they have already succumbed to the poison of hopelessness.

Most of the old success stories featured the birth of a new idea. Young people tell me that today they are afraid to suggest any innovations or improvements for fear they will offend the man higher up and thus endanger their own situation.

Nobody wants youngsters to be slaves to their jobs. But there is a high pleasure to be had from work, which is different from, and I believe superior to, the joys of the funnies and the fountains. Youngsters, and oldsters too, lose that pleasure when they regard their jobs as just something to support them while they are doing something else or dreaming something else.

And *what* else?

Well, it used to be "freedom." Carl Van Doren, recalling the glories of the vanished '20s, said: "Ask the romantic younger generation what it demanded, and it answered, to be free. Ask it free for what, and it did not answer, but drove faster, drank more, made love oftener."

In the lexicon of depression's youth there is no such word as "freedom." There is another vacant space, so they tell me, where "achievement" once ennobled the printed page. And to fill these vacant lots, youth has reached out and grabbed a word out of the dictionary of old age: "Security."

That, and not freedom or achievement, seems to be the goal which is now held up to the young. Employers report that only rarely nowadays is there evident, among the favored ones who hold jobs, the old-time effort to excel so as to get ahead. Getting by, not getting ahead, seems to be the modern idea of a more abundant life.

Responsibility for this change in youth's approach to the battle of life should, in all fairness, be distributed rather widely among various factors; but a major share, I imagine, will be allotted in historical perspective to a certain Pullman ride taken by two bright young social workers on a dark day in 1933.

There are those—and their numbers seem to be growing—who believe that this country and this generation would have been better off if these welfare boys had missed their train.

Be that as it may, these travelers—their names were Harry Hopkins and Aubrey Williams—are said to have been lulled by the impact of wheel on track into a state of semi-unconsciousness, out of which emerged—simultaneously in both their brains, the story goes—the idea of diverting the vast sums which the Roosevelt administration was about to extend as emergency aid to established business into a gigantic welfare bureau administered by Hopkins, Williams, and their social-worker friends.

AS a result of that choo-choo ride, check-writing machinery in the Treasury Building at Washington has been grinding for five years at an average rate of two hundred and sixty checks per minute. According to Senator Byrd of Virginia, the number of people receiving this largess—most of whom would have continued in their usual employment if the original scheme had been carried out—has risen from 2,000,000 to approximately 13,000,000. Counting families and dependents, 40,000,000 people—one third of the population—are eating at the public trough.

Of course hindsight is notoriously better than foresight. Something had to be done, and done quickly, to keep the breath of life in the bodies of men and women who were being laid off by the thousands. No one will argue about that. But today even so financially inexperienced a person as a settlement-house social worker would know that the government should never have been deterred from its original plan of enabling going businesses to keep their pay rolls at full strength.

Whether this huge taxpayer-endowed charity organization has been administered well or badly is beside the point.

We had our laugh when that Pennsylvania lad, Richard Malone, received a letter designating him WPA Worker No. 4426-38632, assigning him to work on a local road project, and enclosing a check for $6.54 for thirteen hours of manual labor which he not only had not performed but would not, for some years, be old enough to perform. Richard, you see, was seven. But such mistakes happen in the best regulated businesses.

Shirt Etiquette for Summer in one easy lesson

1. **SLEEVE-ROLLING** air-conditions your forearms . . . but a lightweight Arrow Summer Shirt, with its countless tiny pores, keeps *all* of you ventilated—wrist to shoulder, tummy to throat.

2. **SUMMER IS NO TIME** for tight collars, but that's no excuse for unhitching top-buttons. Arrow Summer Shirts *never* shrink out of fit. Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1%!

3. **WHEN YOU TAKE OFF** your coat, never expose a messy midriff. Arrow Summer Shirts have the exclusive Mitoga cut that eliminates excess fabric—it is shaped the way a man is built.

4. **ARROW SUMMER SHIRTS** (smart patterns as well as white) have the finest of all collars—Arrows! Get some at your Arrow dealer's now for a cool Summer. $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

We had an even louder laugh when thirty-eight WPA "workers" walked off a ditch-digging project when their superiors ordered them to use picks and shovels interchangeably, as is the practice of similar workers in private industry. "Outraged by this breach of WPA etiquette," said the dispatch, "the men . . . announced that they would do no more work until the order was rescinded and they were allowed to work in pairs, one man using a pick and the other a shovel, a practice that would enable one man to rest while his partner labored."

Think what Gilbert and Sullivan could have done with a comedy idea like that! Or Bergen and McCarthy! No professional humorist's mind could imagine anything half so funny as many of the things that have happened on WPA.

It may not be fair to condemn the entire organization for the absurd antics of some of its members. The fact remains, though, that the WPA might be the best run organization in the world—which it isn't—and still be the worst thing that has ever happened to America.

What it has done to business is obvious. What it has done to politics on the "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" principle is terrifying. Less obvious, but even more terrifying, is what it has done to the individual American, especially the young American, by taking away his greatest practical asset, the will to work.

"Why should I take a job," one young man said, "when I can get good money for just piddling around?"

Government re-employment agents, whose job is to get people off relief and back into employment, say that this is quite the normal attitude of many once willing workers who are either on home relief or have spent some time "pecking and tapping at pseudo labor with the WPA and are quite satisfied." One such official, who entered on his work with high hopes of usefulness, tells of his speedy disillusionment at the hands of the very men and women he was trying to help:

"I was talking, arguing, moralizing to people who had resolved not to hear and not to heed. . . . They were displaying an amazing willingness to cling to a minimum station of life. They didn't want to get off relief. Each day that passed saw them more tenacious in holding to that secure, subsidized existence. . . .

"Point-blank refusal to accept a suitable job rightfully jeopardized the refuser's position on the relief rolls. As a consequence, there were very few point-blank refusals. There were, instead, myriad evasions. They smiled gratefully at an offer of a job and then failed to show up. They developed unsuspected ailments at the prospect of work. They used a thousand wiles to dodge a return to the world of reality. High government officials have said we are permanently in the relief business. They were not fooling."

HOME reliefers have been known to accept a cut in their weekly allowance, as punishment for not taking jobs that were offered them, rather than accept the job itself.

Employers, or rather would-be employers, have had the same experience in dealing with this problem from the other end. One manufacturer who offered a job to a man on relief received the following illuminating reply:

"Two dollars a week more than I'm getting on relief ain't enough and I can show you how I'd stand to lose money if I took the job.

"I go to the movies seven times a week. While I'm on relief I can go in the afternoon, when the admission is 15 cents. If I took a job I'd have to go at night, when it's 40 cents. That's 25 cents more every day, or $1.75 a week. Now in addition to that $1.75 I'd have to pay 60 cents a week subway fare, and that makes it $2.35. So, you see, I'd be 35 cents in the hole every week if I took the job."

The effect of all this on older people is bad enough, but on youth it is devastating.

At first there was a good deal of enthusiasm and not a little gaiety in the attitude of boys and girls toward relief. The little Youth Administration jobs were fun. The CCC was a wholesome, often exciting adventure. The white-collar projects offered higher pay and more interesting activities than is often the lot of beginners in normal times. Smiling, albeit a bit wryly, they entered the Hopkins era with the shout, "WPA, here we come!"

More recently a grimness has entered into youth's attitude toward government aid, which shows not alone in public demonstrations like the Washington parade but in a determined under-cover campaign to make their situation as taxpayers' wards a permanent one.

"Young people who have never worked before and who know no other working standards except those which WPA has imposed on them," states one authority, "are determined to make it last as long as they want it to. To them work relief is neither a steppingstone to other employment nor a final refuge from an unkind world. It is a vocation which, by great good luck, they were able to enter at a particularly precarious time and which they have no intention of quitting for less lucrative or more laborious occupations."

Most authorities agree that it is too late to do much of anything for the great mass of youngsters already impregnated with the poison of dependence. Without drastic and speedy change in the attitude of the men who control our relief destinies, this pessimistic view is probably a correct one. Spiritually, under the Hopkins-Williams dispensation, the depression generation is just out of luck.

IT may, therefore, be—although I hope it isn't true *yet*—that the 5,000,000 youngsters now on the government pay roll are doomed to a life of dole-taking and boondoggling. But adolescence, the only business that the depression didn't hit, will go on producing new crops of boys and girls not yet withered by the charity blight. The battle cry of these newcomers must be changed from "WPA, here we come!" to "American industry, here we come!" And if we confine our efforts to this one group, victory may not be so difficult as it seems.

A promising start has already been made in some communities. Cincinnati has been conducting a four-point educational and practical-help campaign which has reduced the number of people on its relief rolls in two years from 30,000 to less than 6,000. Philadelphia's Self Help Bureau has tackled the problem psychologically. "The point of view toward life," said Mrs. Strawbridge, its head, "is what needs bolstering up." The bureau, therefore, teaches its people to "do something useful every day, even though nobody has arranged to pay them for it." Out of this rich soil of effort, paying jobs spring up overnight.

Youth, Inc., in Ferndale, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit, and the Find-A-Job Club of Belvidere, Illinois, are other typical examples of privately financed organizations which succeed, even in competition with WPA easy jobs and steady government handouts, in putting young people to work in useful private industry. And the most successful and inspiring organization of all is that mighty movement for "Head, Heart, Hands and Health" known as the 4-H Clubs, whose youthful members, working on a shoestring in modest homes and on isolated farms, produced in 1938 a wide variety of products, the market value of which was in excess of $25,000,000.

Individual boys and girls who do not belong to any such organization have succeeded in creating new and unusual jobs even in depression's darkest days. It is much simpler to do that sort of thing now.

Industry and invention have also gone right on creating new and unusual jobs. Hundreds of thousands of positions in the air-conditioning industry, for example, didn't exist when older brother started to look for work.

The very circumstances we have been deploring, that same older brother's too frequent willingness to stay on "made work" for WPA, gives younger brother the chance of a lifetime to grab a real job in real industry.

"If your record is good, and you are good timber," Loire Brophy, New York's best known employment specialist, said recently, "not all the forces of depression and recession combined can keep you out of a job."

And not all the forces of relief! The new young can still be saved from the charity blight. It can be done, but it must be done quickly—between now and June, if we wish to save the next crop!

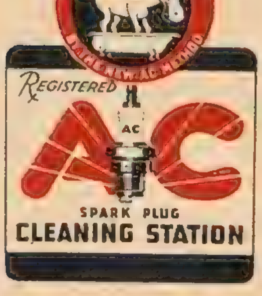
THE END

-my sponsor!
AC
AC SPARK PLUG
AC
THE QUALITY
SPARK PLUG

30 Years IN THE SPOTLIGHT!

Modern engines, fuels and driving require *The Plug Cleaning Service which A C sponsors*

Today's cars are driven faster, and their engines run hotter and at higher compression, than was the case five years ago. Octane ratings of gasolines have been raised to meet these conditions. As a result, the spark plugs take much heavier punishment. So, the need for cleaning and gap adjusting is urgent, and arises more often.



LOOK FOR THE SIGN

of the Plug-in-the-Tub —it identifies all Registered AC Cleaning Stations

Five years ago, AC recognized this need. Seventy thousand Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations were equipped with special AC machines to clean plugs. So that every car owner could benefit, the charge was made very low (5c a plug).

Today, you can be assured of proper engine performance—by having your spark plugs cleaned and the gaps accurately adjusted, at the nearest AC Cleaning Station, every 4,000 miles. Cleaning, also, enables you to learn whether new plugs are required.

Nearly three out of five of the cars now on the road were originally equipped with AC Spark Plugs. AC Spark Plugs are stocked and sold by more dealers than any other plugs. This 30-year achievement assures you that AC Spark Plugs will give you peak performance and full satisfaction.

Get a set—and Get the difference

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

Twilight CHEATS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN Andrew Lane—a successful business man, married, and the father of three children—falls in love with Perry Snow, a beautiful young photographer, he asks his wife, Martha, for a divorce. She refuses to give him one.

Perry, more in love with Andy than she intended to allow herself to be when their affair started, is hurt at his ready acceptance of his wife's ultimatum, and sails suddenly for Europe. When Andy hears of her departure, he is overcome with longing for her and telephones her ship and begs her to return. She tells him that she will let him know when she is ready to come back.

In spite of their efforts to take up their life together, both Martha and Andy are under a strain; he because he cannot forget Perry, and she because she knows that Perry will come back to tempt him again.

Perry arrives on the Normandie and Andy rushes to meet her. At her hotel he tells her that, though he loves her, he has promised Martha never to ask for a divorce; that nothing must come between him and his family. Perry has come home believing that Andy intends to insist on a divorce so that he can marry her, and his words are something of a blow—particularly as she has discovered that she is going to have a child. It is for the baby's sake that she makes an appointment to see Martha at Martha's and Andy's home in Rye.

Martha is out when she arrives, but Fred, the eldest Lane child, fifteen years old, comes in, realizes who she is, and berates her for trying to take his father away. Perry, overwrought, faints for the first time in her life. Martha enters as she falls.

PART TEN—TWO WOMEN AND A SECRET

MARTHA instantly snapped into action. She flung her purse and fur jacket on the nearest chair and tore off her hat. Then she knelt beside the figure and loosened a wide kid belt around the waist and the trigly fitted skirt. Perry Snow still did not move.

Martha stood up and gripped the girl under the armpits. She dragged her over to the divan and pulled her shoulders upward gently, because the blonde head sagged backward of its own weight. Then, with her knee against the woman's hips, Martha hoisted the rest of Perry Snow to the couch.

Martha glanced around in sudden panic. Part of her mind was hoping that the girl would come to before Miss Fellows discovered her this way. Part of her wondered what kept Miss Fellows away. Surely she should have been watching for Martha to return? And part of her thought how unmercifully quiet the room was, with only the steady dripping of the clock, like an old faucet. . . .

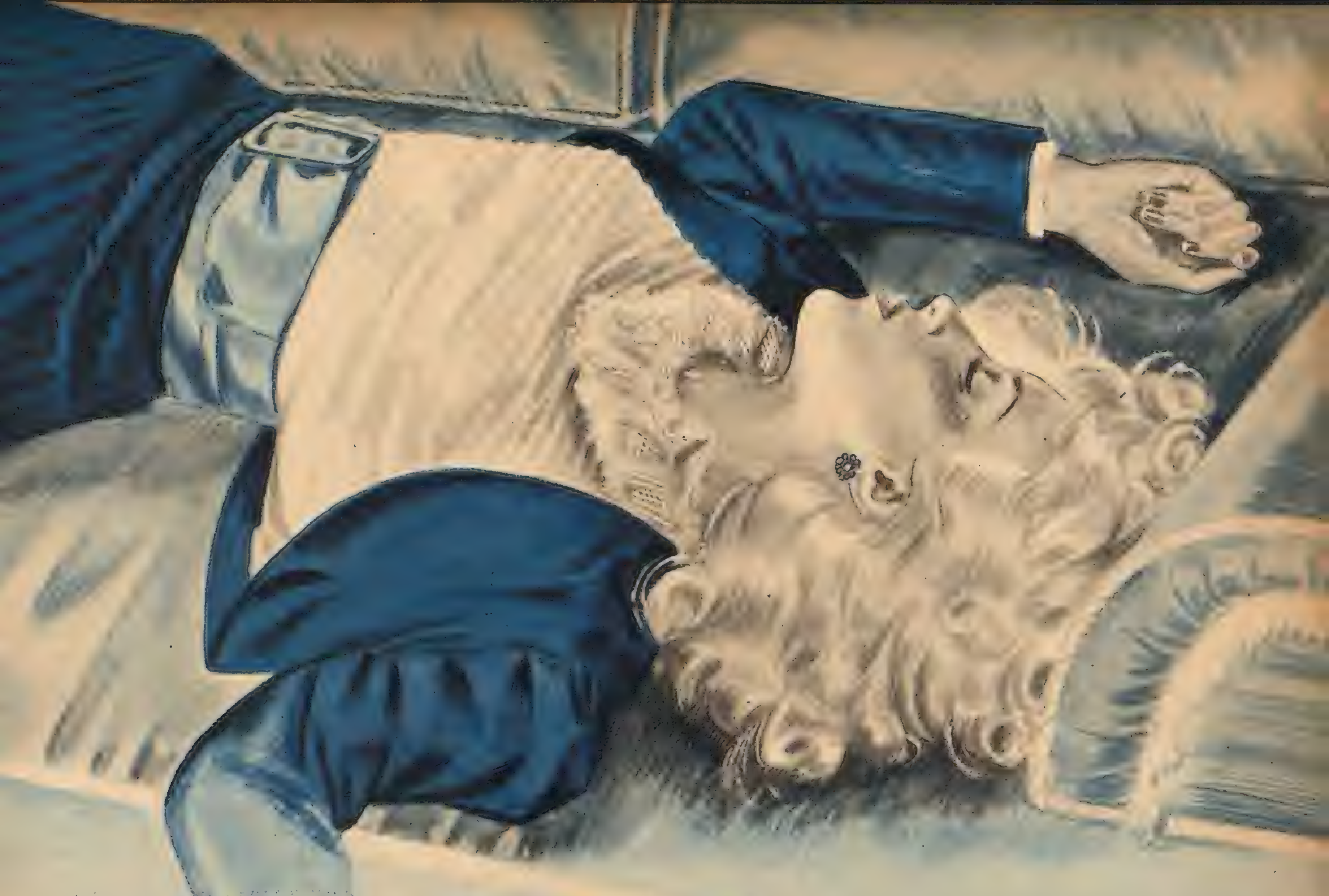
Carefully Martha poured out brandy. It was what you did, wasn't it? Brandy might hurt some cases, but you took a chance. She put one hand under the blonde head, raising it, and timidly forced the bloodless lips against the liquid. How soft and rich that hair was! She lowered the head slightly, to let some of the brandy slip back to the throat. This process she repeated several times, hardly aware that the liquor rivuleted down the pale chin and on to the finely tailored blouse.

The woman's eyes did not open, nor did she move. But her lips worked faintly. Martha picked up the wrist, to take the pulse; she had learned to do it through Andy's long illness many years ago. . . . But the count was too faint—and shockingly slow.

With which, Martha worked faster. After all, this woman should come to, go home, and be sick in a more appropriate place. Granted Miss Fellows would eventually come and see her—surely nobody else need share, need they? Whatever happened, the woman must be on her way before Andy returned. It was past four now. If Andy took the customary five thirty-five . . .

It was acutely distasteful to Martha to keep handling the woman. But she took off the well tailored suit jacket and opened the blouse collar. She slipped her hand down the back of the blouse and found the catch of the brassiere, to loosen it. And finally, with as much detachment as possible, she reached up under the loosened skirt and grappled with the girdle. It was a zippered affair, fairly easy to release and pull off. Martha unhooked the garters and flipped the garment out, with a look of exasperated criticism. Hand-embroidered, the girdle, if you please, sprayed with tiny pastel flowers! How do you like that?

She tossed it with antipathy on the arm of the divan



Martha poured brandy. It was what you did, wasn't it?

and hurried out into the kitchen. No Miss Fellows. And what was the idea? Had she retired with exaggerated tact to let the two women meet? Intending to come back and serve tea? The kettle was steaming violently. And absent-mindedly, Martha turned off the gas.

Half blindly, Martha got ice cubes. She flipped open a clean napkin from the tea tray, and hurried back to put ice on her guest's head, rubbing the temples and the back of the neck.

And then she heard Miss Fellows on the stairs. She saw her stand in the living-room doorway, eyes bulging with her second shock of the afternoon.

" I can't seem to bring her to," Martha said casually, unnaturally flat. Just as if she were telling Miss Fellows that she couldn't seem to find Gloria's glasses.

" Oh! " moaned Miss Fellows. " Ohmigod! "

" Shut up," said Martha. " Call Dr. Grant."

Once more Martha tried brandy, while she listened intently to Miss Fellows' funereal tones in the hallway. . . .

" Yes, a guest, doctor. Fainted. . . . No, I don't know. . . . As soon as you can."

PERRY opened her eyes dully. She stared about, without moving, and could not recognize anything. She felt as if she never wanted to move again. She shut her eyes.

" Come, take another sip! "

She heard the voice near her ear, and opened her eyes again, aware that a glass was being held to her lips, and that some one was lifting her head; acutely aware that her mouth was both hot and dry. But she sipped obediently. When the glass knocked against her teeth it sounded very loud.

" Can you sit up now, do you think? "

Perry tried. She moaned softly as she held the back of the divan and pulled herself up. Then she frowned at her own condition, for she almost pulled herself out of her covert-cloth skirt as she sat up. Her shoes were off. And on the arm of the couch, down near her feet, was her girdle. Her own girdle.

" What is . . . where . . .? " She turned her head and focused on Martha's face.

" Now you're going to be all right," she heard the face assure her.

And she knew that face. From somewhere. It was a very kind face—but for some reason she didn't like it. Those gray eyes looked almost as wretched and ashamed as Perry felt. . . . Now, *who?*

" Oh! " Perry cried out sharply as she realized. Andrew Lane's wife! She was here in his living room . . . the young boy had screamed at her. Martha's son. And Perry could remember being enveloped by the overpowering faintness.

" Oh! " she moaned again, and covered her face with her hands.

Martha glanced at Miss Fellows in the doorway.

" Hot tea, quickly," she said crisply, and sent the woman hurrying.

Perry felt a hand, timid but kindly, on her shoulder.

" Please." Martha's voice reached her through walls of blackness. " Don't feel like that. You'll be all right. The doctor will be here shortly, and if you just . . ."

" Doctor? " Perry looked up in panic. " I don't want a doctor. I have my own . . ."

She broke off, her blue eyes wide in a frenzied abject stare as she studied Martha.

" Oh, dear God—you *know*, then? "

Swiftly, dramatically, Fate closes in on three tortured hearts, as a stirring novel approaches a surprising climax

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

Martha nodded automatically — humoring. But as Perry's head dropped between her knees, and Martha heard her whimper, a horrible realization broke upon her like a silent explosion. She rubbed her ice-cold fingers back of her ears, holding her head as if to keep it from bursting.

It wasn't possible, of course. *But it was!* It could easily be the explanation of why this cringing broken creature would suddenly cable, and as suddenly come back. It could be why, no doubt, she had phoned Martha the day she landed. . . . And now, in her confusion, her sick befuddlement, she had evidently imagined that Martha had in some way learned of her condition. Guilty conscience had made her blurt the worst possible conclusion. . . .

Miss Fellows came timidly to the door with a single cup of tea on a tray.

"Just put it there." Martha found it a comfort to speak.

She realized, as Miss Fellows scurried, red-faced, out of the room again, that Perry Snow was crying. Large slow tears dripped to the carpet from the face Martha could not see. Small wonder. Sitting degraded, half-clad, her privacy demolished, her pride stripped.

Martha knelt beside her.

"Drink this," she urged. "Please don't try to talk. It's better if we don't talk. But drink this now. I'll put a drop of brandy in it. That helped you."

Perry turned her face away, gulping the wad of tears.

"Don't be kind," she said. "I couldn't bear it."

"All right," Martha agreed crisply. "But I think you might do your part. If you drink that, it will steady you."

"Of course. Of course."

Perry lifted the cup obediently. She held it with both hands to steady it. And Martha turned away while the girl noisily forced herself to down the brew. She was so helpless, it was impossible to be mean to her. But in heaven's name, how could Martha get her out of here before Andy returned? The other thought was too impossible to contemplate—Martha could not face or consider it—she shrank even from formulating the possibilities in her mind. . . . This girl *expectant?* And—Andy? *Andy!*

She went out into the hall and called Andy's office. Just a chance of getting him before he left . . . ten of five now. . . .

"Oh, Andy dear!" she cried thankfully, when she heard his voice. She knew that both Miss Fellows and the Snow girl could hear her, and she was not sorry. It would save her making explanations. "Andy, I'd like to change my plans and come in town. Yes, mother seems to have something on her mind and I told her I'd come in. Do you mind terribly? No, I don't think I'd be in time to eat with you, honey. I have things to do. But I should reach mother's around eight thirty at the latest. . . . Well, if you want to work through, of course I'll pick you up at the office as soon as I get in. Good-by—you're a lamb."

After a moment she called her mother's number.

"Mother darling—Martha. Listen carefully, dear. I can't talk to you now, but if Andy calls, you're not feeling well or something. You phoned me late this afternoon and asked me to come in. . . . No, dear, I can't talk now. I'll be at your place around eight thirty or so, with or without Andy. . . . Huh? . . . Bless you!"

She went back into the living room, feeling more secure. Perry was sitting with her head back against the couch. She watched Martha with expressionless eyes. But there was a faint color in her cheeks. Why was she so beautiful? Sick, tear-stained, humbled, she was still superb. . . .

"I'll drive you into town," Martha explained her phone call shortly, "whenever you're up to it."

Perry nodded imperceptibly.

"I want you to know, Mrs. Lane," she said flatly, "that I'd rather—rather be hung than have had this happen. . . . No, let me speak."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," Martha half whispered.

But Perry only smiled. A faint mocking smile that stabbed Martha.

Copyright 1939, by
The Texas Company

"I don't think you would—any more." Perry did not try to move as she spoke. Her yellow hair had come loose and spilled against the worn brocade of Martha's divan. Her voice was low, carefully paced, but warmed by the spiked tea. "I was on the verge of leaving here—I wanted to get away before you came—when I fainted. The important thing is that Drew—your husband—does not know what you know."

Martha's lips stretched into a simple-minded leer, part embarrassment, part shock.

"But—he met you this morning?" she managed.

Perry nodded. Her blue eyes swung away from Martha's face, and became fixed with a somnambulistic stare on a pot of daphne by the window.

"Yes. Yes, he met me this morning. And I didn't tell him because—because he had too much to say to me. He told me how wonderful you were. How very wonderful. He said he would never hurt you. Never ask you for a divorce."

She stopped, dully aware that Martha had caught her breath noisily and had turned away. She frowned at Martha's huddled shoulders. The woman was crying! She had won, yet she was crying!

"So you see," Perry urged herself on wearily because she had started to say something important and should finish, "I couldn't talk to him in that mood. I had wanted it to be—only a happy time. But you needn't worry. I will never tell him now."

Martha made a funny gesture as if to stop her. And Perry, squinting to focus and comprehend, roused herself to give succor.

"You'd better light a cigarette, or take a drink," she suggested. "I think I would like a drink, too. I feel warm now, all but my fingers and heels."

Her hostess buzzed around, looking for a handkerchief, finding one in her purse. Perry contemplated her weightedly. Drew's wife looked a threat when she cried. She should never dye her hair. She hadn't a bad figure at all. . . . Andrew Lane didn't love her any more, but he would stick to her and to his home and to his children. He loved Perry, and Perry knew it. But Perry also knew, since she had entered his house and heard a boy cry out his innocent protest against families that split, that their love didn't matter. Drew had tried desperately to tell her that this morning, but she had to come here to realize. What Martha had of love she had earned through the years; she could live on the dividends the rest of her life. What Perry had of love she had embezzled. . . . Perry's claim was too late: this love had been homesteaded.

She saw Martha leave the room purposefully. And with stiff cold hands Perry tried to fix her hair, the collar of her blouse. But there was too little feeling in her fingertips. She could not manage a hairpin or a buttonhole. So she merely sat. And noticed a lamp with a shredding shade, a lovely antique music box, a fine aquarium, a spotted chair. . . .

Martha Lane bustled back, carrying glasses with ice. Without speaking, she sat and mixed drinks.

"I didn't put ice in yours," she told Perry.

"I want ice," Perry said petulantly. She marveled at herself, but she felt insistent.

Martha handed her the drink with ice, and turned away to sip her own. Strange, her turning away—as if not wanting to make any ceremony of drinking together. Perry sipped the brandy-and-soda carefully. There were much more important things she should be thinking of. Oh, yes, the future. The impossible future. . . . Going off somewhere, somehow, and having a child. A nameless child, who would never know home life like this. . . . You could marry Doug Randolph, of course, if you wanted to be such a louse. You could tell Doug the whole thing and count on him to see you through. Which would be fine for you but rotten short change for Doug, and for any child of Drew's. . . .

Martha had lit herself a cigarette, and now handed Perry one. And Perry took it with a silent nod, tilting her head to enjoy the first puff. But the smoking hit her hard, directly in the middle. Something violently upset in her insides, no doubt.

ground he'll want this new gasoline

IN the air his hand commands smooth-flowing power never marred by troublesome knock or ping.

Of course he wants the same kind of smooth responsive power in his car . . . as do you, and every other motorist who seeks the best.

Now comes *SKY CHIEF* . . . the answer to this wish. You, yourself, will say there has never been a gasoline like it . . . so brilliantly eager . . . so effortless in its lively acceleration and pull.

This gasoline is a triumph of high anti-knock quality, instant volatility and surging power adroitly merged to give you a maximum of road enjoyment.

SKY CHIEF is waiting for you now. It costs no more than other premium gasolines. Look for it now beside the famous *Fire-Chief* pump . . . at Texaco Dealers.

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

Sky Chief
TEXACO
TEXACO
REG. T. M.

FACTS *(for the technically minded)* . . . VOLATILITY: *Sky Chief combines an instant and sustained volatility which gives record quick-starting and acceleration . . . without tendency to vapor lock.* ANTI-KNOCK: *Its extremely high anti-knock quality permits a higher peak of efficiency and power without knock or ping.* ECONOMY: *Because you get more work from a given amount of gasoline, there's a distinct saving. Sky Chief shortens miles, stretches gallons, flattens bills.*

TEXACO *Sky Chief*

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

. . . for those who want the best

She tapped it lightly, deliberately, on the ash tray and smiled apologetically at Martha.

"No go," she said wryly. "But if you—if you'd show me where—I'd like to fix myself up. I—I'll be ready to drive in town—in no—time at all."

She stood up. Dizzy but determined. Smiling foolishly as she grasped her skirt and looked at a stocking fallen down over the knee. She took a step and gasped inaudibly. Instantly she felt Martha's arm around her. And after a moment of shuddering distaste, she grasped Martha's shoulder for support.

Together they went slowly up the stairs. And Martha took her to the guest chamber which had a short time ago caused so much heartache in the house. There was no sign left of the period Andy had moved himself in there, thank heaven.

Martha got the girl as far as the guest bathroom and left her. She heard a car arrive and knew the doctor had come.

Hastily she brought some make-up and toilet needs to the guest room.

"The doctor is here," she called in to Perry.

"Please—I don't want to see him." Perry half opened the door. Her face looked oddly appealing, scrubbed clean. Utterly defenseless. "Must I?"

She was like a child not quite daring to assert herself, and Martha felt the absurdity of it, doubly stressed because of her own stirring of maternal sympathy.

"You really should," she argued with much the same patient severity she used with the boys. "After all, I've put him to the trouble of coming. And I'd like to know you're all right before I drive you."

"All right." Perry chewed her lips unhappily. "Tell him—I'm Mrs. Snow."

Martha turned away, flushing, and hurried downstairs, her brain storming with pity. For one fleeting moment she felt almost murderous toward Andy.

But she had poise enough as she greeted the doctor and showed him the way, explaining, not too awkwardly:

"I understand she is going to have a baby, doctor. I hope you find everything all right."

WHEN the doctor had closed the door on the guest room, Martha went up to the children. Fred pretended sleep, which was rather astonishing at five thirty in the afternoon, even if he did have tonsillitis. But Martha had no spirit to rouse him, cajole, or inquire into his moods.

Gloria was in her tub, and little Teddy was having his hair brushed by a Miss Fellows who was almost comically grim, white, and stark-eyed.

"I'm driving Miss Snow into town, Miss Fellows," Martha said, as she picked up some toys automatically. "I shall meet Mr. Lane at the office and go to my mother's. You can reach me there if you need anything. And—and I hope you will understand when I say—I often have friends drop in during the afternoon that could be of no possible interest to my family or friends."

"You don't have to tell me, Mrs. Lane," Miss Fellows mumbled. "We'd *all* do anything for you—to help."

And again Martha felt herself flame scarlet. All? What did she mean? She kissed little Teddy and held him suddenly close. And, bending over the tub to kiss Gloria's damp face and soapy shoulder, she thought painfully:

What relation would that baby be to these children? Or maybe she doesn't intend to have it, now. . . .

She fled from the top floor and her own protected little family.

Back in the living room she set about picking up Perry's purse, trying not to be prying as she picked up the scattered objects. Driving license—ah, she's twenty-eight, is she? A brown taffeta make-up kit. Hotel key—she's staying at the Sherry-Netherland? (Not close to Andy's office at all!) Her passport. Would she go abroad again now? What exquisite handkerchiefs! . . . Money purse. Mirror—nicked on one edge. . . .

The doctor came downstairs. Martha went out to the hall and looked at him questioningly.

"She's all right," he said doubtfully. "But don't give her anything more to drink. She's not as strong as she seems to think she is, your friend. Heart."

Martha nodded. *My friend,* indeed. She picked up her own purse.

"Do you mind if I pay you now, doctor? I'd rather not get a bill for this particular visit."

IT was twenty-five nerve-racking minutes before Perry Snow came downstairs. She was completely restored and had herself in hand. And instantly Martha was thankful she had not first met the woman that way, or she would have felt unmercifully outclassed. The blue eyes were insolent, a cold bitter blue. The carriage was arrogant, the tilt of the head willful. Even with Martha's cosmetics, Perry had achieved an artful make-up.

"He's something of an old grandmother, your nice young doctor," she said with a sophisticated tone that set up a barrier instantly. "But I'm glad you made me see him. He gave me a bracer that worked like a charm. I'm sorry I took so long. Mrs. Lane, would you mind terribly if I took a taxi into town?"

"No. If that's what you wish. I'll call one for you."

"Thanks eternally."

When Martha returned from the hall phone, Perry was adjusting her hat before the mantel mirror. Were those enormous brims coming back, or did she just wear them to be different? And what a contrast, this crisp remote creature in traveling suit and sable scarf, to the helpless woman prostrate on the floor. How often in the future, Martha thought fleetingly, would she see that white figure prone on her living-room floor! . . .

"Do you mind if I have another brandy before I go?" Perry flashed a smile through the mirror.

"Whatever you wish."

"I need it. I haven't drunk in nearly three months, and I won't again for another six. But today isn't only a physical upset."

She turned from the mirror and accepted the small glass. Her fingers were still cold as they touched Martha's. She took a slow sip.

"I'll never see you again, Mrs. Lane. And I'd like to tell you a few things."

"Yes?"

"I'm not ashamed. I've been a complete number one first-class fool, but I'm not ashamed. I hadn't the slightest intention of falling in love. But I did. I love Drew. I love him—beyond understanding."

She finished the brandy and put down the glass. Quite unaware that Martha was searching frantically for some possible response. Because Perry was engrossed in her own determination to voice her decisions.

"But I love him enough to give him up and bring him no heartache," she continued steadily.

What does she mean? Martha thought angrily. That I don't? Or does she mean I couldn't hold him if she didn't give him up? Why do I have to listen to her say she loves him, after I've been so kind?

"Please don't tell him I came out here."

"I have no intention of it."

"And, please—don't let your son tell him."

"My son?"

Perry nodded, eyes lowered.

"He knows more than you think he does. . . . Well, I guess that's my cab. Will you shake hands with me?"

She smiled as she held out her hand. But it was already gloved, Martha noticed.

And Martha Lane heard herself say, marveling at her own sudden courage: "I have no right to ask—but are you going to—to have the baby?"

"You haven't any right in the world," Perry told her. "But of course I'm going to have *his* baby. Do you think I'd give that up too?"

"If that's the way it is," Martha said, "Andy ought to know. I think Andy must be told."

"That's my affair."

"No, it isn't," Martha insisted dully. "He's got to know. It may make all the difference—in what he wants to do."

Perry pulled on her left glove with angry little jerks.

"Mrs. Lane." She had such steel in her voice that Martha shivered. "He's made his decision as far as I'm concerned. I wouldn't want him, as you seem to, from duty, responsibility, or pity. I can live my life, thank you, and see to it I'm socially solvent. And I'd like to remind you that it was an accident that gave you any knowledge of this matter, and you have no right to take advantage of it. It's not your secret to tell. It's my affair, my future, and my secret. How I handle it is my business. If I choose to keep it from Drew, I should have that privilege. If I decide to tell him—I will."

Martha saw her mouth twitch as Perry turned and left the house, walking like a queen down the path to the taxi. Yes, Martha watched with tears half frozen in her eyes, tears of rage and of pity.

Long after the cab had disappeared, she stood. And then, hearing sounds from the nursery floor, she turned wrathfully to go up and find out for herself what the woman had meant by referring to Fred.

Three quarters of an hour later, tearstains showing through her make-up, but a proud lingering smile on her lips, she drove through the darkening parkway to the city and her husband's office.

She was humiliated that Fred should know about his father. But any woman would be heartbreakingly proud of her boy's courageous loyalty.

ANDREW frowned unhappily when Perry phoned him and asked if they might lunch together. The day was hot and he had a headache. He felt sick at stomach and sick at heart. There was no longer pleasure in the thought of seeing Perry, and no forgetting the stricken look in her blue eyes as she tried to accept his decisions. It was too bad she loved him. Too bad Martha loved him. Andrew Lane heartily wished he was a wandering adventurer, unknown, unwanted. . . .

But he went—a little grimly—to lunch. It did not occur to him, in his dulled mood, to mark that Perry had not suggested her suite but was seeking the prop of a fashionable gabbling crowd. But he did realize, gradually, that she was unnecessarily gay. She wore a yellow linen suit that almost matched her hair; everything else was blue, even to her earrings. She talked of a dozen things she had forgotten to tell him in the excitement of landing. She took a sip of each of his cocktails, protesting that loving cups should never be that small. Any number of people spotted her and came to the table to ask about her trip, her work, foreign gossip. How many people bent over and kissed her with that easy intimacy that passed for friendship? Perry seemed to enjoy it. It was great to be back.

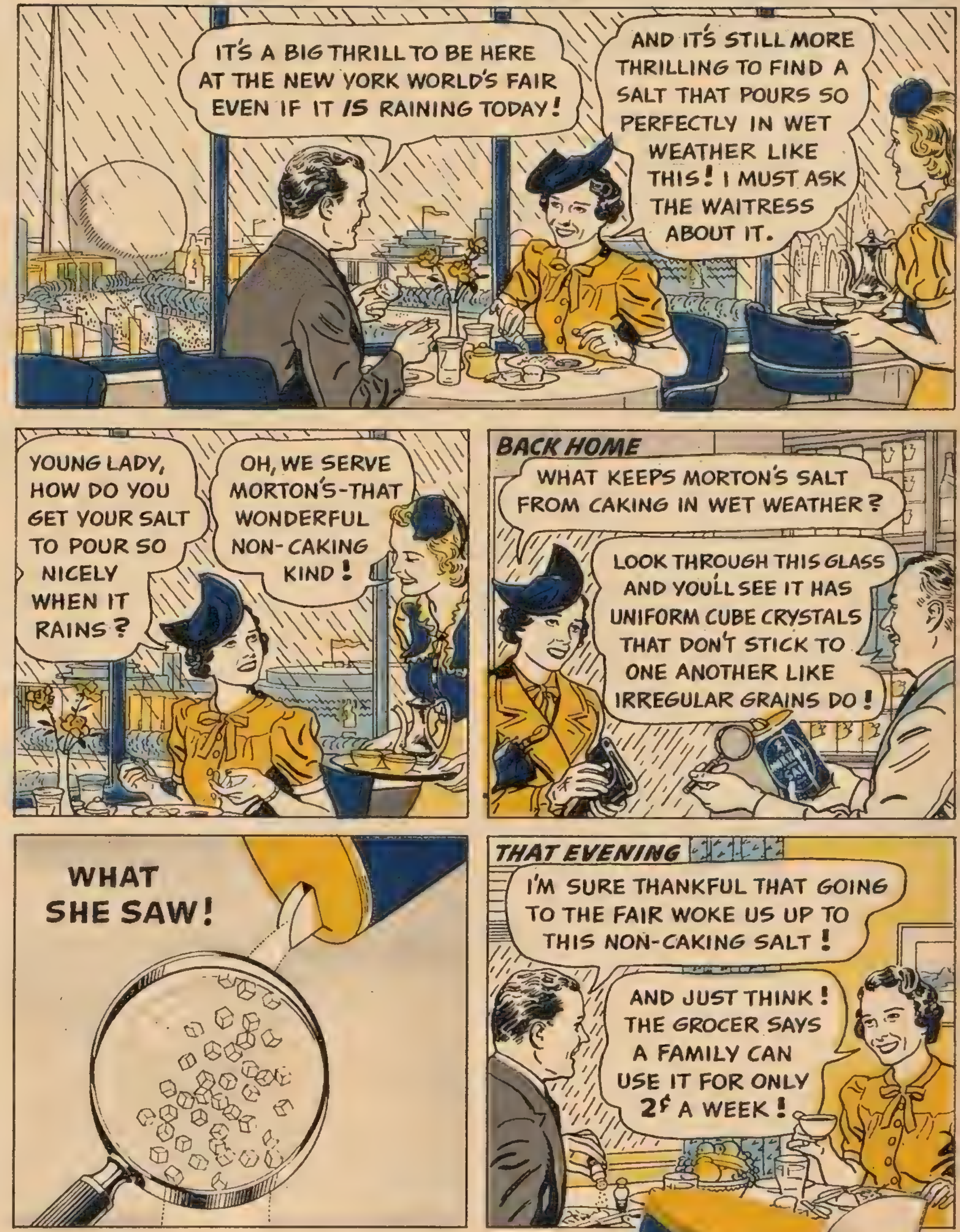
" Even so, I'm going away again," she told Drew with rather childlike excitement. " That's why I wanted to see you today. I'm leaving tomorrow."

His face hardened.

" Where, Perry? "

" I'm going to the country," she announced importantly. " Perry Snow is going to give herself a vacation. Because she hasn't had one for six

THE WORLD'S FAIR WOKE US UP!


IT'S A BIG THRILL TO BE HERE AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR EVEN IF IT IS RAINING TODAY!
AND IT'S STILL MORE THRILLING TO FIND A SALT THAT POURS SO PERFECTLY IN WET WEATHER LIKE THIS! I MUST ASK THE WAITRESS ABOUT IT.
YOUNG LADY, HOW DO YOU GET YOUR SALT TO POUR SO NICELY WHEN IT RAINS?
OH, WE SERVE MORTON'S—THAT WONDERFUL NON-CAKING KIND!
BACK HOME
WHAT KEEPS MORTON'S SALT FROM CAKING IN WET WEATHER?
LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS AND YOU'LL SEE IT HAS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS THAT DON'T STICK TO ONE ANOTHER LIKE IRREGULAR GRAINS DO!
WHAT SHE SAW!
THAT EVENING
I'M SURE THANKFUL THAT GOING TO THE FAIR WOKE US UP TO THIS NON-CAKING SALT!
AND JUST THINK! THE GROCER SAYS A FAMILY CAN USE IT FOR ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!

As modern as the fair because

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Morton's Salt is as modern as New York's great "World of Tomorrow" exposition because its uniform *cube-shaped* crystals don't lump together in rainy weather and choke up saltcellars like the irregular grains of old-style salt. And also because its improved wire-hinged pouring spout doesn't tear out no matter how often you open and close it. Yet an average family can use Morton's Salt freely for only 2c a week! Demand it next time you buy salt!

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

MORTON'S
IODIZED SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

strenuous competitive years. I did so well on this trip that I can afford the rest of the year. I'm going to rest and go native. I'm going to find a field and be a lily in it. I'm going to eat berries and loll in hammocks and maybe catch some fish—as long as it's the lazy kind of fishing. None of your gusty sport fishing. I'm going to walk barefoot on grass and sleep on a screened porch. And when it comes autumn and the city is exciting and the shops are full of velvets and the opera and shows are opening, why, I'm going South where it's warm and lazy and go right on with my vacation."

He gazed at her, puzzled, annoyed, grieving.

"I don't quite know what you're pulling, Perry, but you're doing it up brown."

She reached out and covered his hand with hers.

"I'm parting good friends, Drew. That's all."

He studied the smile she flashed at him. And his eyes became moist.

"Thank you," he said softly, "for that."

She concentrated on applying lipstick, talking glibly through the contortion of her lips as she guided the dye.

"I've got to dash, Drew. I have about twelve appointments this afternoon. I bet I'll be working the night through. I'm late for the first already. You don't mind, honey, if I chase along?"

THE summer dragged by on crutches. Martha knew when Perry had left town; it was easy to phone the hotel. And Martha knew, from Andy's behavior, that he did not see Perry or hear from her. He was increasingly despondent. He reverted to his almost teetotal habits and, except for insomnia, his health was greatly improved. Certainly his disposition was improved. A more placid, kindly man would be saint and not human.

But week by week he got more on his wife's nerves. He was devoted but remote. Completely removed somehow, as if wrapped in layers and layers of deep melancholy which somehow comforted him. He seemed hurt when he was roused. Until at last, in July, Martha could stand no more. She packed the three children off to the balance of camp terms, and implored Andy to go with her—anywhere—for a vacation.

"You must get away, dear," she pleaded. "Surely there's some place you'd enjoy. And, whether you do or not, you must quit for a breathing spell or you'll crack. Darling—I'll even go camping with you."

He smiled at her, bleakly amused. He considered her anxious face and her beseeching eyes.

"Know what I'd like?" he laughed self-consciously. "A friend of mine has a little boat I could buy cheap. I've often thought I'd like to run it up the length of the Hudson. Or bum as far up the coast as I could, nosing into a different port every night."

"Call him up and buy it now." Martha clapped her hands.

But Andy couldn't go through with it. He went for the first time in months aboard his little toy, and saw a sweater and a checked coat Perry had left on board. The tiny cabin and the little galley seemed to hold her laughter, and the lap of the water whispered her name. No. He couldn't paint out Snow Queen and stencil a different name.

He ordered the boat sold. And took Martha and his car on a trip to Nova Scotia. And realizing how much it meant to Martha, he spurred himself to making it gay. It was infernally difficult to find enough things to talk about to keep going for three meals a day together, the long drives, the evenings when a movie was unbearable. But he did it. He did it magnificently.

So much so that when they took the boat back and were standing together on the upper deck as they steamed into Boston harbor, Martha, completely licked, put her hand on his and said:

"Andy dear, don't look now, but I'm going out to Reno and get a divorce."

Will Andy agree to Martha's decision? And will Perry, in hiding with her secret, be willing to accept the wife's sacrifice? Read the dramatic unexpected conclusion of this brilliant novel in next week's Liberty!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE
PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
Call

For good reasons–

Every day millions actually confirm what a distinguished group of doctors discovered:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF NOSE OR THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.

This means *complete* smoking pleasure unmarred by throat irritation.

BOY-SALVAGE

A Plan for Tomorrow's America

BY HEINRICH A. PICKERT

Police Commissioner of Detroit

IF I were a professional gambler instead of Commissioner of Police in Detroit, Michigan, I could make an easy living playing a "sure thing."

I'd bet the ages of unknown males who committed certain crimes.

Let's say a report came into Headquarters that an automobile had been stolen. My bet would be that when the man who stole that car was arrested, he would prove to be not less than eighteen years old, not older than twenty-five. What's more, I'd give odds of 4 to 1 and still have a percentage of 1.4 in my favor.

On burglary I could give you 7 to 3 without losing money. I could bet even money on robbery and have a betting edge of 8.6 per cent.

For the rest of the major crimes you'd have to give me odds: Manslaughter, 11 to 9; larceny, 6 to 4; rape, 13 to 7; homicide, 3 to 1; and assault, 4 to 1.

Betting at those odds on arrests in connection with the foregoing major crimes committed by male criminals in my city, I'd pick up a total margin of nearly 25 per cent.

Arrest records in the city of Detroit of male persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five indicate that they commit 48.4 per cent of the eight major crimes.

You will say that, since these are the established odds, I could scarcely expect to find any one foolish enough to bet against them.

My answer would be this: You and I and all of us are betting against them every day of our lives in a losing gamble that costs us seven and a half billion dollars—one half of our total crime losses—annually.

And the matter is not simply a question of losses in dollars and cents. Youthful delinquency, closely related to prevalence of unemployment, is doing irreparable damage to the youth of the nation. Broken homes, misdirected lives, and destroyed morale—all of these have helped bring about the most dangerous symptom of all: loss of faith in American ideals and institutions.

As a police administrator I have interviewed many of these young people, brought into our department from the poolroom and barroom hangouts of the idle.

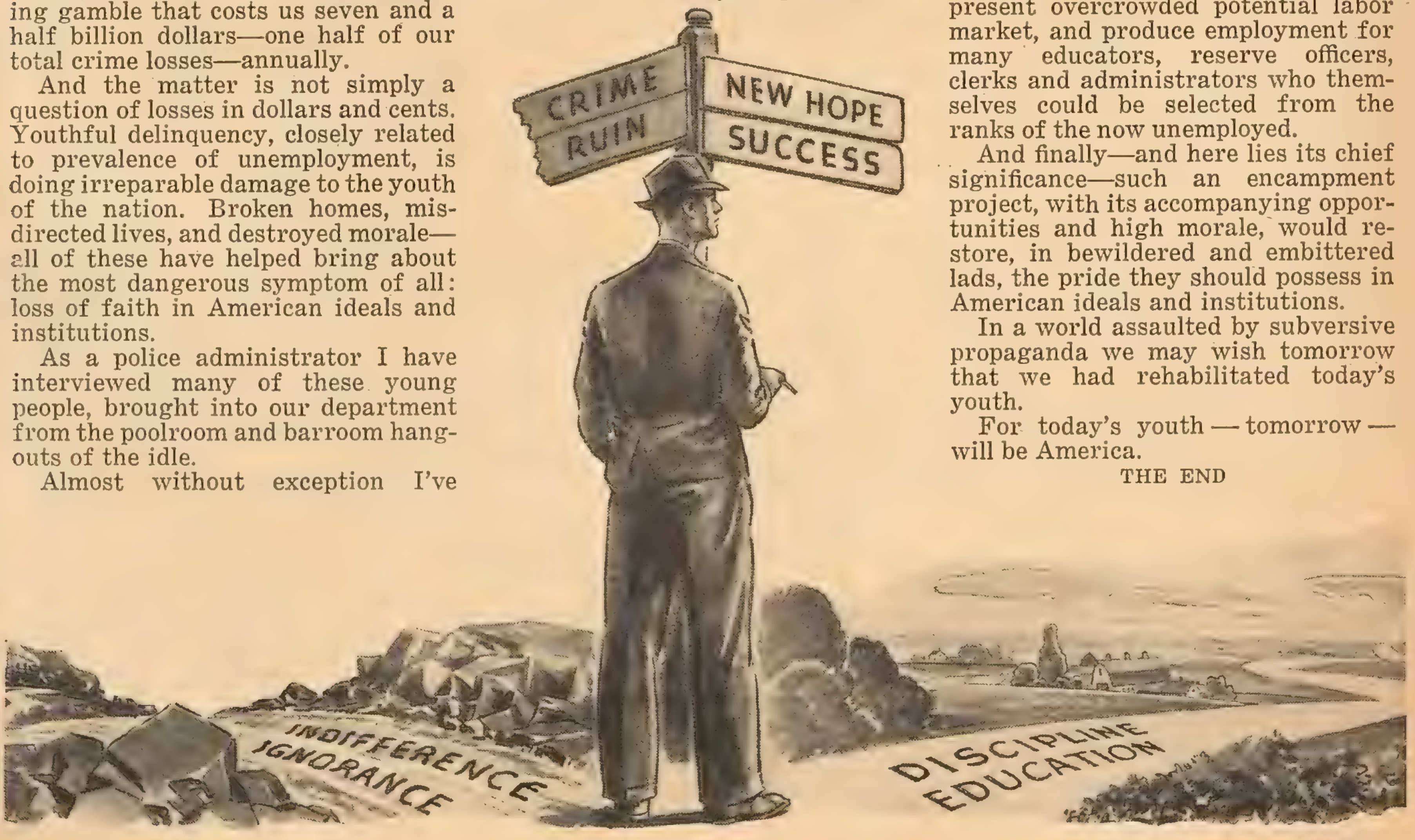
Almost without exception I've found that there has been engendered in them an aversion toward American institutions. Mention democracy, religion, or moral standards, and they will sneer openly. They have their own code, primitive, atavistic—the law of the tooth and fang.

If they are bitterly antisocial, it is because they feel that society has let them down.

They may be right. Certainly we haven't yet shown them a way out. The very fact that 60 per cent of our young delinquents are repeaters is sufficient evidence of the inefficacy, in most cases, of our dealing with them.

We know the causes of their delinquency: Bad environment, created by poverty. Poverty, in turn, created by an overcrowded labor market that shuts the door upon unskilled youth in this age group tighter than upon any other class. Any system that returns youth to such a crime-breeding environment cannot be the answer to the problem.

Meanwhile, while we delay in finding an answer, these young delinquents are becoming malcontents. They are understandably willing to listen to any one with a promise. And promises are the most effective weapons of those plotters who would undermine this country's government.



If we want to preserve democracy, then we must do something about the lads who will be tomorrow's men—and do it fast.

I am going to suggest a plan.

I propose that we establish encampments wherein the youth of this country between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five shall be given vocational training. These encampments, conveniently located, should be under the direct control of the United States government.

Courses should include: all manual trades; practical advanced instruction in pre-professional work; courses in aviation in all its branches; field work, such as soil erosion; some phases of agriculture. A semi-military system, for its disciplinary benefits, should form a small but very important part of the entire plan.

Because of the nature of such an organization, joining it should be wholly voluntary. However, there should be a minimum length of service of two years, with optional extension of service if desired to complete educational work.

The encampments would remove the very lads who are about to become criminals from the environment which sets them upon the path of crime.

It will give them what they now completely lack—a definite objective in life.

It will give them vocational and educational tools for a decent future, re-establish sadly neglected health, withdraw a large group from the present overcrowded potential labor market, and produce employment for many educators, reserve officers, clerks and administrators who themselves could be selected from the ranks of the now unemployed.

And finally—and here lies its chief significance—such an encampment project, with its accompanying opportunities and high morale, would restore, in bewildered and embittered lads, the pride they should possess in American ideals and institutions.

In a world assaulted by subversive propaganda we may wish tomorrow that we had rehabilitated today's youth.

For today's youth — tomorrow — will be America.

THE END

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A FOOL

SOMETIMES an act which seems trivial at the time turns out to be vastly important; and everything that happens after it seems to stem from it as a source. It was like that when Old Sam Pettigrew called his son a fool once too often. Because Young Jim took him up on it in a flare of anger and proceeded to make a fool of himself in as many ways as he could devise. From that one flaming quarrel events stemmed out as fast as bindweed in a cow pasture, and didn't stop even after Young Jim was a convicted rustler with a court sentence hanging over his head and was bitter and unforgiving against his father.

Old Sam had called Jim a fool plenty of times before in the course of his rearing. When a man is a cattle king, he is used to laying down the law and correcting his subordinates in no uncertain terms. When a man thinks differently from him, he is likely to believe that man a fool—and say so. In short, he is apt to be a pretty opinionated, hardheaded hellion. Old Sam Pettigrew had that reputation in Pleasant Valley. But he was a benevolent despot.

With his son, Old Sam's despotism rose from a strange mixture of pride and fear—a vivid memory of his own mistakes, a yearning to shield Jim from repeating them, and a pride which demanded perfection in his only son. But Jim couldn't be expected to know that. And, being a Pettigrew, Jim was just as proud, just as hotheaded, just as stubborn as his old man.

The quarrel came about when Young Jim rode in off the range from the Pleasant Valley roundup and told his dad he thought their foreman, Rod Munro, was rustling from them.

"Dad," said Young Jim, reining in at the edge of the ranch-house gallery, "our calf crop is mighty slim this year. I think a bunch of those calves have been going over the hill."

Old Sam looked out from the depths of his rawhide easy chair and grunted. "Sure they're goin' over the hill. Long's there's cattle, there'll always be rustling. Squatters beefin' calves to feed their families."

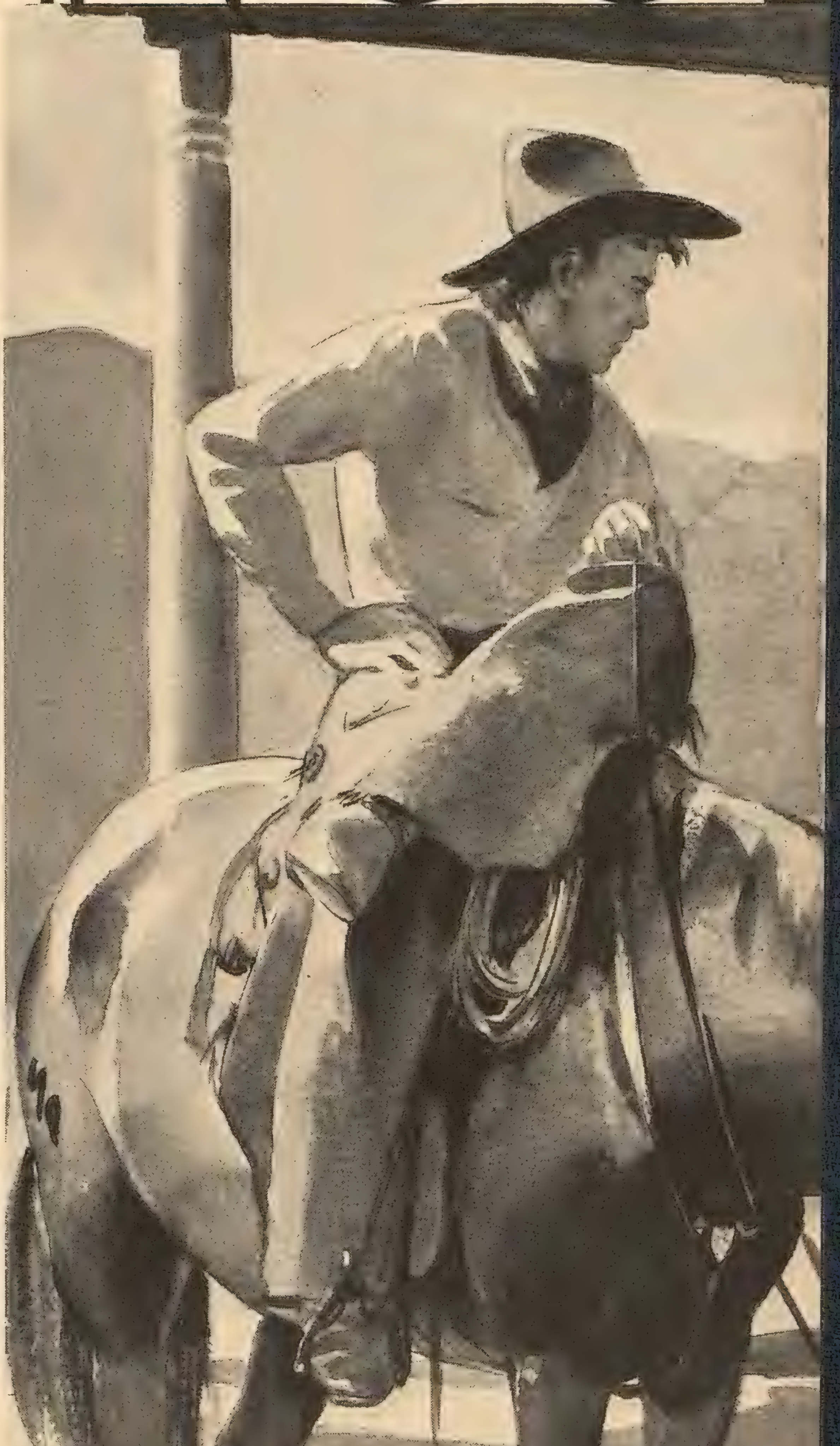
Young Jim met has father's gaze. "It's more than that this year, dad. Who managed the roundup over in the peak of the valley?"

Old Sam shifted his weight around in his chair. "Peak o' th' valley? Hah!" He laughed shortly, and Young Jim stiffened. "That proves how crazy your idea is. Peak o' the valley was managed by Rod Munro himself! You don't think Rod is twirlin' a long loop, do you?"

"I do," Young Jim said quietly. "I think that very thing. I've been thinking it for a long time. I believe he's been nibbling at our herds for years."

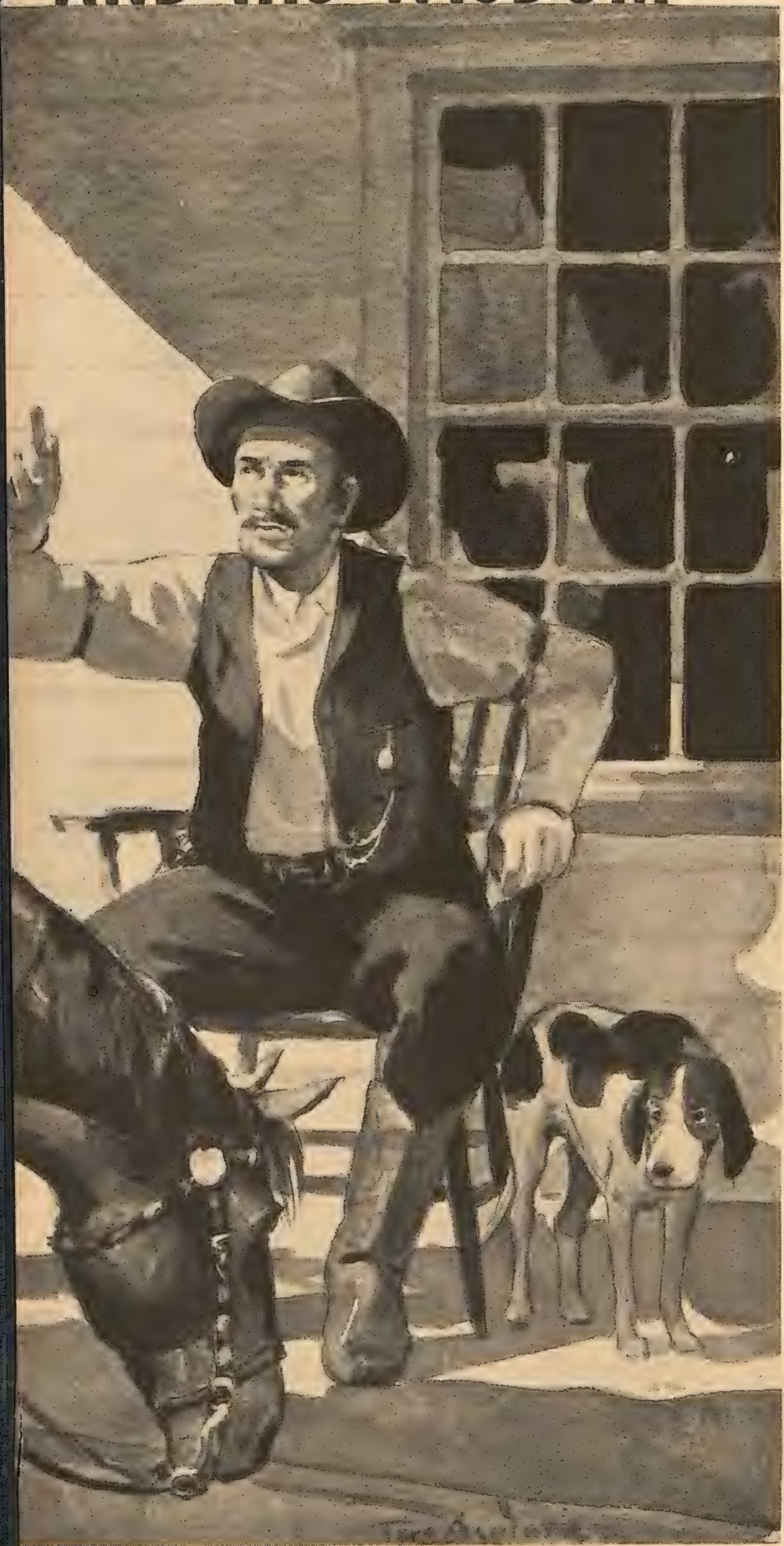
"Then you're a fool!" Old Sam rose and waggled a finger under his son's nose. "A fanciful young fool! Rod Munro is straight as a string!"

IT is said that ordinary drops of water falling on a man's head can finally become unbearable torture. In the same way Young Jim had become sensitized to that



Old Sam rose and waggled a finger under his son's nose. "Rod Munro is straight as a string!"

AND HIS WISDOM



Thrills!—An exciting story of deviltry on the range and pride in a young man's heart

BY BRUCE DOUGLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY TORE ASPLUND

word *fool.* Besides, he was a man now, and he had used a man's ingenuity to put two and two together and come out with what he believed was four. To have his father ridicule his conclusions without even hearing the evidence was just too much to stand.

"Fool, am I?" he shouted, and his voice was like an echo of the deep range bellow of Old Sam himself when he was on the prod. "Fool, am I? You don't know what it is to have a son who's a fool; but I'll show you! And some day, when Rod Munro grabs his chance to get over the hill with a big slice of your herd, we'll see who's the fool in Pleasant Valley!"

Wheeling his horse, he sent him pounding out of the ranch yard and along the road toward town.

OLD SAM managed to get through the rest of that day without worrying—much. When Rod Munro rode in, shortly after Young Jim had galloped off, and asked what all the shouting was about, he told him, and the two had a big laugh over it. And Old Sam managed to put almost his usual heartiness into his laugh.

"The crazy young fool," he chuckled. "He's found some sort of evidence, an' thinks it points to you. I didn't even ask him what it was."

Even when night came and Young Jim was still absent, he laughed it off. He told Ma Pettigrew that Jim had gone away over a difference of opinion.

"He's probably in Bogart, workin' off his steam," he said. "He'll get liquored up, sleep it off in the back room of the Longhorn Saloon, an' be ridin' back in the morning. I was a little short with him. I guess I hadn't realized the boy has grown up."

"He voted in the last election," Ma Pettigrew said quietly. "What was the quarrel about?"

"Oh, nothin' much," Old Sam replied uneasily, and lumbered off to bed.

In the morning he worked up a good excuse and went in to Bogart in the buckboard. Young Jim was in the Longhorn Saloon all right, but he wasn't sleeping it off. He seemed to be in the big middle of a jag. As his father's big form loomed up in the doorway, Young Jim waved a bottle.

"Hi-yuh, old-timer!" he greeted. "How'sh it feel to have a son who'sh a fool?"

Since Jim had beat him to his favorite word, all Old Sam could do was splutter and wave his clenched fists over his head. He stamped back to the buckboard.

The next three days were pretty tough. Ma Pettigrew didn't say anything, but she looked at him, and he found himself avoiding her eyes. On Sunday morning they went to church. It was the first Sunday he could remember when he was glad to go to church—because the church was in Bogart. He wasn't much bitten with religion, but Ma Pettigrew, Old Sam used to explain, took him to church every Sunday to make up for his cussedness on weekdays.

Old Sam led Ma Pettigrew a block out of the direct route so as to pass the Longhorn Saloon; and she didn't let on to notice. Young Jim was in the saloon. He wasn't drunk, though. He was sitting at a card table close to the front, playing blackjack with a pasty-faced gambler. He waved at his mother through the open window.

"Hello, ma!" He lifted a wad of bills for her to see. "Tell your husband his fool of a son was slick enough to win a thousand dollars!"

Old Sam seized his wife's arm and hurried her along. "The young fool!" he fumed. "He ought to know that's nothing but a come-on. That tinhorn cardsharp will strip the shirt off of him before he's through!"

Young Jim had inherited a bit of money from an uncle, and was intending to use it as a homestead stake some day; so the situation was serious. But Old Sam couldn't do anything about it. He sat through the church service in a daze of frustration and anger.

The gambling and hell-raising went on. Days stretched into weeks; and Old Sam gave extra leave to his cowboys, a few each day, so that they could come back with reports about Young Jim. He had won a thousand dollars. He had lost fifteen hundred. He was out of town. He was back. He had won again. He had lost. . . . And day by day Old Sam sat on the ranch-house gallery in his rawhide easy chair and received the reports and grumbled. He tried totting up the scores, to see where Jim stood; but they got mixed up somehow. According to his figures, Jim had lost more money than he had ever owned in his life—which didn't stand to reason.

Rod Munro tried to comfort him in the matter. "You've missed count of some of his winnin's, that's all," he said. "Don't worry, Sam. He'll work it out of his system an' come back some day soon."

"Who in time said I was worryin'?" Old Sam snarled, and stamped off into the house.

IT wasn't long, though, before Old Sam really had something to worry about. Rod Munro broached the subject one evening as Old Sam sat on the gallery watching the light fade on Saddleback Mountain.

"Sam," he said, squatting down on his heels close to the old man, "I hate to bring this up, but it's something you've got to face sooner or later."

Old Sam jerked up straight and the muscles along his jaw twitched as he deadened his face into a mask. "Is it about the boy? Has he finally lost his stake?"

Rod Munro shifted his weight and steadied himself with a hand on the floor. "Worse than that, I'm afraid, Sam. He's lost more than his stake. Your own figures tell you that. I tried to fool you about those figures, until I was sure. But now there's no gettin' around it." The foreman's voice was grave. "You hadn't ought to be too hard on the boy, Sam. Mebbe he thinks he's got some sort of rights in the S-P-Bar. After all, he's your son."

Old Sam struggled to his feet. His face was drained of color, and his eyes were hard. The foreman rose also.

"Tell me." Old Sam's voice was harsh. "Tell me what you've got to tell me."

Rod Munro shrugged. "All right. Jim's been driftin' out of town a day or two at a stretch. While he's out alone on the range, bunches of steers have been disappearin'. An' when he comes back, he's got money. Today I found some evidence that pointed straight to him; but I mussed it up so's it couldn't be read."

Old Sam was silent for a moment; and when he spoke his voice was dead and toneless.

"Next time you find evidence, I want to see it."

Rod Munro said: "Sam, you wouldn't—" then turned and marched off the gallery and to the bunkhouse.

Next afternoon he rode in from the range, saddled an extra horse, and beckoned silently to Old Sam. They followed the river up to the peak of the valley, up on to the wedge-shaped mesa which stood some twenty feet higher than the floor of the main valley. At the topmost peak of the mesa, where the foothills crowded in close to the stream, Rod Munro reined in and motioned for Old Sam to dismount. He pointed out the ashes of a skinning fire. Near by lay a fresh S-P-Bar hide which had evidently been buried and dug up. There were wagon ruts in the moist gravel, leading up close to the dead fire. And underneath a handful of half-burned twigs, apparently shoved in there in the dark by the step of a careless boot, was a skinning knife belonging to Young Jim.

Rod Munro said shortly: "Steak dinners in Bogart are down to fifteen cents at the White Palace Café."

Old Sam looked at the ashes, at the wagon track, the fresh hide, and the skinning knife. Then he ordered the foreman to go for the sheriff.

"We've got to have law in Pleasant Valley," he said, and his voice broke on the last words.

OLD SAM saw his son once after he was arrested and put into jail. Moved by a strict sense of justice, he went to see him.

Young Jim got up and came over to the bars when his father entered the cell corridor. He stood straight and tall, with his head held high. "Dad," he challenged as the old man came to a halt in front of the cell, "did you tell Rod Munro I told you he was rustling?"

The question hit Old Sam squarely between the eyes. He hadn't thought of it that way; but now he could see that, from Jim's point of view . . . His silence was sufficient answer. Jim flared. "Why, you dirty traitor to your own flesh and blood! And now Munro has framed me to cover himself, an' you back him up in it!"

The latter statement roused Old Sam's ire.

"Rod Munro," he stormed, "is straight as a string! You go hellin' around town, lose all your money, and steal from me; and then try to throw the blame on Munro! Why, Munro even begged me not to prosecute!"

"But you're going to, of course?" Young Jim's question was filled with bitterness.

The county prosecutor, Eldon Barnes, stepped into the corridor. It was a tribute to Old Sam's kingship in Pleasant Valley that he came.

"Mr. Pettigrew," he said, "are you sure you want me to go on with this case?"

Old Sam's face was flushed and his eyes were blazing. "Yes! We've got to have law in Pleasant Valley so's it'll be safe for our women and children to live here!"

He wheeled and stalked out, the prosecutor following him. From his cell Young Jim yelled angrily: "What we need in Pleasant Valley is a heart, you stonyhearted old hellion!"

NO one in Pleasant Valley except Judge Ennis himself ever knew that Old Sam came and pleaded with him to give the boy a suspended sentence. Throughout the trial Old Sam sat like an Old Testament patriarch relentlessly demanding an eye for an eye; and when it was over he marched out without a word and drove back to the S-P-Bar.

From the first, Young Jim didn't stand a chance. He swore that he had lost his skinning knife a month before the rustling; but nobody believed him. He told his lawyer privately that in his absence from Bogart he had been going to see a girl in the next county; but he wouldn't let the lawyer make the statement in court or summon the girl as a witness. She was well out of the mess, he said; and since she lived on a ranch far out in the foothills, she wouldn't hear about it till it was settled.

So the jury found him guilty, and Judge Ennis sentenced him to ten years, then suspended the sentence subject to good behavior. Jim must report to him, the judge said, once a month, either in person or by letter.

Young Jim was standing in front of the judge's platform. When the judge was through, he wheeled and marched through the crowd to the door. There he turned. His face was dark with rage.

"It'll be by letter!" he flung out. "I'm getting out of this rotten valley!"

OLD SAM spent that summer sitting gloomily on the ranch-house gallery and let Rod Munro run the spread. But when Young Jim came back into Pleasant Valley in October, bringing a wife with him, and settled down to homestead the triangular mesa at the peak of the valley, he laughed for the first time in months. It was a harsh laugh, and it startled Ma Pettigrew, who was telling him the news.

"Why—" she exclaimed, looking questioningly at her husband. "Why, Sam! What's the matter?"

Finally Sam calmed down enough to answer the question.

"It's funny!" he rumbled. "It's plumb funny! I told him he was a fool, an' now he's goin' to prove it, right before everybody in Pleasant Valley!"

Ma Pettigrew demanded an explanation, and he went on: "That boy thinks he knows this valley. Yet he's picked the one piece of land he can't make good on—that high triangle. Listen. This is good. The stream comes in between the foothills, flows through that high wedge, then drops down twenty feet through the gulch to the level of the valley. That wedge looks like just as good homesteading land as any other, now that the fall rains have come. But the thing the boy don't know is this: The springs that feed that stream an' keep it flowin' all through the dry summer are at the base of that drop—twenty feet lower'n the level of his wedge. All that feeds that stream up above is rain; an' by the Fourth o' July it's dry as a cowboy's throat!"

He chuckled again, ignoring the reproving look on his wife's face. "I said he was a fool," he exulted, "an' now I'll prove it. No, he'll prove it himself, with me doin' nothin' but sit back an' watch."

"Sam," Ma Pettigrew said, "it ain't right—not with him new married an' all. You ought to tell him."

Old Sam Pettigrew's face grew bleak. He spoke slowly, biting off his words: "The biggest satisfaction of my life will be to face that boy next summer, when he's burnt out an' broke an' has proved himself a fool. Don't you dare pass on a word of what I've just told you!"

IF Old Sam had only known it, Young Jim was just as bitter and unforgiving as he was; and he came back into Pleasant Valley in order to show his father up.

"He's sitting around the house letting Rod Munro run the spread," he told his young wife. "So it's only a matter of time before Munro fixes up a big steal and pushes off with a big slice of the herd. Right through the gap at the peak of the valley is where the steers have been disappearing; and that's where Munro will make his big push. I'm goin' to homestead that valley peak; an' when it happens, I'm goin' to be on hand with the biggest laugh ever heard in Pleasant Valley."

Ellen Pettigrew didn't like it much—her husband hating his dad so bitterly—but she was loyal, and she could understand how he got to feeling that way. She pitched in and

WHEN YOU BUY YOUR NEW CAR DON'T FORGET THIS GUARANTEE

YOU MAY BE ABLE to pay cash for your new car. But, after you learn our financing charge and the insurance coverage, you may prefer to keep your cash in reserve and pay for your new car out of your income on the Commercial Credit guaranteed monthly payment plan. The total cost is probably much less than you imagine. Why not find out?

Rate Guaranteed—No Hidden Charges

If we handle your time payment transaction on your new car through your local dealer, *we guarantee that the financing rate you will pay does not exceed $6.00 per year per $100* (50 cents per month) on your original unpaid balance plus charge for the insurance you receive, payable in 12 to 18 or more equal monthly instalments. Some states require a small charge for filing, recording or tax, which is added. This rate is available on any make of new car through acceptable dealers anywhere in the United States. No hidden charges for "investigation" or otherwise.

Insurance That Protects You

You will receive from one of the largest insurance companies an insurance policy or certificate. This will protect you against loss by fire—actual value; theft—broad form; collision—deductible type; and other accidental physical damage to your new car. *We guarantee that you will get exactly the coverage you pay for and will not pay any more for such insurance* than the published rates charged by this insurance company for the territory in which you live.

Finance Through Your Dealer

Our many years of experience with millions of time payment transactions prove that your local dealer can best handle all details of financing your new car. He can arrange everything, at one place, one time. *You can depend upon the dealer for your financing when he gives you Commercial Credit service.*

There are 192 offices in the United States offering Commercial Credit service. These offices and their employes are as much a part of your community as your druggist or grocer. They are courteous and helpful.

You will find it to your advantage to request Commercial Credit guaranteed financing service when you buy your new car.

A E Duncan
Chairman of the Board

NEW CAR FINANCING
Not more than
$6.00
A YEAR PER HUNDRED DOLLARS BASED ON ORIGINAL UNPAID BALANCE PLUS INSURANCE

OUR GUARANTEE
When your new car is financed anywhere in the United States through any office offering Commercial Credit service, you will pay no more than you should and get everything that you pay for.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY
BALTIMORE

One of a series of open letters to the American Public appearing in 617 Newspapers and in National Magazines

helped him as much as she could the first few months, though she was a slight thing and couldn't do much heavy work; and by early spring Jim had his cabin up and a passel of steers on the range and was starting to plow himself a garden patch.

Ma Pettigrew tried to make up to Ellen when they were at church together in Bogart. But Ellen was loyal, and stayed clear of her. She came to church regularly for all of four months, alone, and then she stopped coming. Old Sam wondered why she quit, and said so. Ma Pettigrew just looked at him.

“Don't you know?” she said.

But when Sam allowed he didn't, she wouldn't explain.

BRUCE DOUGLAS

after ten years of college teaching, resigned in 1932 to give all his time to writing. Born in Indiana, he went to college in Florida, is a legal resident of Texas, and lives in Mexico. He served in the World War, has been a reporter, and once owned a gold-silver mine.

Rains were plentiful in the hills that winter, and in June the stream was still running in the peak of the valley. But late June and all of July were rainless and hot as hell's kitchen; and the stream went dry and Young Jim's garden patch dried up and even the range grass got so dry and brittle that it cut the cattle's mouths. They were nigh dying of thirst, and lank as razorback hogs. So by the end of the first week in August, Young Jim sold the steers off for a song, allowed he was licked, and passed the word that he was pulling out with his wagon that Friday.

Old Sam had gone to the state Capitol, taking Ma along for the trip, to see the governor about some new cattle laws that were coming up in the fall. But he had left word with his lawyer in Bogart to wire him in case Young Jim tossed in the sponge while he was away.

“I'm goin' to be on hand when that happens,” he stated grimly. “I'm goin' to face him with the year he's thrown away an' call him a fool an' make him admit it!”

The telegram arrived in the morning, stating that Young Jim was pulling out with his wagon at noon. Old Sam hustled Ma on to a train for Tweed, which was closer to the peak of the valley than Bogart. And at Tweed he hired a buggy for her and a saddle horse for himself. But the train didn't leave the Capitol until noon, and it was four o'clock when he got started out of Tweed, with four hours of hard driving ahead of them.

Ma Pettigrew said it was hopeless—that Young Jim and his wife would be long gone; and there was hope in her voice as she said it, for the strife between father and son was tearing the heart out of her. But Old Sam allowed that nobody ever got packed up and left a ranch within half a day of when he expected to.

Darkness fell before they got out of the foothills, and when Old Sam led the way into Pleasant Valley, riding into the peak along the dry stream bed through the gap, he spied a light in Jim's cabin.

But when they got close, they saw there was no saddle horse in the corral, and no wagon. And moans were coming from the house, moans that rose to a scream.

Ma Pettigrew got down from the buggy and hurried to the house, Old Sam following. She moved quickly over to the built-in bunk and took Ellen's hands.

“You poor child! Alone at a time like this! Where is Jim?”

The tension had slackened for a moment, and Ellen lay limp on the bed, looking up at Ma Pettigrew, a great thankfulness in her eyes.

“We started to leave,” she said, her voice a whisper. “But my—my time came—and he had to bring me back in his saddle. He's gone now—for a doctor. He just left.”

The pains came again, and she gritted her teeth and moaned. Ma Pettigrew clung tightly to her hands, and it seemed to ease her. The spasm had hardly passed when another came on. Ma turned to Old Sam.

“It's due any minute now. Likely coming back on horseback hurried things up. There's water in that kettle on the stove, but it won't be enough. Get a bucket and go find some more water.”

Old Sam dropped his hat. “The—the poor kid,” he stammered. “Why, she's nothin' but skin an' bones.”

“She'd be better able to stand this if she hadn't been half starved for six months,” Ma Pettigrew snapped. “Go fetch that water!”

She pointed to a bucket in a corner. Old Sam grabbed it and hurried out. As he emerged into the darkness, Ellen's moaning rose once more to a scream, and he heard his wife's urgent command: “Hurry, Sam!”

He felt his way around to the rain barrel at the side of the cabin. The bucket clanked hollowly on the dry bottom. He knew that there was no spring in the upper mesa. Finally he went back to the dry stream bed, got down on his knees, and started burrowing in the dry gravel.

When the hole was several feet deep, he waited. In five minutes there was dampness at the bottom; in ten, water had begun to seep in. But it seemed an eternity before there was enough to scoop up in the bucket. Old Sam cocked an ear in the direction of the house, but could hear nothing at that distance.

When he got back into the cabin, Ma Pettigrew handed over to him a little yowling bundle. She seized the bucket, and went about doing the necessary things. Ellen was lying with her eyes closed, her breast rising and falling at long, slow intervals.

Old Sam looked down at the bundle in his arms. He gave an experimental jounce, and the baby stopped crying, and a little red wrinkled hand reached up toward his face. Involuntarily, Old Sam chuckled.

“The little dickens!” he muttered. “I swear he looks just like his grandpa.”

Ma Pettigrew snorted. “He looks like a dried-up little red ape, like any newborn baby, if that's what you mean!”

Suddenly Old Sam lifted his head and said: “Listen.”

From outside in the darkness, apparently from some distance, came the rolling of gunfire. Old Sam identified it as the deep boom of forty-fives.

Ellen opened her eyes and there was fear in them. She looked toward Old Sam. “Go,” she pleaded. “Jim went that way. He's in some sort of trouble.”

With a grunt, Old Sam passed the baby over to his wife. As he headed for the door, he felt for his gun, but it wasn't there. Then he remembered that he had been in the Capitol, where a man can't tote a firearm. He found his horse and mounted, listened again for the direction of the shots, and spurred away.

THE firing had stopped before Old Sam reached the spot. It was followed by the deep rumble of stampeding hoofs on packed ground, then silence. He was riding into the gulch through which the stream went down into the lower valley when he heard his son's voice.

“Sing out! Who is it?”

There was sharp command in the tone, and Old Sam promptly sang. He pulled in to a halt, swung down, and let his horse run on to join another saddled animal a little distance down the slope.

“So it's you, is it?” Young Jim rose up from behind a boulder, a dim shape in the faint light of the stars. “Well, if that horse of yours is any good, get up on him and ride like hell for a doctor! Bring him back to my cabin. My old cayuse is half dead from starvation an' can't run fast.”

Old Sam was breathing hard. “Don't need a doctor,” he panted. “Ma's with her. She's all right. Doing fine. Baby's born. It's a boy. What happened here?”

Silence held for a minute as Young Jim digested the hurried information. A full moon poked up from behind the far slope of the gulch, pouring down a flood of silver light.

“Boy, eh?” Young Jim grunted. Then he faced his father squarely. “Dad, did you give orders for any sort of night drive of S-P-Bar cattle through here?”

Air whooshed loudly out of Old Sam's lungs and in again. “No. Why?”

Young Jim nodded. “Thought so. Damn near half your herd was pushin' up this gulch when I reached it. I stampeded 'em back. Man that was drivin' 'em didn't like it. He thought I'd pulled out today an' the mesa was vacant. Look.”

He pointed down the slope. The spot had been dark before, but now the moonlight made it visible. Lying in the middle of the trail, face up, arms outflung, was the dead body of Rod Munro.

THERE'S a philosopher in Leipzig named Driesch who doesn't believe we humans have much free will. He believes we do things because outer forces impel us to do them. He thinks about the only kind of free will we have is to decide not to do something we are impelled to do. It was that kind of free will that Young Jim and Old Sam exercised at this point. Young Jim had waited months for this chance to call his father a fool for having trusted Rod Munro, and at the same time show that Munro must have framed him with the butchered steer; but he held back. And Old Sam had hurried back into Pleasant Valley for the express purpose of making his son admit he was a fool to homestead that high valley tip. But he didn't.

Instead he said, staring down at the body of the man he had trusted: "Son, you knew I knew you were playin' a losing game up here. You knew I knew the head of the stream runs dry every summer. You knew I sat back and watched you fail when a word from me would've saved you a year. Yet you stopped Munro and saved my herd. Why?"

Young Jim straightened up, and his back stiffened, and for the first time Old Sam saw in him the spit and image of himself as a young man.

"Hell," Jim said, and his voice was husky, "a man can't let these crooks get the upper hand. We've got to have law in Pleasant Valley so's it'll be safe for our women an' children to live here."

Old Sam was silent, remembering his own words of more than a year ago. And Jim's angry reply. He moved down the trail to his horse and mounted, motioning for Jim to do the same.

"Come on," he said. "A man with brains enough to see through Rod Munro like you did is too good material to lose from Pleasant Valley. Sooner you get your family moved in an' start out as foreman, the sooner we c'n begin makin' things nice for my grandson!"

He pulled out his big bandanna and blew his nose loudly. Young Jim mounted, spurred up to the old man and passed him.

"Come on, dad!" he urged. "Hurry up! We've got to get back an' break the news to Ellen and Young Sam!"

THE END

✰ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✰

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ **THE COMPLETE MENU BOOK** by Gladys T. Lang. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Three meals a day, with all the recipes, and many buffet, tea, and cocktail suggestions.

Universal Credit for the Universal Car!

See your Ford Dealer First!

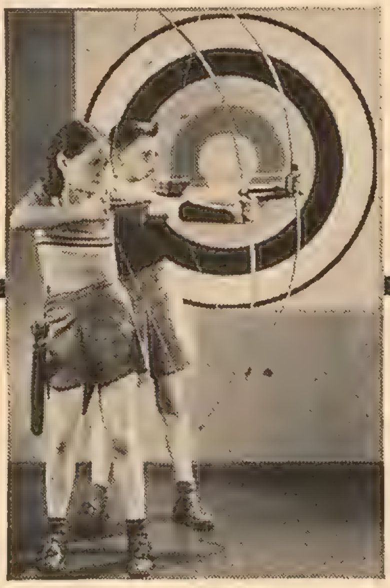
Like the Ford—*the universal car*—"Universal" credit is available at Ford Dealers everywhere. It's the combination that has made over 4,000,000 customers of Ford Dealers satisfied and happy.

Advantages of "Universal" credit include: low cost, confidential, simple, reliable, personalized plans and — nationwide service.

For *more information,* send a postcard to Dept. 301 and two attractive booklets will be mailed to you without charge.

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



GIVE THEM 2 months OF HEALTH AND FUN

. . . at this conveniently located, completely equipped Summer Camp for boys and girls, four to eleven years old. Conducted on famous Bernarr Macfadden health principles. Complete program of outdoor, indoor activities under direction of selected counselors, nurses, other staff members. Physical examinations, corrective exercises. Daily swim in our brook pool, instruction for all. Abundant, wholesome food. Picnics, campfires, movies. Summer school tutoring, dancing, piano lessons if desired. Thirty-six wooded acres, overlooking Hudson River. Moderate rates.

SUMMER CAMP SESSION—Starts July 1st. Apply at once. Ask at one of offices below for CAMP DAY leaflet giving daily activities, terms, etc. (Or inquire at Macfadden Exhibit, in big wing, Communications Bldg., World's Fair.)

– Activity of The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc. –

Bernarr Macfadden SCHOOL

WESTCHESTER OFFICE: Ossining 3191
NEW YORK OFFICE: LExington 2-9050
Room 1603, 122 E. 42d St., New York City

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, Westchester County

Bernarr Macfadden School for Children, L 5-27
Room 1603, 122 East 42nd Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Please send me the leaflet, CAMP DAY, giving daily activities. I may be interested in entering my child, aged........for summer camp.

Name...

Address...

City..State..................

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

WEDDING rings are the specialty of Charles B. Harris, sentimental New York jeweler. Lovers come to his little shop for rings of their own design: . . . Two hands clasped over two hidden hearts revealed by a secret spring . . . twined initials delicately wrought among orange blossoms . . . or a chain ring of flexible links, symbolizing the happy bondage of matrimony.

Mr. Harris gets some private orders that are *not* so rosy and nice. One jealous bridegroom wanted his bride to wear a ring with a razor-sharp blade concealed in it, so she could carve off (if she cared to!) the nose of any other man who approached her. Mr. Harris made the sword-ring as requested, but he didn't care for the job. . . . Another intense young husband brought his wife to Mr. Harris' shop. "Prick both our fingers," he said. "Mix the blood and put it in our wedding ring under an onyx stone. Black onyx. Make the ring of old gold, and surround the onyx with emeralds. Green for love everlasting; black for fate; blood for passion." . . . Mr. Harris shuddered and went to work.

Most popular wedding ring in style this year, Mr. Harris tells me, is the narrow gold band, three eighths of an inch wide, with the first names of the bride and groom engraved against a darkened background.

☆ "A man has got hold of her over there, and she's going to *marry* him!"

The mother of an American girl studying art in Paris heard this alarm from a rattle-brained friend of her daughter who had just sailed home. Mother hopped the next boat to break up the game, so she thought, of some adventuring European. In Paris she found her daughter engaged to a boy who used to live next door, back in their native Michigan town. He's studying architecture. So everything is all right. Mother needn't have worried. Anywhere in the world, the new type of American fledglings flock together.

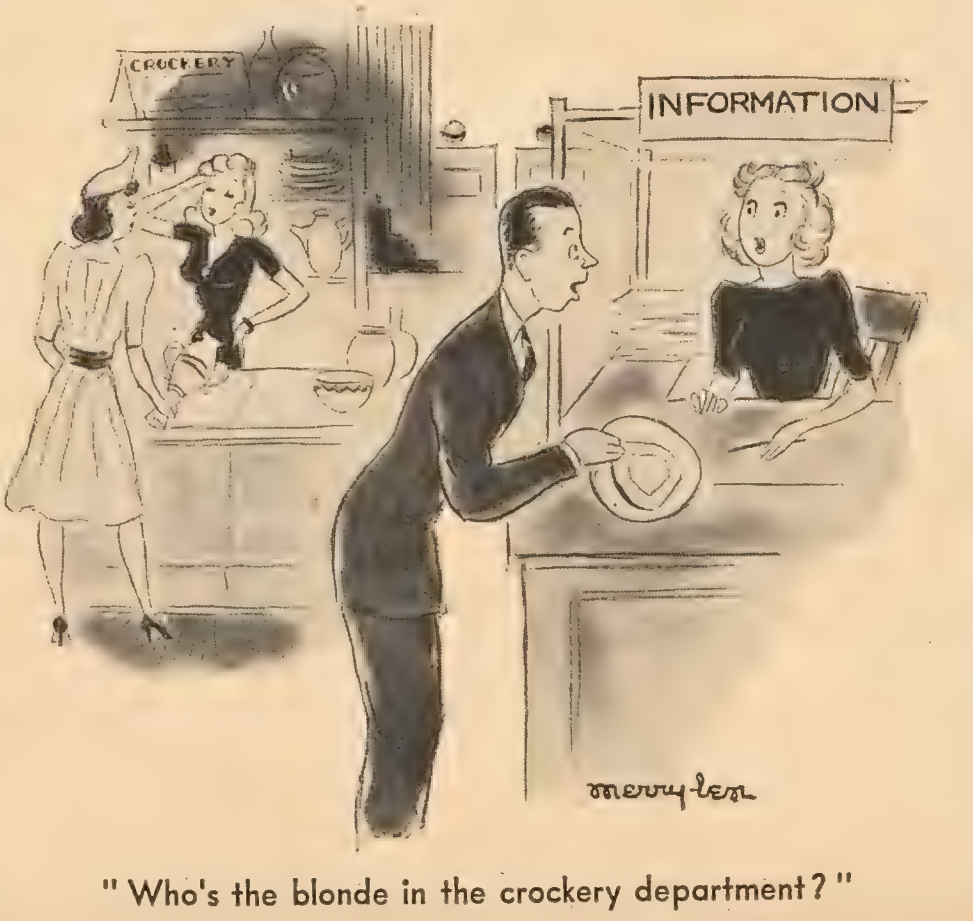
☆ Bridesmaids at smart London weddings now wear dresses made of the same material as that worn by the bride. A Mayfair girl set the fashion recently by marching to the altar in a pale-blue-and-silver brocade gown of medieval cut, with her bridesmaids following in full-skirted dresses of identical brocade. The bridesmaids had on blue tulle veils over silver wreaths, echoing the silver wreath and white veil of the bride. . . . Another nuptial novelty is the stiff little fan made of white flowers, with long streamers of silver ribbon. Some brides now prefer this to the conventional bouquet. The bridesmaids carry similar fans, but of colored flowers.

☆ Psychologists claim that our modern cult of worldliness and frankness has rendered most of us incapable of blushing. At the same time, certain famous folk who still can blush have endeared themselves mightily to the public. I believe I was first to write about Clark Gable's blushing ability, which I discovered while asking him to tell me about himself. Now I learn that his recent bride, Carole Lombard, is also a blusher—when asked if she'd like to settle down and have children.

☆ When it comes to feeding a throng of relatives and friends in the gala manner yet at moderate cost, the South is traditionally expert. For the *pièce de résistance* at your June-wedding breakfast, I recommend this Georgia Chicken Pie. It's easy to hand out cold from a crowded buffet, and goes perfectly with champagne or any wine punch. . . . Keep a 6-pound chicken at room temperature for several hours, then plunge in boiling water seasoned with celery, pepper, and 1 small piece lemon peel. Simmer till tender; salt to taste; let stand twenty-four hours in cooking water. Cut meat in half-inch cubes; add 8 hard-boiled eggs in slices, 2 small cans mushrooms, ½ cup chopped pistachio nuts. Arrange alternate layers of chicken, sliced eggs, mushrooms, and nuts in a deep well buttered baking dish. Boil chicken stock down until only ½ cup remains; add 1 teaspoon dissolved gelatin; pour into baking dish; cover with rich pie-crust decorated with pastry rosettes; brush over with egg yolk; bake golden brown. Cool in refrigerator at least 8 hours before serving.

☆ Guidebooks are often so misguiding that a brilliant exception deserves comment. The First Edition of the Official Guide Book to the New York World's Fair is a dandy. It really guides you in the clearest possible way. Costs a quarter.

☆ In the excited rush of the honeymoon getaway, don't forget the feelings of parents left behind—thinking yearningly of the daughter or son who is no longer entirely their own. Send messages home from your honeymoon. They will assuage a lot of heartache.



"Who's the blonde in the crockery department?"

HOLLYWOOD LOOKS AT LIFE

Gray honesty and rose-colored cheer make a striking study in contrasts

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Sandy Henville (he's a she) and astronomer Mischa Auer in East Side of Heaven.

★ ★ ★ BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Ford, Aline MacMahon, Stuart Erwin, Patricia Ellis, Bert Frohman, Kent Smith, Bruce Evans, George Lewis, Doug McMullen, Helen Christian, Iris Adrian, Hugh Cameron, Georgette Harvey, Jimmy Lydon, Anita Magee, William Harrigan, Jane Seymour, Robert Wildhack, Billy Redfield, Kenneth LeRoy, Raymond Roe, Al Webster, Joe Garry. Screen play by John Bright and Robert Tasker from a story by William K. Howard. Directed by William K. Howard. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 81 minutes.

HERE is an interesting—and frequently moving — film experiment. Since it presents life through the glasses of honesty, we doubt its popularity. Most folks shy at reality. But it has a curiously vital quality. Here you see, pictured unrelentingly, what life does to the pupils of a small Ohio town school. The boys and girls who are taught the three R's by prim Miss Williams become local bank presidents, burlesque dancers, second-rate lawyers, nonentities in various fields, even killers. In particular, the picture traces the career of the misunderstood urchin Frankie from the dirty shack the other side of the tracks to the petty theft of a mouth organ, to reform school, and on to death at the guns of pursuing police after a jail break.

All this is told minus the usual glamour tossed in by Hollywood. The dialogue is surprisingly authentic; there are few concessions to celluloid conventionalities. Jimmy Lydon is excellent as the unhappy schoolboy Frankie, who grows up into a fine performance by Wallace Ford. Patricia Ellis is good as the little girl in pigtails who becomes a strip dancer, and Aline MacMahon is effective as the teacher who watches the youth of her classes become successes and tragedies.

This is an oddity. It's grim, grimy, sweaty, and frequently repellent. In brief, it's a slice of life.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Wallace Ford scored in 1937-38 in the Broadway stage hit Of Mice and Men, he was hailed as a discovery. Actually, he had been in a lot of plays, had created the role of Abie in the original Abie's Irish Rose. His hit in the film, The Informer, made him a film name. Ford was a foundling, ran away at eleven—that was some twenty-five years ago—from the farmer in Ingelow, Manitoba, to whom he had been bound out by an orphanage, got a job as usher in a Winnipeg theater. Then he filled in one night for a sick actor. Been a thespian ever since. Has one hobby: saves a coin from every city he visits. Had a kid bank with $73 of 'em. Been married fourteen years. Says the formula for keeping a wife is simple: "Baby 'em!" Want to know Ford's real name? It's Samuel Jones. Honest! . . . Director Howard plays one of the roles himself. He's the prosecuting attorney in the courtroom sequence and darned good in his brief bit. Had to join the Screen Actors' Guild so that his work could stay in. The story of this film, by the way, is based on events of Howard's childhood.

★ ★ ★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey, C. Aubrey Smith, Jerome Cowan, Sandy Henville, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mary Carr, Robert Kent, Douglas Wood, Arthur Hoyt, Russell Hicks, Jackie Gerlich, Dorothy Christy, Edward Earle, Jane Jones, Jack Powell. Screen play by William Conselman from a story by David Butler and Herbert Polesie. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Universal. Running time, 87 minutes.

ANOTHER heavenly title and another director's yarn. Here is life through the rose-colored glasses of Hollywood. It is a pleasant enough fable of a singing messenger boy who hopes to wed the girl of his dreams—when he gets enough money. Suddenly he becomes custodian of a baby, the daughter of a rich young woman being persecuted by her wealthy stepfather.

For some reason or other Bing Crosby (he's a crooning taxi driver by this time) has to keep the baby hidden and happy while the city police force searches frantically for the kidnaper.

All this is a sure-fire formula. Charlie Chaplin discovered that back in 1920 with The Kid and Jackie Coogan, just an urchin who little knew what the future had in store for him. And East Side of Heaven is pleasantly done by Crosby, by Joan Blondell as his puzzled sweetie, most of all by a newcomer to the screen, an eleven-months-old picture stealer named Sandy Henville. This child gurgles a superbly poised goo-goo, steals every scene, tucks the picture away in its crib.

Everybody works ingratiatingly, including the dolorous Mischa Auer as a corner astronomer who sells telescope glimpses of the solar system at ten cents a look. But the film is Sandy Henville all the way.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bing Crosby is a Paramount star, but his contract allows him to take one outside feature a year. Reported that he put his own services and half the production cost into this, Universal supplying the rest of the cash. Bing splits on the profits—and there ought to be plenty. . . . Starlet Sandy Henville is eleven months old. Really a little girl, although she plays a boy here. Her dad is a Los Angeles milkman, Roy Henville. Pop left a batch of pictures of the baby, along with two quarts of milk, on the doorstep of Charles Previn, Universal musical director. Previn showed the pictures to Director Butler, who had tested fifty babies for the part. Presto—a Grade A contract! . . . This is Joan Blondell's first free-lance job after eight years at Warners' . . . You should have seen and heard Joan (Mrs. Dick Powell) and Irene Hervey (who is Mrs. Allan Jones) get together and talk over baby cereals with Mama Henville. Irene boasted about her two kiddies, Joan chatted about Norman Scott Powell, aged four. . . . Bing made his first film nine years ago. It was King of Jazz with Paul Whiteman, and Bing, as one of Whiteman's three Rhythm Boys, boo-boo-booed The Bluebirds and The Blackbirds. Director David Butler is the man who made it possible for Mischa Auer to marry. Back in 1930 he selected Mischa over Boris Karloff for a comedy role in Just Imagine. With the money, Auer bought some furniture and popped the question to the present Mrs. Auer. At that, the job lasted only fifteen days. But Auer was an optimist. Anyway, he says he's never regretted his courage.

★ ★ ★ THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford, Sara Haden, Virginia Grey, Minor Watson, John King, John T. Murray. Halliwell Hobbes, George Irving, Aileen Pringle, Marsha Hunt, Donald Briggs, William Orr, Truman Bradley. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper, and William Ludwig, based on characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 80 minutes.

THOSE hardy Hardys are back again in their sixth family adventure. This time the judge and his little household of the town of Carvel are confronted suddenly with a two-million-dollar legacy. Here you see what happens to the jurist's family under the stress of a golden avalanche. In brief, just how demoralizing money can be.

Little Andy gets a crush on a cutie in a Detroit night club, Aunt Milly forgets teaching and goes berserk in a city beauty parlor, even Mama Hardy goes as far as to buy a new iron frying pan.

This family adventure, howbeit

less homey than usual, is touched with humor and humanness. Maybe it will hurt to see Andy Hardy as a young man of the world carrying the torch for a calculating cabaret siren, but the lad must grow up sooner or later. Mickey Rooney is brash and amusing as Andy in top hat and tux. Lewis Stone is his kindly self; in fact all the Hardys live and breathe in the hands of their competent delineators.

A nice little fable pointing a healthy moral:

Money isn't everything.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Hardy series started back in March, 1937. It was a low-budget film, A Family Affair, but it caught on so well that another and another followed. Lionel Barrymore was the first Judge Hardy, but Lewis Stone succeeded him in the second, Barrymore at the moment being engaged in making a picture in merry old England. Cast changes have taken place, Mickey and Cecilia Parker being the only original Hardys left. Right now the seventh in the series, Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever, is in work at the Culver City studios, but for the first time George Seitz isn't directing. W. S. Van Dyke is making the picture. . . . Virginia Grey, who plays the night-club chorine, was one of Clark Gable's Les Blondes in Idiot's Delight. Her dad, Ray Grey, was a director. Virginia was born in Hollywood, started her career as Little Eva in a touring U. T. C. company at nine, was one of the glorified ones in the film, The Great Ziegfeld. One hundred girls tried out for this role in The Hardys Ride High—but Virginia landed it. And is she pretty! . . . Sara Haden, who is Aunt Milly, goes glamorous for the first time in her screen career. It gave Adrian and the M-G-M ace mak-up man, Jack Dawn, a worried look for a few days. Sara is the daughter of Charlotte Walker, one-time Belasco star on Broadway. . . . Halliwell Hobbes as the butler held up a scene with a squeaky shoe and Stone came forward with a cure. "Take a pin and drive it into the sole," instructed Stone. "That takes the squeak out of any shoe." And it does. Try it. . . . Prop man Charlie Ryan has the job of keeping the Hardy family props locked away for future pictures. These run from the statue of Lincoln in the judge's study to Mickey's football and baseball paraphernalia. Everything has to be kept. You never can tell when it will be called into action again. . . . John King, who plays the suave young chap who hopes to walk off with the fortune in this film, sang with Ben Bernie, the old maestro, and his lads back in '34. He hails from Cincinnati, looks a little too slick and worldly to be a hero.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters.

★★★—The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner.

$2,000 IN BONUSES

to the authors of the best short short stories published in Liberty from January 1 to December 31, 1939.

FOR THE BEST SHORT SHORT	FOR THE NEXT BEST	FOR FIVE MORE
$1,000	$500	$100 EACH

These bonuses are not offered in payment for stories, but IN ADDITION to the regular purchase prices. Authors will be chosen for this honor by the editors on the basis of the interest, originality, and the general literary excellence of their stories.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Short Short Editors, Liberty, 122 East 42d St., New York, N. Y.

Manuscripts cannot be returned unless a self-addressed and stamped envelope is attached, nor can we enter into any correspondence about them.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 10

1—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
2—Ampersand.
3—Little Orphan Annie.
4—A prologue; an overture.
5—Three cents; five cents.
6—Barney Ross.
7—No larger than a man's finger.
8—Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
9—Maxwell Anderson.
10—The Mexican War.
11—Manchester.
12—A Novocastrian.
13—Joseph Gurney Cannon, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives eight of the forty-six years.
14—Norway.
15—An Indian chief.
16—In South America.
17—Dr. George Gallup.
18—Denmark.
19—Codfish.
20—Andrew Jackson

DOCTOR'S FORMULA

GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE

PIMPLES

PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST!

Don't be humiliated by unsightly, blotchy surface pimples and blemishes because here's REAL help: powerfully soothing *liquid* Zemo (a Doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote QUICK healing. Here's why—Zemo contains 10 of the most highly effective medicinal ingredients long recognized by leading skin specialists for their great merit. Stainless, invisible. One trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, $1. Real severe cases may need $1.25 EXTRA strength. Any drugstore.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

MEET THE

Liberty Girl

Patricia Murray—the Liberty Girl—appears in person and on the screen in

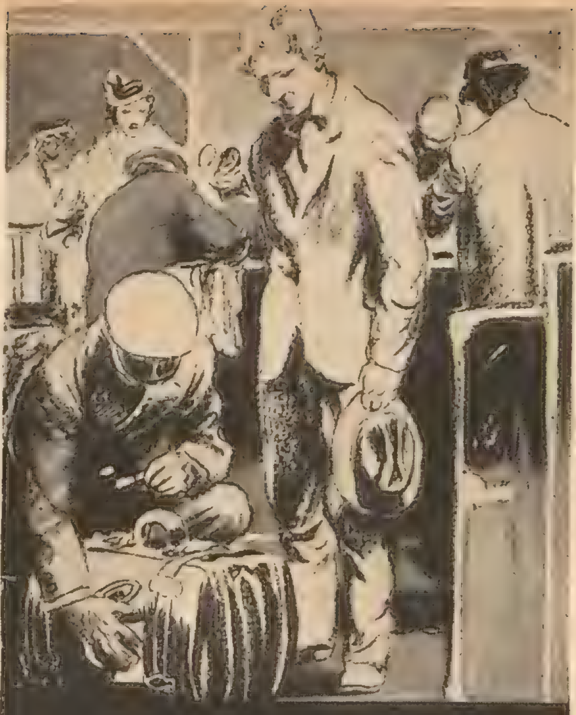
I'LL TELL THE WORLD

a real-life, comedy-drama that's got Laughs and Romance, with Jed Prouty, the Mauch Twins, Frank Albertson, Marilyn Knowlden, Betty Ross Clarke, Ethelreda Leopold—a cast of well-known Hollywood stars. Directed by Lynn Shores.

ADMISSION FREE
at the Air-Conditioned

MACFADDEN THEATRE

Communications Bldg. • New York World's Fair



SAFETY ZONE

Liberty's Short Short

BY DOROTHY VAN DOREN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

HE left the day after it happened. His papers had been in order for weeks and by some miracle they let him through. Perhaps it was because he was so small—five feet five, his passport said. Perhaps it was his light-brown hair and gray eyes. He had them from his dead mother. He expected to be stopped when the train got to the border, but he wasn't. When they started again after the last customs inspection, he drew a long shuddering sigh and wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and wrists. Every night on the voyage he woke up thinking he smelled smoke, or hearing the bell-like sound of breaking glass. He could see, even in the safety of his cabin, the long jagged spears—all that remained of windows. He seemed to know how they would feel raked across his flesh. In his berth he lay with clenched fists and closed eyes, remembering the glass, like icicles hanging over his head, over delicatessen windows from which the neat rows of wurst and pumpernickel were so greedily snatched, over haberdasher shops.

Although the glass was horrible to think about, it was not quite so bad as thinking about his father. That he positively must not do. He must remember his uncle in New York, to whose home he was going. That comfortable middle-class home so much like the comfortable middle-class home he had grown up in. But that was gone. He couldn't think about it, either. There were his uncle in New York, and his kindly aunt and the American cousins.

He had left in such a hurry that there was no time to write what boat he was coming on. But he recalled very well how to get to their house. It was only three years since he and his father had visited them, when he was seventeen. His father had been a university professor then.

He felt at home in New York, although it could never be really home. Except that home was nothing but a place of broken glass and burning temples. Temples which he and his father had not been in for years, but somehow the temples were part of him now. They were more real as smoking ruins than they had been as imposing edifices of brick and stone.

When the boat docked, he would take his big telescope suitcase, that contained everything he owned, and get into the subway. In a few minutes he would be safe inside his uncle's house. Safe from jagged glass and the acrid smell of smoke.

He had no trouble with the customs. But the crowds on the pier worried him. He felt that people were looking at him. He could not raise his eyes to the custom inspector's face, but tears stood in them as he watched the stamps being stuck on his suitcase. He was afraid to give the suitcase to a porter, although he told himself that this was New York and everything was all right. So he carried it himself all the length of the great pier and down a long flight of stairs, because he was frightened of the elevator.

The subway was crowded, too. He stood, with his suitcase beside him, while people pushed past him into the train, and it was the press of people behind him that carried him inside the doors. He dared not look up at the faces around him. He felt eyes on him everywhere.

He was halfway to the station nearest his uncle's house when something happened. More people got on the train, more people pushed him. He was thrust against a tall man and had to clutch the man's arm to keep from falling. The contact was terrifying. But somehow the man did not seem to notice. Then, as they reached a station, he was pushed again—that dreadful pushing — and he trod heavily on the man's foot. With a desperate gesture, not daring to look at the individual he had so grossly offended, he grabbed up his suitcase and made for the door. In a fog of terror he realized that the tall man was following him off.

He ran into the first doorway he saw as he got to the top of the subway stairs. It was a restaurant. The table nearest the door was empty, and he threw his hat up on the shelf and sat down, breathing hard. When the waitress came he ordered soft-boiled eggs, the first thing that occurred to him. And then a man sat down opposite him. It was the tall man from the subway!

Not even that last day at home had been so terrible as this. He was such a large man. He sat down calmly, ordered ham and eggs, and took out a thick book from the book bag he carried. When his food came, he went on reading while he ate, never once looking up at his vis-à-vis.

That was the most frightening thing about it. He didn't look. But he knew. He knew that opposite him was a boy who had had the effrontery to step on his foot! He would take his time about it, but eventually something would happen. Of that there could be no possible doubt. The boy pretended to eat his eggs, and he kept his eyes on his plate and trembled.

After a while the big man pushed his plate away, closed his book, and took up his check. Now—he would get up and lean over the table and take his revenge for an insult. With a gasp, the boy began to talk:

"I—you were in the subway—there were so many people. They pushed me. You will pardon—it was not intentional. That I should hurt your foot—" His voice trailed off. The big man was looking at him now. He shivered from head to foot. Suddenly his English deserted him. He clutched the table with both hands. "*Ich bin Jude,*" he said, his voice no more than a whisper.

The big man's eyes were very blue. There was no surprise in them, no pity; above all, no hate or anger.

"Yes," he said. "So was Jesus Christ."

Then he got up and reached for his hat. On the rack next to it was an obviously foreign hat. He came around and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I wouldn't worry about it," he said. "Not here." His hand tightened with a friendly pressure. His voice lowered. "Not yet," he said sadly. Then he went out.

The boy continued to sit at the table. The tears ran silently down his face and dropped into his plate. But he no longer trembled. He no longer heard glass breaking. Hungry, he began on his boiled eggs.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

(Oregon State Highway Dept. photo.)
Fishing under the falls of the Willamette River.

FOR A CAREFREE VACATION

...A Liberty Travel Prize!

As the 1939 Vacation Travel Contest enters its semi-final week every contestant should be considering the subject for the brief statement required in Rule 3. No entry will be considered complete without this statement. Perhaps you have already selected a subject. Perhaps your mind is not yet made up. In any case, it would be well to make a tentative selection when you have solved this week's jumbles. If you find a place in the final week that has greater appeal to you, there will still be time to change to it.

Because there are some contestants who still cling to the supposition that an elaborately decorated entry will rate more highly than a simple one, it is necessary to re-emphasize that fancywork will not count in this contest. Simplicity is best. If you have extra time to spend, use it in checking the accuracy of your solutions.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

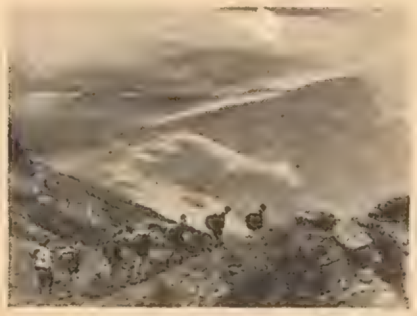
3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.



(New England Council photo.)
Appalachian trail hikers in N. H.

(Rock Island Lines photo.)
Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix, Ariz.

(Burlington Railroad photo.)
Snowcapped Rockies lure many.

WHO DOES OWN THIS TRAIN?

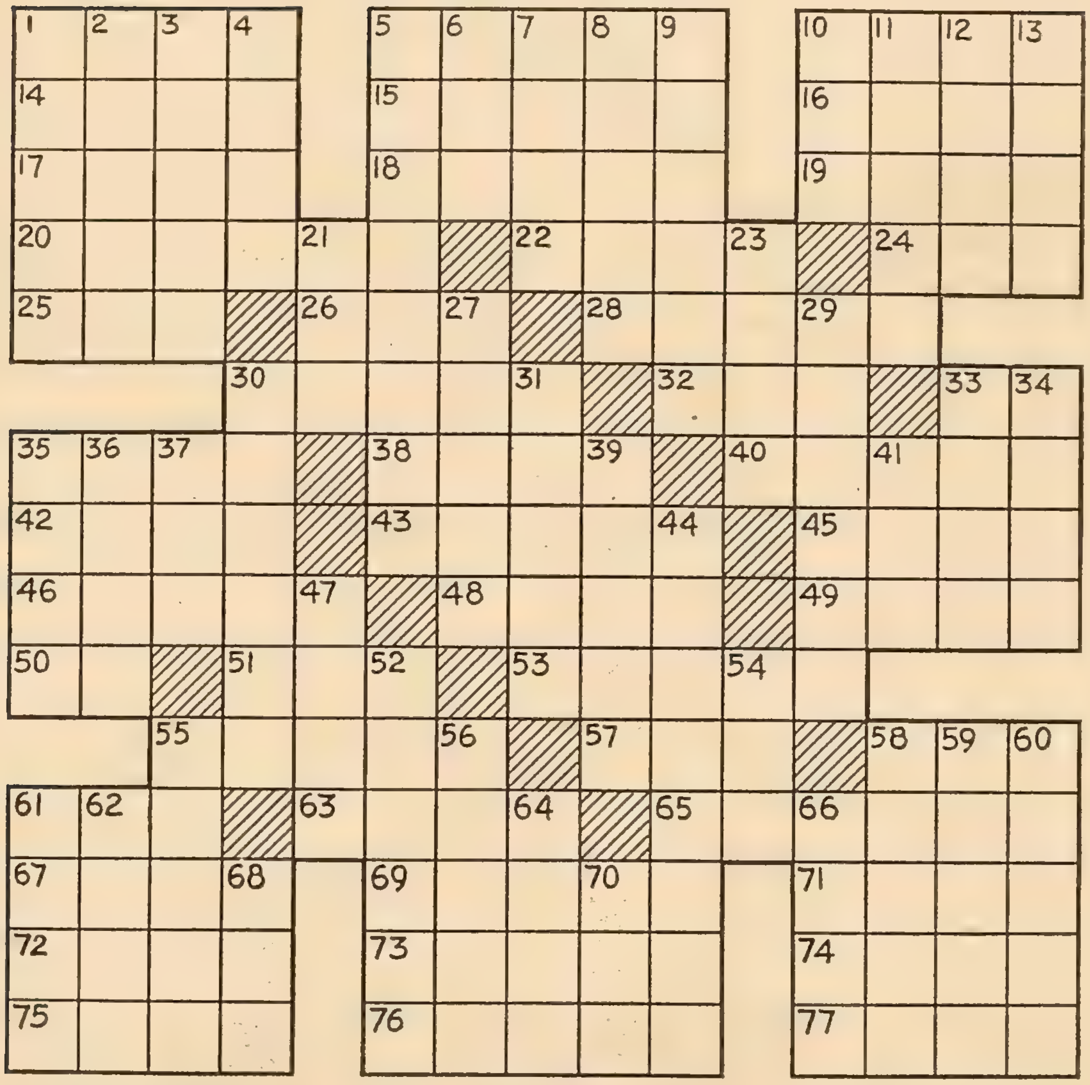
No sooner was our issue of April 15 on sale than a flood of letters began to inform us that "The City of San Francisco" streamliner does not belong to Northern Pacific. All informants agreed on that point, but there they parted. A large number stated firmly that this crack train is Southern Pacific's. Another group, equally vehement, gives the train to Chicago & North-Western. A third school of writers insists that Union Pacific be credited. Each group is correct in that "The City of San Francisco" travels over the rails of all three lines and is operated jointly by them. Our acknowledgments and thanks to every one who submitted information on this subject.

No. 9 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. SOAKKUM	
2. KELIVALEL	
3. LOVENSTAG	
4. LERENBUSH	
5. ABABYGARTEN	
6. DOCTERERFIN	
7. BARTERSCASHOK	
8. CHILDNOTILVEX	
9. WHOEATSELKFOOD	
10. INDIANDREDSRAPCLEW	

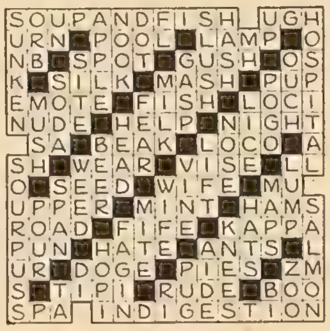
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Reach from one side to the other
5 Explosion
10 Kind of fish
14 Rabbit
15 Theatrical presentation
16 Beverage (pl.)
17 Sacred bull of ancient Egypt
18 Newspaper paragraphs
19 Pace
20 Ceased from exertion
22 Classify
24 Some
25 Before
26 In the past
28 Kind of tree
30 Step
32 Animal's lair
33 Printer's measure
35 Young deer
38 Tidy
40 Illustrious
42 On the sheltered side
43 Matter in an aeriform state (pl.)
45 Remove surface dirt from anything
46 Speak
48 Adjoining
49 Part of the head (pl.)
50 Word of negation
51 Steal
53 Speeds
55 Kind of flower



S	O	U	P	A	N	D	F	I	S	H		U	G	H
U	R	N	■	P	O	O	L	■	L	A	M	P	■	O
N	B	■	S	P	O	T	■	G	U	S	H	■	O	S
K	■	S	I	L	K	■	M	A	S	H	■	P	U	P
E	M	O	T	E	■	F	I	S	H	■	L	O	C	I
N	U	D	E	■	H	E	L	P	■	N	I	G	H	T
	S	A	■	B	E	A	K	■	L	O	C	O	■	A
S	H	■	W	E	A	R	■	V	I	S	E	■	L	L
O	■	S	E	E	D	■	W	I	F	E	■	M	U	
U	P	P	E	R	■	M	I	N	T	■	H	A	M	S
R	O	A	D	■	F	I	F	E	■	K	A	P	P	A
P	U	N	■	H	A	T	E	■	A	N	T	S	■	L
U	R	■	D	O	G	E	■	P	I	E	S	■	Z	M
S	■	T	I	P	I	■	R	U	D	E	■	B	O	O
S	P	A		I	N	D	I	G	E	S	T	I	O	N

Last week's answer

57 Perceive
58 Part of a circle
61 Pronoun
63 A kind of jug
65 Branch of a stag's horns
67 Always
69 At right angles to the keel of a ship
71 Trigonometric term
72 Cardinal number
73 To thread, as a rope
74 Insect (pl.)
75 Smack
76 Older
77 Remainder

VERTICAL

1 Portion
2 Document
3 Get up
4 Cozy home
5 Floor timber braces
6 Permit
7 Assert
8 A plant used in dyeing
9 Tried
10 Possesses
11 Part of a church
12 Sharp
13 To see at a distance
21 Consume
23 Paradise
27 City in New York State
29 Positive poles (elec.)
30 Shows contempt
31 Freed from pain
33 Otherwise
34 Snares
35 A rural deity
36 Tenor violin
37 Moist
39 One of the United States
41 Purchase
44 Long, narrow ribbon
47 Routine
52 Look out!
54 Cardinal number
55 Amphitheater
56 Mutiny
58 Place in a row (var.)
59 Tears
60 Summit of a hill
61 Fowl (pl.)
62 Bad
64 Bamboolike grass
66 Autocrat (var.)
68 Kind of cloth
70 Hail!

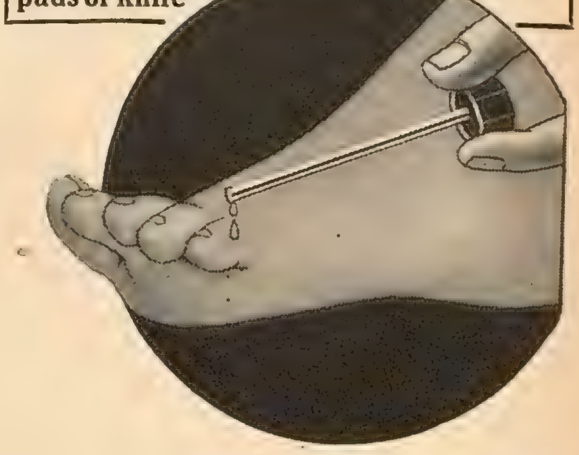
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

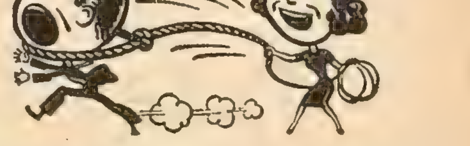
HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

–without using pads or knife

Just drop Freezone on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you can lift that old, bothersome corn right off with your fingers. A bottle of Freezone costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns, and calluses. Try it.

FREEZONE





WE don't claim you're sure to get your man, BUT—if you're dull, logy, uninteresting due to constipation—try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. It's *so* easy and pleasant! You simply chew it to get its splendid benefits. That's why folks say: "It seems just like magic." Millions, young and old, rely on FEEN-A-MINT. Try it yourself!

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

BOYS · Free

BASEBALL EQUIPMENT!

Yessir—real Big-League baseball equipment, everything to make you a better player, make you the envy of all your friends.

Plenty of other prizes—all free and fun to win . . . and you earn cash profits as well. Write today and find out how easy it really is.

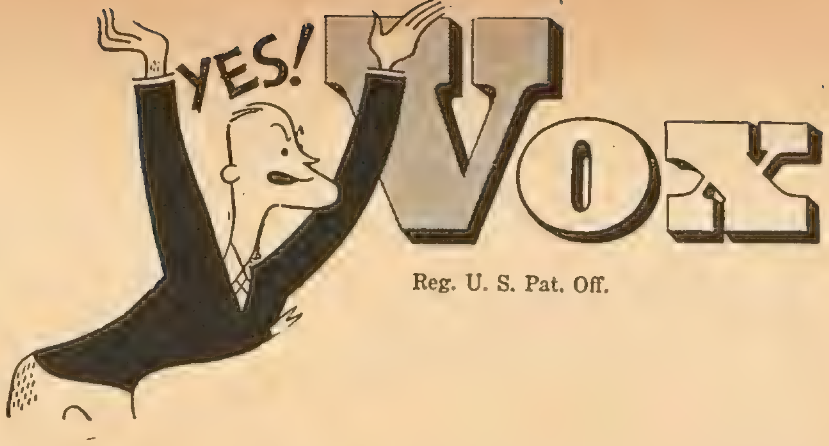
Address: LIBERTY Magazine, Boy Sales Division, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Have your parents show approval by adding their signatures to the letter. Thank you.

L. 5-27-39

CONTESTANTS

FREE contest bulletin listing many contests which offer big prizes. Other contest information. FREE offer expires June 15. Price 25c after that date. EXCEL PUBLISHERS, P.O. Box 1515, Memphis, Tenn.

ROLL DEVELOPED Eight Guaranteed Prints, Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements, all for only 25¢. Very quick service. Expert workmanship. PERFECT FILM SERVICE, Dept. 20, LaCrosse, Wis.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Should the People Vote on War?

AUGUSTA, GA.—It seems to me that Mrs. Roosevelt's answer (April 8 Liberty) to Mrs. Lane's defense (April 1) of the Ludlow Amendment was neither "forthright" nor effective. Her main argument against the amendment is that the foreign foe would strike before the people could vote. By the terms of the amendment, the instant that they strike we can strike back: the amendment only concerns a foreign war. By its terms, we can no longer send our men to fight in foreign lands without the vote of our people.

Why not? We were tricked and betrayed the last time we tried to save the world for democracy. To quote from my article in the March Good Housekeeping Magazine, "It is better that we be late than that we be wrong. In time our armies may exact indemnities for the wrongs done us during our delay, but no power this side of God can atone to us for our sons dead on the battlefields of an unnecessary war. . . . If foreign Powers are afraid of our Congress but not afraid of our people, it must mean that our Congress is more likely to throw America into war than America would be to throw herself, all the more reason for passing the Ludlow Amendment quickly as possible. . . . That the responsibility [of declaring war] is too great to be borne by any American Congress, and must rest on the shoulders of the people, of whom, by whom, and for whom this government exists. . . . That we will trust in the heart and soul of America . . . and will not longer be denied the vote for or against a foreign war."

When Mrs. Roosevelt compares the importance of voting on a health program with voting on foreign war, her whole article ceases to have significance. — *Edison Marshall.*

COLUMBIA, S. C.—I read with indignation Rose Wilder Lane's article, Why I Am For the People's Vote on War in April 1 Liberty. I have an equal contempt for the so-called Ludlow Amendment. They both ought to end with "Heil Hitler," for they are both sweet morsels for der Führer to chew upon.

The Ludlow Amendment, if made the law of the land, could do nothing but tie our hands while the international thieves and bandits insult our flag, murder our citizens, and destroy our commerce in foreign lands and on the high seas.

The proposed Ludlow Amendment, in my opinion, is nothing more than a piece of cowardly unpatriotic nonsense.—*E. U. Shealy.*

DETROIT, MICH. — Mrs. Roosevelt's fear that the people would be incapable of passing sound judgment on the question of declaring war while they were under the influence of foreign propaganda is, to say the least, not very flattering to our intelligence. Can it be that she too agrees with the prevailing New Deal estimate of our mental capacity? If we are sufficiently intelligent to impose our will in such matters on our elected representatives, as she would have us do, why can't we be trusted to express our will directly by means of a referendum? I submit that we who have everything to lose, including our lives, and nothing whatever to gain, by taking any part whatever in the perpetual European mess — we who pay the fiddler, if you please—should, and will, have the final and deciding voice.

We are in favor of adopting the Ludlow Amendment.—*R. A. Miller.*

PECOS, TEX.—I want to go on record with the statement that Rose Wilder Lane does not convince me. The law will never be made effective. It is the biggest fool thing yet proposed by a half-baked mentality. Not more than about 40 per cent of the people are capable of a constructive thought or intelligent vote—else why would they vote for a man like Huey Long, or go to quack doctors, or send men like Ludlow to Congress?—*J. W. Densford, Sr.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Ludlow Amendment appeals to me. It is a fine idea. The only thing wrong with it is that it will not work. As such, it falls into the category of a few other fine ideals and dreams, all of which are appealing, yet all of which I know will fail.

True it is, Miss Lane, that ten days' time is not too long for us to think over what happened in the last war and what we will have to face in the next. The only thing wrong with it is that we won't get it—even if the Ludlow Amendment does pass, even if we are given the right to vote on war. We'll never reach the ballot box. Yes, Miss Lane; as much as I would like to have the right to vote on war, I know I cannot have it.—*T. M. Karch.*

ABILENE, TEX.—No; do not change the Constitution as to who shall declare war, but make the fundamental law so plain as to *where we must fight* as to leave no doubt for future constructions. A fundamental right should not be set aside by the whims of either Congress or the vote of a majority.—*W. E. Lessing.*

PALM BEACH, FLA. — The administration is opposed to the passage of the Ludlow Amendment. But why? Are we to be shipped like Hessian hirelings or press-gang victims (under centralized power) to "police the world"?

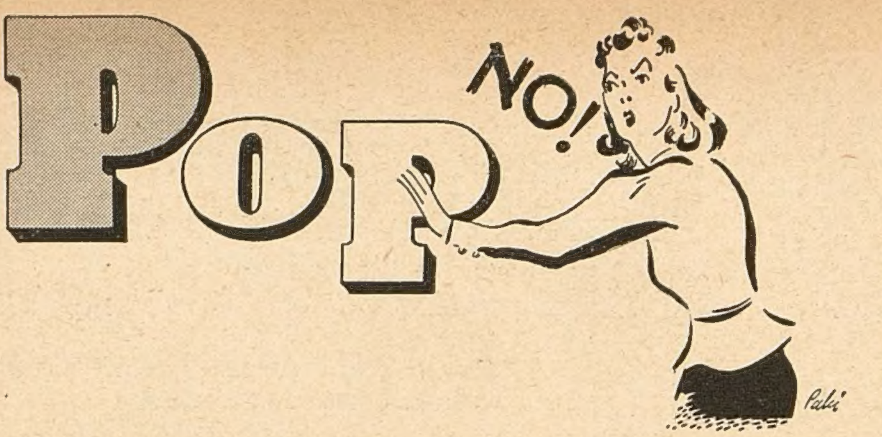
By the grace of God and the American Constitution, the people have the sole right of decision by amendment thereto, and any attempt to deny such right is a damnable act of governmental tyranny. —*Benjamin R. Clayton.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Possibly a national referendum could be held in ten days. It is, however, not remotely probable that it would be done. It has never been accomplished; there is no reason to believe it could be.

If we have lost all respect for our representative form of government, if we believe that it does not represent us as a people, if we are so gullible as to believe that those people who study a problem daily, who are in complete possession of facts, are either so unpatriotic or so dumb as to not have a more reasonable ability to judge dispassionately as to whether or not we must go to war, then, I say, if we actually believe those things, it is high time we hire people like Boake Carter and Mrs. Lane to run our show for us, as our imbecility makes us no longer capable.—*B. A. Johnson.*

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Look at it this way, Mrs. Roosevelt: I've got a girl. She's an awfully swell girl and I want to marry her. I've got faith in this country and I know that some day we'll get out of the red. I don't want the government to support us. I'll take care of us both. But I don't like the thought of making her a widow—or, worse, making her support a cripple. So, if I have to risk that, I want to be sure it's worth it. That's why I want the Ludlow Amendment. I don't want to die foolishly, Mrs. Roosevelt. —*Jack Benson.*

[We heard from thirty-four states on this vital issue, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, and Minnesota leading in the number of replies. To time of going to press, the vote was 6 to 1 for the Ludlow Amendment. And five times as many men as women wrote us, all the letters showing a high order of intelligence, and we regret we cannot print all of them.—VOX POP EDITOR.]



AS AMBROSE SEES IT

On the Road, U. S. A.—Yes, sir, I been thinkin a lot lately. I think this here Goverment Ownership is a pretty good idear. For if anybody is goin to own the Goverment, I think it ought to be the taxpayers—they paid for it.

And I'm not in favor of vetrans. No, sir. If you're goin to have more vetrans, you got to have more War. Well, I'm dead set against War, so I think we got enuff vetrans right now.

As ever, a chip of the old block.—*Ambrose.*

CORNS FOR SINGING

Miami, Fla.—Commenting on Bing Crosby's voice troubles (March 25 Liberty), I'd like to say that since singing off key, plus an occasional sour note, with plenty of vibrato, are supposed to indicate real tonal artistry, wouldn't it be fine if most radio singers would cultivate a few corns like Bing's on their vocal cords? — *A. B. Wentworth.*

FOR A DOG'S LIFE?

Columbus, Ohio—As the month of brides approaches, may I spring this one? Two years ago Leland McClelland and his bride-to-be were descending the courthouse steps when the young woman insisted on examining the marriage license which Probate Judge C. P. McClelland, the bridegroom's father, had issued to them. Her fears were well founded—it was a dog license!—*Old Bachelor.*

PROPHETIC EDITORIAL

Philadelphia, Pa. — For the sake of workers in general I wish you would reprint Mr. Macfadden's editorial of May 22, 1937, Liberty. Its caption, Is Labor Walking into a Trap? has been answered by the recent verdict of the jury sitting in the United States court in the Apex Hosiery Mill case here in Philadelphia.

He surely called the turn events would take, as union men are beginning to see.—*H. S. Orth.*

LOVE IN ARKANSAS

Kansas City, Mo.—In answer to one of the April 15 Twenty Questions you show Faith, Hope, and Charity as being in North Carolina. Assume that is correct; but having been a resident of Arkansas several years, I answered that question mentally by naming Arkansas.

You will find post offices and railroad stations named Faith, Hope, and Charity in Arkansas — and besides, a town called Love.

Knowing that a breathless world is awaiting this information, I hasten to let you have it.—*F. E. Rownd.*

ABDULLAH'S STUD POKER

Fresno, Calif. — I Play These (April 15 Liberty) starts with a stud-poker game in which one complains to the other about filling inside straights, and throws his cards down as he does so.

Mr. Abdullah is a very good writer but evidently hasn't much experience as a poker player, because you neither fill inside straights (because you only get five cards) nor do you throw your cards down, as they stay on the table during play when playing stud poker. He was talking about draw.

Incidentally, it might interest him to know that the State Supreme Court out here recently decided that stud poker is a game of skill and draw poker one of luck.—*Erwin Lehmann.*

CURING ITCH TO WRITE

Istrouma, La.—I have read with amusement Helen Robison's letter on rejection slips and Mr. Oursler's reply thereto (April 8 Liberty). During my short career of eighty years I have felt the urge to write, feeling that I had something to offer the world, but seldom found an editor who felt the urge to offer me a check.

I submitted a mystery story once, and the editor replied that the plot was missing; but the " mystery " was hitting on all syllables—the real mystery being, " Why did I ever write it? "

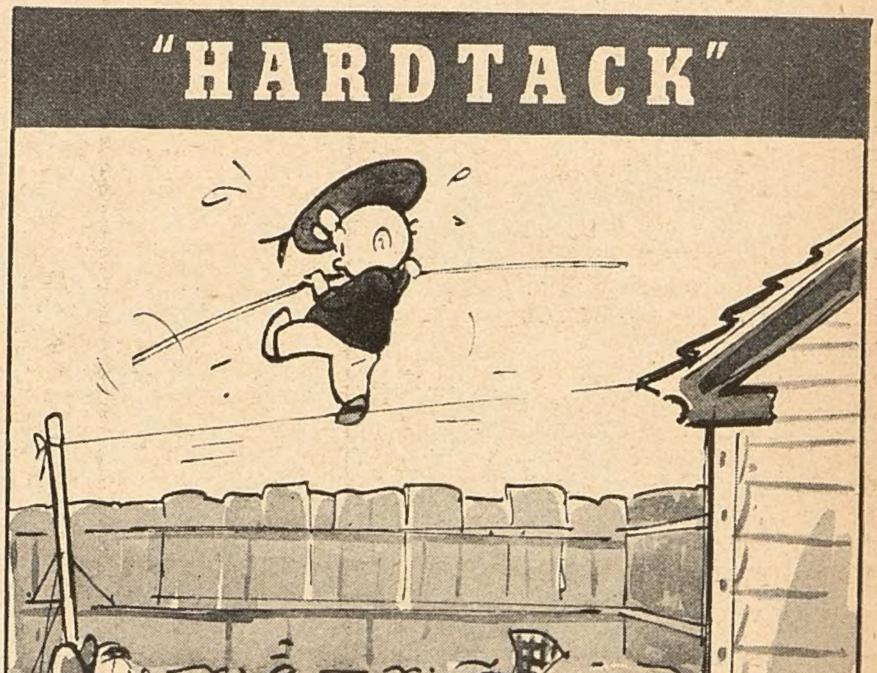
I would say to this lady that there is one good and sure way to stop the rejection slips, and that is to stop the manuscripts. I tried it, and since then have contributed no article to any wastebasket.—*Peter Bylsma.*

A FAVOR TO CONGRESS

New York, N. Y.—I believe if you would take a large plain envelope and enclose therein I Am a Lady Lobbyist (pages 26 and 27 of April 1 Liberty) and send it to each and every senator and representative without remarks, you would be doing each and every one of them a favor. By no means send the entire magazine. It would not have the same effect.—*H. B. MacNeal.*

WELL, WHY ARE YOU IRISH?

Weaverville, N. C.—Having noticed within the last few weeks prominent articles in leading magazines, including Liberty, entitled: Why I Am a Jew, Are You a Jew? We Are Jews, What Is a Jew? How It Feels to Be a Jew, and I Married a Jew, I'm just wondering if you'd be interested in my story, Why Am I an Irishman?—*J. O'Dowd.*



"HARDTACK"

" Hurry up—I've got to put that piano wire back for my lesson! "

Mr. John L. Lewis Writes for Liberty

FULTON OURSLER

AGAIN IT IS a pleasure to offer the Liberty forum for free debate on a problem of national concern. Most of you will recall that a few weeks ago we published an article by Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, on How and Why We Want to Change the Wagner Act. Next week we shall publish the opposite point of view—the C. I. O. point of view—in the form of a direct answer to Mr. Green: Why Change the Wagner Act? by John L. Lewis, president of the C. I. O. These two articles taken together reveal the essence of the dispute between two great labor movements in the United States of America. They are important not only to members of unions but to all labor and to all industry. Employers and employees alike will find food for thought in comparing these two articles. We are glad to have Mr. Lewis with us next week.

Into our offices the other day came a young man wearing a familiar leather jacket. Douglas Corrigan back from Hollywood! He sank down a little wearily and began to talk about his adventures in the studios. "You know," he said, "I was busy here in the East when I suddenly received a wire from California. I was needed there immediately—please come at once. So I took the night plane and was there the next morning. And we started work on the picture twenty-nine days later." The experiences of the wrong-way flyer in the fabulous land of make-believe are told in an article which he has written for us and which will appear in next week's Liberty -- Wrong-Way Hollywood.

THE CONTENTS of this issue will include excellent short stories, Escape in Spring, by Martha Ostenso, and Northeast Gale, by Ray Millholland, and an important list of articles, among them: No More One-Way Appeasement! by Anthony Eden; Beware the Dogs of War! by General Johnson Hagood; Is Joe Louis Unbeatable? by Tom Sharkey; generous installments of serials, and regular features.

FROM AN EDITOR'S MAIL: Paul Garrett of General Motors sends us a copy of LIBERTY'S STAKE, an intensely interesting survey of modern production and its results in the American way. . . . Charming note from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt promising an article on the need for spirituality in modern life. . . . Letter from Herbert Hoover directing that the check for his article, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY, be sent to the Boys' Clubs of America. . . . An interesting pamphlet from George Connell, president of the Philadelphia City Council, containing reports of municipal broadcasts. Says Mr. Connell: "It is of interest to point out that this is the first time in the history of radio that a legislative body—city, state, or national—has undertaken to inform public interest in this manner." This is something, we should say, that every municipality should study. . . . A letter from Steve Hannagan about the Centennial Celebration of Baseball makes us think of our very early boyhood in Baltimore. From our back window we could look down on the Huntington Avenue ball park of the champion Orioles. Those were the days, so long ago, of John J. McGraw, Huey Jennings, Wilbert J. Robinson, and many other great names in the game. . . . Many letters from delegates to the National Conference of Jews and Christians, for whom I spoke in Chicago. . . . Ed Lewis of Minneapolis sends a clipping about "the editor of one of the outstanding weeklies in the country." According to the clipping, this editor has a personal adjutant who occupies a special desk in the big office. The adjutant's sole task is to keep the nervous editor supplied with pencils on which to chew. We showed this cutting to our assistant, Mr. Harry Gray, as evidence of how kindly he was treated. He has to perform no such menial tasks. His reply was that perhaps if we chewed a few pencils his life might be easier.

POST CARDS STILL COME FROM friends who read of our collection. There were too many to thank in person, so please take this as a kind thanks to all. . . . Senator Footloose writes as follows: "There has been a —— of a row in the Navy Department which has resulted in one shake-up, with plenty more coming, to get the old Farraguts out of positions of authority. These ancients fought most fiercely against the installation of high-pressure, self-heated steam engines on the new ships. They even stirred up discontent among the enlisted personnel, telling the men the new engines would get them blowed up or scalded to death if they were lucky—and that they would serve in an unbearably hot, maddeningly noisy black hole until they were deaf and nutty if they were not lucky. A juicy scandal. The biggest news of the Caribbean maneuvers is not that any enemy submarines and destroyers can slip past our defense lines or that airplanes can (theoretically) blast enemy cruisers, but that the new self-pressure, high-temperature engines increase the cruising range of our ships twenty-five per cent and permit a destroyer to carry two more five-inch guns. This will give us, when we have the fleet modernized, a navy no other Power can touch for range, speed, and destructive potentiality. So all the old fuddy-duddies are going to be sent to Guam or to inspect propellers in Pittsburgh, with the executive jobs going to men young in mind and body, men who ordinarily would have to wait until they became fossilized before seniority moved them up. I understand the President likens the situation to Lincoln's problem when the Navy fought Ericsson's Monitor and the President had to organize a separate division of the department with headquarters in New York to get the Monitor built. As you know, the Monitor revolutionized naval artillery by introducing the turret gun."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS FOR MAY 27, 1939

EDITORIAL

Only a Huge Air Force Can Save Us....Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

The Lady or the Pearl? Beatrice Grimshaw 6
A Fool and His Wisdom Bruce Douglas 48
Safety Zone—Liberty's Short Short Dorothy Van Doren 57

SERIALS

Kings and Brothers: The Story of George VI and Edward VIII—Part II..........Emil Ludwig 12
Filthy Rich—Part IV Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 20
Twilight Cheats—Part X Grace Perkins 40

ARTICLES

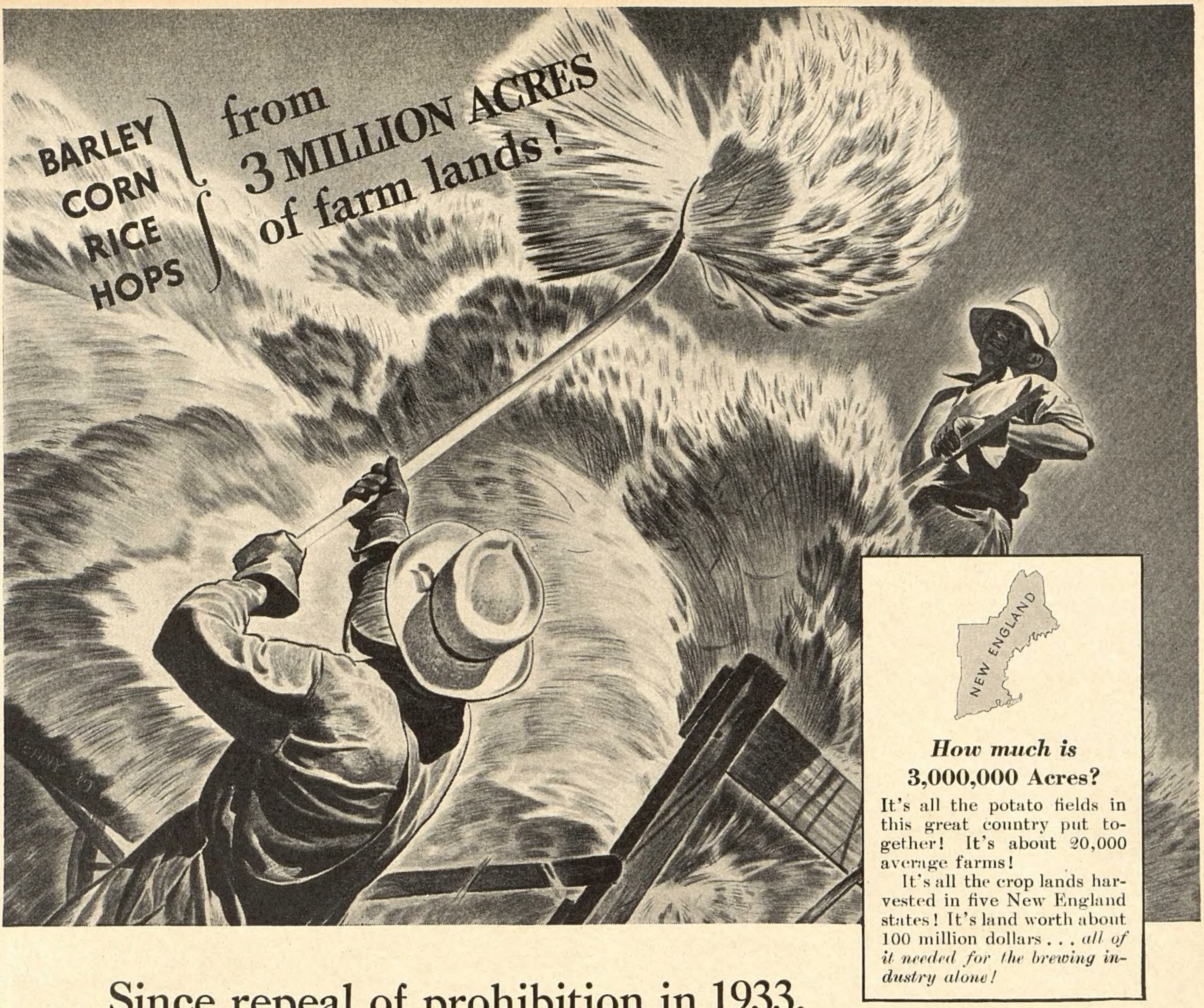
Can Science Save the South? Governor Hugh White 4
What I Do and What I Am George Bernard Shaw 11
The Boy with the Butterfly Boots Helen Gilmore 17
I Will Beat Max Baer and Joe Louis Too............Lou Nova 25
Merry-Go-Round...Martha Merrill 27
Whom Are We Getting Ready to Fight?..........Walter Karig 31
Do Our Young People Really Want Jobs?.....Frederick L. Collins 35
Boy-Salvage: A Plan for Tomorrow's America Heinrich A. Pickert 47

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 10; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 54; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 55; $2,000 Vacation Travel Contest, 58; Crossword Puzzle, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
CORINNE MALVERN



How much is 3,000,000 Acres?

It's all the potato fields in this great country put together! It's about 20,000 average farms!

It's all the crop lands harvested in five New England states! It's land worth about 100 million dollars . . . *all of it needed for the brewing industry alone!*

Since repeal of prohibition in 1933, American Brewers have used *more* than...

15 BILLION POUNDS OF FARM PRODUCTS!

No wonder farmers are deeply interested in an industry that uses all this barley, corn, rice and hops...the pure, natural products used in making beer.

Scores of thousands of farm families today owe their livelihood to beer... and that's only part of the picture!

Brewing has made jobs, since 1933, for at least one million workers...who might otherwise be swelling relief rolls.

And brewing pays taxes at the staggering rate of over a million dollars a day...an immense new contribution to government revenues.

We are ready to cooperate fully with all public law-enforcement authorities.

This Foundation's self-regulatory program to eliminate unsavory conditions in retail outlets for beer, is being tested in certain areas...and will be extended, gradually and permanently.

This we know . . . that we are best served by whatever best serves you.

And we pledge you our continued efforts, our fullest cooperation, to that one end.

Send for our booklet telling about the Foundation plan.

For booklet, address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C3, 21 East 40th Street, New York

Beer... a Beverage of Moderation

LUCKY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Easy on Your Throat–
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

• WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

An Authority
ON TOBACCO QUALITY

Joe Cuthrell, auctioneer, says: "Tobacco's getting better, and Luckies always buy the finest. I've smoked them 6 years." Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, warehousemen and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER. They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government and the States have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in the last few years. And, as independent experts like Joe Cuthrell point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged and mellowed from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and then you'll know why . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST–IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1